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OLYMPIANS IN HOMESPUN

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It used to amuse me to think that the tale which follows would make a lively bit of romantic fiction. I still think so; but I have come to believe that the plain fact is better. Were this to be told as fiction, it would lose half its force. These deeds were done. They were done against heavy odds by quite common people. Half a century and more ago, in a small town, bleak, drab, and humdrum, miles from anywhere, beset with business cares and household duties, these people addressed themselves with pluck and energy to what is, I suppose, one of the major issues of life. And they well-nigh solved it.

I hear it said that we live in a bad time: that traditional religion is played out; that youth has gone on the loose; that our people do not know how to use leisure creatively; that life has been mechanized out of all simplicity and beauty; and that the machinery of human slaughter has slipped the leash of social control. All this may be true. But, instead of doing the Jeremiah act, it seems more practical to suggest a remedy. People say: 'We have been told often enough that we are commonplace. We know that. But what can we *do* about it?' I wonder if the story of these common people in a small town domesticating

the immortals and weaving their Elysium of homespun does not tell us at least one of the things that we can do about it.

I

On a morning in 1871, when apple orchards were pink and white, young Dr. Ripley drove into town with his bride. They had been married the day before in her father's farmhouse at the Falls.

On the parlor wall behind the bridal pair as they stood to face the minister, you might have seen, and still may see, two oval-framed portraits, the bride's grandparents — a severe old New Englander who had hewn his farm out of a Middle-Western oak forest, and a serious old woman, cousin to Mary Lyon, foundress of Mount Holyoke College. She had brought her books along with her into the wilderness, and had in very deed kept the wolf, not from the door, but from the blanket stretched across an opening in the log cabin which served for a door. Her husband having driven twenty miles to mill, she sat up all night feeding a roaring blaze on her hearth which kept the beasts away. Her daughter, a village schoolmistress who had learned to parse out of Young's *Night Thoughts* and who knew whole pages of *Paradise Lost* by heart,

married another of these Connecticut farmers who had migrated to the Fire Lands of the Western Reserve. Thus it was that the bride had grown up in a household with a rugged, if homespun, intellectual tradition. She had even been taught to sing by a sister of the poet Sill, who had studied in New York with no lesser luminary than Carlo Bassini. Carlo had much to answer for, but his 'method' was then and thereabouts the best obtainable.

The doctor's parents were strict Quakers and staunch Abolitionists. As a boy he had earned money in harvest fields and bought a violin on which he secretly learned to play. When his parents found it out, they forced him to destroy the instrument. On the other hand his father, also a country doctor, stationed at the head of a stairway in a disused sawmill where two runaway slaves were hidden, had stood off a crew of plantation-owners with his gold-headed cane.

The younger Dr. Ripley, at the age of eighteen, had left the medical school of the University of Michigan to fight under General Grant, who remained, to the end of his days, one of his heroes. His other, as time went on, became Theodore Thomas. A man has many fathers, and, as the years sped, by some law of spiritual similitude the good gray doctor grew to look not unlike both these sires of his spirit.

His wooing had been, like himself, whimsically abrupt and offhand. He would be missing for weeks. Suddenly one morning he would drive into the farmyard, past the smoke-bush, in his two-wheeled gig, or perhaps on horseback, medicine cases in saddlebags. He was late to his wedding. Five minutes past the hour he arrived, his horse in a lather. There was an epidemic of scarlet fever at the Wick. Leave without visiting every one of his patients? Not even for his own

wedding! The seven-mile buggy-ride to Woolwick was their wedding journey. I say buggy: it was not a carriage, for, although it was brand-new for the occasion, a vehicle with a top was an extravagance which they could not yet afford.

No sooner were they wedded than they were forced to decide whether whist and dancing could satisfy hungry minds and immortal souls. They decided not. This was thought 'queer.' In the same village were three other families similarly queer. One was that of the minister, Reverend Alan Burroughs. He came of a stock locally celebrated for producing scholars, schoolmasters, editors, professors, and college presidents. He himself had been a college professor, but thought he needed a plunge into common life as a country parson. One of his recreations was to drive with the doctor on his round of sick-calls, through green-golden countrysides, discussing all things human and divine. He lived in a commodious white farmhouse up the river road, under broad-brimmed maples, with a wife who was a brilliant pianist, and a numerous brood of children who variously played, sang, or drew.

The other two families were the Willetts and the Dacys, partner owners of the glass-factory. Their houses stood side by side halfway up Presbyterian Hill at a height commanding wide sweeps of lawn bordered with curving driveways, a grove of shimmering willows on one hand, plantations of fir and beech on the other. The Willetts' house, narrow and tall, was painted yellow, its cornices encrusted with wedding-cake carpentry; the Dacys', painted gray, was one of those peak-gabled mansions, ornate with the trefoil and quatrefoil, the clustered chimneys, and the pointed windows of that wooden Gothic which invaded America in the 1850's, with

Vaux's *Villas and Cottages*. Both places were gotten up quite in the English manorial style, grounds and buildings; their high-ceiled drawing-rooms chilly with white-marble chimney-pieces, and, alternating with French windows, tall pier-glasses resting on low console-tables of gilt. Tasseled bell-pulls dangled from the walls, and in the grandiose staircase hall of the Dacys behold, to left and right of newel posts, marble statues of Venus and Apollo — oh, decently draped, of course. Mrs. Willetts, who had been Ann Carter, the village beauty, and traced her descent from Colonial governors of Massachusetts, was a gifted soprano. She had two handsome boys who were learning the violin and violoncello. I remember the awe I felt when I was told that Mr. Willetts, a graduate of Yale, for his recreation read Greek and composed music.

Such were the four families who made of this village a rustic Athens.

II

How incredibly old-fashioned it all seems now; and yet it was less, much less, than forty years ago that one could see a life sundered from ours, as it seems, by a century. Think away the whole of the Machine Age excepting railway and telegraph. No automobiles, no street cars — only buggies; no paved streets — only clay mud, half hub-deep in March; no arc lights — only street lamps, dim and few; no public waterworks, and hence no running water, no plumbing, no bathrooms — only a wooden washtub behind the kitchen stove for the weekly Saturday-afternoon scrub; no electric lights — only kerosene lamps; no steam radiators — only base-burner hard-coal stoves and open-fire grates; no phonographs or radio — only old-fashioned square pianos, violins, and violoncellos

built by George Gemünder, and children learning to play on them out of dog-eared volumes of the sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Schubert, and Beethoven; no public library — only bookcases stocked with English classics read aloud by father and mother to children by winter firesides until the heroics of Shakespeare, the romantics of Scott, and the whimsies of Dickens were household words; no moving pictures — but once or twice a year pilgrimages at huge discomfort and sharp sacrifice to one of three remote cities to see Edwin Booth as Hamlet, or Lawrence Barrett as Brutus, or Edmund Kean as Richard III, or Henry Irving as Shylock, or Madame Helena Modjeska as Maria Stuart, or Robson and Crane as the Dromios in *The Comedy of Errors*; with a memory of it all so vivid and exact that years later these villagers could go over the performance in imagination, scene by scene.

The village, built on the banks of a steep river-gorge, was half railroad-junction and half agrarian market-town. If confident that no citizen of Verona, its rival, stood within earshot, it claimed a population of three thousand. In the days of the Canal, along which as a boy President Garfield drove mules, Franklin Mills was a good enough name for the town. But when the railroads came Zeno Kemp, in honor of his alpaca mill (which perched, like a towered and moated grange, half on bank and half in mill-race), stipulated that its name be changed to Woolwick.

How, from a soil so hardscrabble, did there sprout a chorus able to sing oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Haydn, masses of Mozart and Cherubini, and a village orchestra of shopkeepers and artisans able to play symphonies of Haydn and overtures of Weber and Wagner?

It began, I am told, with Mr. Willetts — as relaxation from his glass-factory, Greek, and musical composition — undertaking to train a church choir. There had been a little musical club which met each week at various houses. This combined with the choir and formed a Choral Society, of anybody who could sing well or ill — mostly ill. It was a cautious start. They studied short pieces of light but good music, usually sacred so that it could also do duty for church. Then came madrigals, canons, and chorales, and old English music of Lawes and Purcell. Finally, more pretentious works — Mendelssohn's 'Forty-Second Psalm,' on which the chorus worked two years before venturing to give the whole in public; and, after this, as seasonable and joyous music at the May Festival, Cherubini's 'Requiem Mass'!

A dozen years of this; then glass-blowing deflated, and the Dacys and Willetts went away to the city, leaving a horrible vacuum. Reverend Mr. Burroughs next experienced a return of his inherited hankering for an academic town and exchanged pulpit for professorship. Thus fell on Dr. and Mrs. Ripley a prophet's mantle at that time much too large for them.

Life had challenged them to grow shoulders which would fit that mantle. Let us see how they met the challenge.

The doctor's prenuptial violin playing had been little more than country fiddling. It was the farmer's daughter who had championed Mozart and Schubert — against odds, for the doctor had been inclined to scoff. But the Willetts and Burroughses were in the classical camp. He yielded, and bought a volume of Schubert's songs arranged for violin and piano. At the age of thirty he began learning to read music by note. His being left-handed made the fingering of a violin doubly difficult.

He bought Louis Spohr's *Violin Method* and studied it by himself. He heard of a competent teacher in the academy town eight miles away and would drive there in mud, cold, and snow for a lesson once a fortnight, only to come home discouraged and disgusted and thrust his violin under the bed, vowing never to touch it again. His young wife would drag it out, tune it, put it into his hands, and sit down to the piano. They labored with backache, headache, yes, and heartache — for conquer the violin, alas, he never did. The mace-blow came with a volume of Bach's sonatas for two violins and piano. The doctor and the station agent were staving away at them, the doctor's eldest daughter, now a girl in her teens, at the piano. It was not going well. The station master lowered his fiddle.

'Doctor,' said he, 'it sounds queer.'

'Of course it would sound queer. It's Bach.'

'No. Someone is wrong and I think it is you.'

'Sorry, Luther. But I am afraid it is you.'

They argued awhile, then agreed it was neither. The fault lay with the pianist. At this the worm turned.

'Perhaps,' said she, 'the reason it sounds queer is that you two violinists are playing different sonatas.'

The maxim dearest to Mrs. Ripley's stout heart was 'Failure is part of the Infinite Plan.' Conquer the violin though her husband never did, nevertheless none of his toil was lost or wasted. All unconsciously he had been preparing himself for a task better than personal virtuosity.

All this, be it noted, was incidental to the grueling practice of a country doctor, called out of bed at all hours to drive wintry leagues over atrocious roads to relieve every distress from croup to childbirth, and still in the

days when general practitioners combated epidemics of diphtheria and smallpox, often at peril of their lives. Was there a train-wreck in the river gorge? He improvised a hospital in an empty wareroom and, working all night by lantern light, performed desperate, and successful, amputations. Did a timid and incompetent elder physician allow a smallpox epidemic to get out of control for fear of injuring the trade of two milliners in whose shop it started? Under circumstances which seemed to lay the blame on himself the young doctor held his tongue and bore it, again at peril of his life — from an ignorant track-hand whose wife had died of the disease, and who went around with a revolver vowing to shoot young Dr. Ripley on sight. It may, by this, be understood that music was with him distinctly a side-line.

His wife, meanwhile, had inherited the church choir from Mr. Willetts. The following Easter, deprived of their old choirmaster, they were rehearsing some difficult music and making heavy weather of it. Dr. Ripley sat listening. After coming to grief repeatedly in the middle of the piece, the dry-goods merchant said: 'Doctor, get up here and beat time for us.'

Now the doctor was an almost morbidly modest man, even to lodging a permanent request that his name be not mentioned in the village paper. But he complied. And the music went. On Easter morning it was clear that the Choral Society also was new-risen from the tomb. 'Failure is part of the Infinite Plan.' A violinist Dr. Ripley never became. But he laid down the bow to take up the baton.

III

Twelve miles from the Wick was a small city, now a large one, and there,

in the old Academy of Music one January night, Theodore Thomas's orchestra gave a concert. Twelve miles and back, through bitter cold and driving snow, over country roads, the doctor and his wife drove to hear that concert, counting themselves lucky to be able to go at all, for it was a fatality that just so surely as they were about to start on a holiday jaunt someone galloped into the dooryard on an unyoked ploughhorse to call him to reduce a fracture. Many was the time afterward that they heard this orchestra, but never with enjoyment so keen. For it was their first. And their years of hard study had taught them to comprehend symphonic structure. The long ride home, still in a driving snowstorm, after midnight, they scarcely noticed at all, so absorbed were they with a new idea. Could it be done? They believed it could! What was this idea? To assemble gradually, instrument by instrument, an orchestra to play with the Choral Society. It was there that night in a (now-covered) buggy, swaddled in robes of buffalo fur, plodding homeward behind a good bay roadster named Derby, that they dreamed into being the 'Woolwick Philharmonic Orchestra.'

In that same small city twelve miles away—connected, luckily, by a railroad—lived one of those German music masters who come heralding the Hellenism of music to Puritan barbarians, Herr Gustave Seidl. To his mingled amusement and disgust he was addressed as 'professor.' Yet the title was merited. His fine scholarship had been earned in a German university, and his mastery of four instruments—piano, violin, viola, and violoncello—in a German conservatory of music. To local Philistia he would not yield one inch, and was immensely respected for this firmness.

'Don't you just *love* Gottschalk's

"Dying Poet"?' gushed one of his young girl pupils.

'No,' said he curtly, 'I'm glad he died.'

He already had a small class in Woolwick. The doctor now saw to it that he had more. Shopkeepers, artisans, and their boys and girls began studying the stringed instruments. The brass and wood wind, I am told, had mainly to teach themselves. From a half-dozen the orchestra grew to a dozen instruments, then to a score, and kept on growing. Music erased class lines. On rehearsal nights the locomotive engineer's son, a high-school lad who could execute (perhaps that is the word) the trombone solo part in the 'Inflammatus' from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' was more of a personage than the rich grist-miller who tried valiantly but could not wiggle his slide nimbly enough. Year after year, byways and hedges were combed for anyone who could scrape, wheeze, or blow. Did a stranger come to town? The first inquiry was not, as ordinarily, 'Is he marriageable?' but 'Can he sing or play?' When a cigar-maker, rejoicing in the apposite name of John Smoker, who could play the double bass and play it well, took residence in the village, the musical community received him to its bosom without further ceremony, even though some of the youngsters might warble that ancient folk tune, —

. . . Yonnie Schmoker,
Er kann spiele. . . .

Indeed, that was just the point. He *could* play. And the doctor? Bless you! By this time he was deep in Hector Berlioz's *Treatise on Instrumentation*, a large and fascinating-looking book in a cover of blue embossed leather, its pages edged with red and gilt, kept on the library table where it could be picked up and studied in snatched bites before and after meal-

time as he came and went from his eternal round of professional visits; yes, a fascinating book in which the print kept alternating with, instead of pictures, half-page or full-page or even several pages of musical illustrations from the scores of masses, operas, oratorios, or, it might be, the orchestral and pianoforte solo part of Beethoven's superb E-flat concerto.

And now, like a noble tree, music sank its roots deep into the common life of the village and began to lift its crown to the heavens. Boys and girls blossomed into fine violinists, pianists, violoncellists—the miller's, the apothecary's, the innkeeper's, the newspaper editor's, the tinsmith's sons and daughters. The jeweler learned the kettle drums. The dry-goods merchant's boy, a young scapegrace, could play whole pages of the clarinet part to 'The Messiah' with his eyes shut; and, grumbling neighbors would inform you, that was the one good thing about him. When the Farmers' Institute convened at the Opera House (in which no opera was ever heard), these youngsters would walk out on the stage without a qualm and play to the astonished rustics sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, or now and then a virtuoso piece, some old war-horse of the concert platform by Wieniawski or Vieuxtemps; yes, and even, as time went on, a few of those concertos which fire student ambition at Conservatory recitals — de Bériot's Seventh, Spohr's 'Gesangszene,' Mendelssohn's and Max Bruch's. The admiring husbandmen would gather round them afterward, exclaiming: 'Why, you done fine!' 'You done noble!' And, if I may be permitted to say so, I agree with the rustics. Fine it was, and also noble; for what finer and nobler than by hard study to learn and to love early in youth the work of noble men and mighty poets of sound?

IV

Rehearsals — they went on, come fair, come foul, come hell or highwater, from September to June — were long hours of grilling work relieved at intervals by riots of uttermost hilarity. The village piano-tuner, handy mechanic, and intellectual heretic (who subsequently, under the doctor's encouragement, blossomed out into a maker of violins of astounding excellence) sat behind the miller trombonist and convulsed the band by performing dumb-show imitations of that worthy man emptying saliva out of the bell of his instrument and wagging his head in discomfiture at having lost his place and come in at the wrong bar. The girl violinists would guy the dude cellist.

'Why,' one would ask in shrill soprano, 'is Skinny Berthold's diamond shirt-stud like a ship at sea?'

Chorus: 'Why?'

'Because it rests on the bosom of a heavy swell.'

Once, in the midst of rehearsal, the firebell rang. The rehearsal disbanded to the burning barn a mile away. Returning, they found the dentist, who had lived in a city, alone in the rehearsal room practising scornfully. He was so rash as to chaff them on addiction to small-town customs. But there was a hole in his own armor. He was fond of running his fingers through his handsome hair-oiled blonde mane.

'You done well,' retorted the piano-tuner, 'to stay here and practise. You evidently *realize* that to play the fiddle takes other qualifications besides grease on your hair.'

When worn with rehearsing, the orchestra for relaxation would take some plantation melody, each instrument playing it in a different key, and a more hellish noise you could not wish to hear.

The band next outgrew the church

vestry, and its rehearsal-room became the upper story of the town hall, a red-brick New England schoolhouse sort of barracks with a white cupola and a bell in it, standing midway in the row of brick meetinghouses which front the steep declivity of the river gorge where an intrepid Indian fighter, pursued by redskins, had made his prodigious leap of fifteen feet from cliff to cliff — a yarn which the townspeople affected to disbelieve. 'But then,' as the doctor said, 'he was in a great hurry.' This second story of the town hall had once been a schoolroom, and on its dusty blackboard in letters a yard high the dry-goods merchant, whose spring and autumn clearance sales obliged him to be a dab at sign-painting, had chalked 'Woolwick Philharmonic Orchestra.' Down in one corner, however, as artist's proof, some schoolboy instrumentalist, in a moment of exasperation with his Vergil, had scrawled: —

Æneas took his grip in hand
And started out from Troy;
The Ilion silver-cornet band
Escorted the old boy.

This room was lighted by the most villainous of all kerosene lamps and heated by a sheet-iron stove which looked as tall and frowning as one of the eight strong towers of the Bastille — at least to me, whose duty at the age of ten it was to go over there with a basket of kindling in the cold and the dark, one hour before rehearsal time, and light a fire. Thus humbly did my service to the Muse begin. If the exact truth is to be told, I was not in love with the lady. Who knew what horrible hobgoblins might be lurking in those dark shadows, ready to make a rush at you? Things with red eyes and green ears, the kind that tickled your ribs to torture in nightmares? And once, when the stovepipe had fallen (it was always falling) and the place was too

dark to find it out until after the fire was built, I saw smoke and flame pouring into the room and thought I had burned the town hall down and must spend the rest of my life earning money to pay for it. Did I make a clamor with the bell? Well, you had better believe I did — one that fetched half the town, hotfoot.

The doctor, for his part, did not hasten. All in due season he arrived, at his usual pace, grave and meditative, carrying a lantern. From long habit of making sick-calls after midnight in unlighted streets, he would, years after electric arc-lamps glared blue at every street-corner, walk down through the business section past rows of brightly illuminated shop-windows carrying a lighted lantern. He was very conservative. Immensely respected though he might be, he had to take his share of chaffing like anybody else.

'Hello, doctor! Lookin' for an honest man?'

The doctor glanced up with that quizzical glint in his gray eyes.

'Not hereabouts,' said he.

V

In a certain cabinet of ancestral mahogany with a rolled pediment was the 'programme drawer.' Here were kept, season by season, the programmes of concerts, Christmas oratorios, and Spring Festivals. As the years went on, the roster of composers and works or parts of works performed would have made a stranger's eyes bulge: 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' 'The Creation,' 'The Seasons,' 'Saint Paul,' Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle,' Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass,' symphonies of Haydn, a finale from Weber's *Euryanthe*, concertos with orchestra, the 'Fest March,' the 'Pilgrims' Chorus,' and the overture

to *Tannhäuser* — and this in a decade when Wagner's art and revolution against the cultural mediocrity of European capitals were still filling the press of two continents with din and derision.

One year a director was hired from the city to put the final polish on the chorus work. He began with a difficult piece by Handel, remarking genially: 'Of course we must n't expect that we can sing this through without mishap as yet; but let us try it anyhow.'

Midway in the piece he grew so astonished at the singing of the chorus that he ceased to beat, laid down his stick, and stood listening. The chorus finished triumphantly without him.

A traveling orchestra gave a concert in the village. Thinking it must play down to popular taste it gave a programme of light music. The audience was indignant. The orchestra had to come again and play *reputable music*. Artists of some fair degree of eminence heard of the place and began including it in their recital tours. Next these village boys and girls went away to college and to conservatories of music, coming home at Christmas and Easter holidays to be soloists at concerts and thunder out ballades of Chopin and sonatas of Beethoven like veteran professionals. The classic repertoires of piano, violin, organ, and voice became as much a matter of course in these households as jazz phonograph-records or popular story magazines preaching commercial success-at-any-price are to an age happier in the possession of labor-and-thought-saving machinery.

Once more, let us understand each other: this which we are discussing was no leisure-class existence. These people had livings to earn. They had to work. Heavens, how they did have to work! There were children to wash, dress, feed, and start for school. Monday

washing took a whole day, ironing another. Servants? You might have a hired girl — some neighbor's daughter who sat at table with you — for a few weeks after a baby was born; otherwise she was an unthinkable extravagance. You cleaned your own house, preserved your own fruit, made apple butter and peach butter, cooked, sewed, knit, darned, mended, swept, dusted, scrubbed, scoured, 'hoed out,' set to rights; and, when your housework was done, the poor came, to be fitted out from a widow's cruse of an old-clothes box. As a matter of routine. (Were you a Christian, or just a church member?) Here was a life of little dressing-up and no playing lady. Madame Schumann-Heink once told me how in the days of her early struggles in Hamburg as a young widow with a brood of children she learned her rôles from a score propped up on a shelf above the kitchen sink. It sounded perfectly familiar. A dozen, yes, a score of women in Woolwick cultivated their minds and talents on the same terms. And what zest such a life can give to the precious margins of leisure!

To keep orchestra and choir chairs filled was a steady struggle. Youngsters grew up, married, and went away. Oldsters superannuated and died. There had to be continual scouting and commandeering. Wood wind and brass were forever shy. These parts had to be filled in by the church organ. The organ was a pest, cranky as an old scow. But it was the only one in town, and in the church with the largest seating-capacity. Worse; it was half a tone lower than the tuning-pitch of wood-wind instruments. Hence their parts had to be transposed. Most of this the doctor did himself. Once there was a tricky clarinet part from the orchestration of an oratorio chorus which he had left to the last. Rehearsal

impended. He was summoned to a patient. In the pair of minutes before unhitching his horse he called his daughter, a girl of twelve, explained what must be done, and left her to do it. She was aghast. There at his office desk he left her, amid spatulas and cigar ashes, with his gold pen, ink bottle, and plenty of blank ruled music-paper. To her own intense astonishment she did it. To her still more intense astonishment she and the clarinetist at rehearsal found that it would play. Thus emboldened she went on, studied harmony, and, after a year or two of it, took a dramatic ballad for soprano, 'The Raft' by Pinsuti, which she had found in an old volume of songs, and made a complete orchestration for it. At the Christmas concert her mother sang the ballad with orchestral accompaniment, and a thrilling thing it was. Two decades later, swaying between life and death on a coastal steamer in a hurricane gale off Cape Sambre, it was the bass figuration of that orchestral accompaniment which roared in my ears all day to the thunder of seas that tossed the steamer like a dory.

Do not suppose that life in Woolwick was a fiddle with one string. Quite early it was discovered that there would have to be variety, and variety there was. On a July evening, by the flare of kerosene torches, there was a performance of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, on a sylvan hill-slope, and a faëry vision of two dozen wee lassies in fluffy white with wings of spangled gauze flitting in and out of the underwoods among massive chestnut stems. As relaxation and frivolity the Opera House was hired, and they played screaming farces. Again it would be a pantomime, *The Mistletoe Bough*, in which a petulant bride on her wedding-day hides in an old chest in the castle garret. The chest has, unfortunately, a

spring lock. Her skull and wedding-veil are found there by her lover half a century later — profoundly affecting, as anyone will see. The tragedy of this was relieved by tableaux (there always had to be tableaux, just as there always had to be charades): 'Father Time,' the histrionic dry-goods merchant in yards and yards of his own sheeting, with wings, scythe, and hourglass, vainly besought of Youth not to fly; 'Nydia,' after the statue by Rogers; 'Lot's Wife,' after Gustave Doré; and 'Faith,' a lady in white draperies contemplating a cross on a Rock of Ages constructed of packing-cases. The tableaux were enlivened by comedy acts not down on the playbill. Faith, directly after her tableau, fell through an open trapdoor into the ash bin beneath. Father Time got stuck by his wings on a dressing-room stairway, unable to get either up or down, and could be heard, during the tableau of Faith contemplating her cross, calling hoarsely now on his wife, now on his Maker.

VI

All this, you are to understand, in a world of tall, square, red-brick houses set up aloof from highways on hillsides and terraces, their gaunt rooms engloomed by dooryard groves of funereal cedar and spruce, approached by driveways that wound between evergreen hedges, the way lighted at night by lamps with metal reflectors set in caskets of glass on top of posts, one at the gateway and one at the dismounting-stone and hitching-block; or else the houses were of wood, their eaves dripping with jig-saw Gothic. Indoors it was a world of ponderous mahogany secretaries crammed with family keepsakes — wedding-veils filmy of texture and sallow with age, unfolded out of tissue paper with sprigs of faded orange-blossoms; or yellowed

samplers worked by grandmother and great-grandmother when little girls; or baby curls; or daguerreotypes of fresh young faces long since withered, enclosed in cases of embossed leather and maroon plush, and framed in oval fillets of ormolu; army commissions of 1812, and '61; and letters from forty-niners. A world of black-walnut what-nots and steel engravings of combat and chase from the ballad poetry of Sir Walter Scott, hanging above the mantelselves of black-marble chimney-pieces between pairs of brass candlesticks fetched generations ago from Sheffield, England; and tall, pedimented bookcases wedged full with well-read sets of the historians — Gibbon, Macaulay, Guizot, Buckle, Grote — and the Victorian novelists, the Lake poets, the eighteenth-century essayists, and miscellaneous biographers, with first editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Scarlet Letter*. A world of blissfully endless winter evenings, as one sat cross-legged in a chimney-corner of the library on the black hair-cloth of a venerable mahogany davenport beside a flashing grate-fire of lump coal, scowling over *The Scottish Chiefs*, with grandfather, hale and hearty at eighty-five, sitting straight as a gun-barrel on the opposite side of the hearth reading the 'Leatherstocking Tales' by the light of a tallow candle (these pesky 'ile' lamps were dangerous!); yes, *The Pioneer* and *The Pathfinder*, for had not he himself as a youth of eighteen trudged across the Alleghenies from Canaan, Connecticut, to these Fire Lands at the head of his yoke of oxen and covered wagon, axe in one hand, rifle in the other?

It was a world bristling with reminders of that sturdy transplantation from New England less than three quarters of a century before — in villages named for their parent towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut,

in meetinghouse architecture, village greens, and fanlighted doorways, and grandparents' garrets stacked with chests, cradles, bandboxes, spinning wheels, and, suspended from beam and rafter, the poke bonnets and skirt-hoops of a generation not very far past; and, of the generation just then passing, a Confederate sword picked up on the field at Gettysburg; and barrels full of back numbers of the *New York Tribune* ('Greeley's paper') and Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, which grandfather had taken for decades and not one copy of which would he allow to be destroyed; and, after these, stacks of *Harper's Illustrated Weekly*, teeming with stirring and ghastly pictures of the Civil War, and of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, containing Mr. Edwin Abbey's pen drawings for *She Stoops to Conquer*; and the papier-mâché ass's head worn by Bottom in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (an object of terror in childhood that was forever turning up in nightmares). A world of leisurely drives in one-horse phaetons or two-horse family barouches through smiling countrysides of yellow wheat and green oak woods in the sweet eternity of golden Sunday afternoons in summer, ears humming with the melodies of choir music sung that morning in church — 'As pants the hart,' to a tune from the 'Calvary' of Louis Spohr, or 'How lovely are thy dwellings fair,' from Brahms's 'Requiem.' A world of autumnal Sunday-afternoon promenades to the graveyard, which did duty as public park, past dooryards with latticed summer-houses which no one seemed ever to sit in, and mournful sunlight of November poured on hedges of arbor vitæ encircling tombstones, all in the vague melancholy of childhood's associations of church and evergreens and death and pictures on bedchamber walls of just souls receiving harp, crown, and

palm in 'The Better Land' amid dazzling rays that streamed from pearly gates of the celestial city; and Sunday-night suppers of bread and milk partaken of at a table covered with a red-figured spread sacred to this meal and to be used for none other — imagination haunted the while by the splendor of psalms read out responsively that morning by minister and congregation, gorgeous of Oriental imagery and sonorous in the majestic English of the King James version.

Each week-day evening the village intelligentsia met at the apothecary's shop, ostensibly to get their daily papers, actually to sit around the stove and discuss the universe. The apothecary scandalized the town by being a theosophist; the doctor ditto by being a Darwinian. Picture my chagrin when, only to-day, the freshwater colleges and small-town clergymen first heard of evolution! Thirty years ago, in knee breeches, I had heard that question all thrashed out beside the apothecary's stove, and supposed its dust and fury abated forever with Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw — thrashed out, too, with far more grace and tolerance than to-day. For the doctor, though on the rare occasions when he went to church he sat bolt upright during prayers with eyes wide open (for which be his memory held in respect!), respected, in turn, the fine character and scholarship of the minister; nor was he above studying French with Father Brard, the venerable silvery-haired Catholic clergyman, and when his first-born little boy died during the diphtheria epidemic (he saved the children of others; his own he could not save), it was to the good priest that he went for comfort, as man to man, irrespective of theologies. On the other hand, when the minister had the misfortune

to remark in the doctor's presence that never yet had man been able to conceive of a single improvement on the Creator's handiwork, the doctor replied blandly: 'Oh, yes. I can suggest one.'

'Indeed!' bridled the minister. 'Then this is quite an event, and I, for one, should be happy to hear your suggestion. What is it?'

'At the age of fifty I would take away a man's passions and leave him his teeth.'

VII

Make the immortals your daily guests and marvel at how they transform your house into a dwelling-place of light. Twenty years of this home-grown culture, and the public concerts had become but a small part of it.

April is shining and showering. It is house-cleaning time. Carpets are up and draperies down — nothing to deaden the sonority of three large rooms which will open together. Bare floors smell clean and soapy; there is a heavenly odor of fresh paint and paper-hanger's paste. Pack away tables and bookcases; get out all the chairs; roll the pianoforte to the alcove end of the library; kindle a flashing blaze in the fireplace against the chill of a spring evening; notify village singers and players to brush up their fighting-pieces; and ask the neighbors in. Then ho! what a festival of spring and music right in the thick of that domestic upheaval commonly accounted one of the Plagues of Egypt. And what are the fighting-pieces of these village musicians? I remember so to have heard for the first time Beethoven's overtures to *Egmont*, *Coriolan*, and the third *Leonore* in four-hand arrangements for piano, his 'Sonata Appassionata,' 'Pathétique,' and 'Kreutzer,' Bach's 'Italian Concerto,' Schumann's 'Carnaval' and 'Faschingsschwank aus Wien,' and whole repertories of classic

Lieder varied with folk ballads and Negro spirituals.

Neither were these neighborhood concerts the most of it, nor even the best of it. We are now in the 1890's: these boys and girls who grew up with good and great music are now young men and women, and concerts are to be had any day without so much as stepping outside the threshold of one's own home. A still evening of summer, long windows open to the mild air. Indoors, yellow lamp-beams shining on a portrait of Beethoven, a bust of Wagner, on the ivory and ebon keyboard of a piano, and on the gleaming golden varnish of violins and violoncello. An east window opens on a vine-clad verandah where listeners may sit in the dreamy dimness of starshine. Neighbors, going by, come up past the rose bushes into the dooryard and to the porch: 'We heard the music and thought we would stop.' Out of the open windows come floating trios for pianoforte and strings — Haydn's, Beethoven's, Mendelssohn's, Rubinstein's; violin and cello concertos, a whole piano literature, the Lieder of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, yes, and Chaminade, and heaven knows what inundations of sentimental ballads proper to the sentimental age, — Tosti, Bemberg, Meyer-Helmund, Liza Lehmann, — without which the molasses taffy and vinegar pickles of preliminary fallings in and out of love are sweets and sours only half tasted.

How to keep children home evenings? With counter-attractions aplenty of by no means a desirable kind, these Woolwick parents experienced little difficulty. For twenty years they had been busy getting up a home-talent show with which outside attractions simply could not compete. And, when they left home, no need to ask youngsters so reared and nourished not to waste their

time on idle or vulgar amusements. The idle kind bored them to fury; the vulgar turned their stomachs. Morality? Sex stimulation youth of course will have. The immoral? Well, in the light of history, such questions were debatable. Morality is a majority vote, and the finest spirits are always in a minority. But the vulgar, the ugly, the inharmonious, the unbeautiful — about these there could be no argument. They were revolting. That was all. These good parents of Woolwick thought they were teaching art. They were teaching morals. They thought they were giving religious instruction at church. They were giving it with fiddle bow and keyboard. They thought their religion came from Israel. It came from Hellas.

The neighboring town, Verona, was the county seat. Never for a moment did Verona forget this or allow Woolwick to forget it. For Verona had quite another conception of *καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθός* — what constituted 'a good life.' Its women were smartly dressed; its men were sharp lawyers and shrewd merchants. It set a stiff pace of whist and dancing. How it did disdain the frumps and bluestockings, the ploughman scholars, the stove-side philosophers, and the artisan musicians of Woolwick, nor hesitated to say so. Verona, be it conceded, did have a case. Not long ago I saw a flashlight photograph of the Woolwick Choral Society and Philharmonic Orchestra taken in the church against a background of organ pipes in 1899. A queerer-looking band of owl-eyed Bacchæ Euripides himself would not wish to see. I thought of the Duke of Wellington's exclamation on beholding the first Reform Parliament: 'Egad, I never saw so many shocking bad hats in me life!' Woolwick parents, for their part, held up the aimless, brainless rout of Verona's whist and dancing as a

horrible example of how not to do it. Thirty years later, as a guest at a luncheon table in an Eastern college, I encountered an undergraduate who hailed from Verona; a charming youth, highly bred and incredibly fine-looking. He had heard of my father as far back as he could remember, and I of his. We fraternized. We compared philosophies of life.

'You,' said he, 'are exactly what I should expect to find a native of Woolwick: unable to outgrow books, music, and theories, and face life as it is.'

'And what is life as it is?'

'God knows! Don't ask me! I am merely existing in this dump of a college town until I can go back home, make brick like my father, and settle down to enjoy life with the county families.'

'And how does one enjoy life?'

'How does one enjoy life?' echoed the Gentleman of Verona. 'Could such a question have come from any place but Woolwick? "How does one enjoy life?" One enjoys life, my friend, with a girl and a car.'

VIII

Verona, I am inclined to believe, is a larger place than the shire town of Franklin County. All in due season I was sent to the eldest and most celebrated of the Eastern universities. I went, as became a child of the wheat and hog belt, prepared to venerate. Plenty to venerate I found, but it was not the cultural estate of the majority of undergraduates. These sons of upper- and middle-class families had been through famous Latin schools and academies; they had lived next door to teeming libraries, rich museums, storied monuments, theatres, opera houses, concert halls, and soil trodden by the good and great. The air around them was thick with history and tradition.

They were like the man who was told that Christopher Columbus was dead: he had n't 'even heard that the guy was sick.' They were fine fellows. They had, for the most part, superb bodies and robust characters. Culturally they went in rags. Learning had always been a school exercise; hence, a bore. Intellectual enthusiasms were socially bad form, things only to be indulged in by Jews and graduate students from one-horse colleges. As for music, aside from a correct attachment to the football anthems with which college nationalism implores its tribal god of battles, their favorite songs were 'Hello, Peaches!' and 'Waltz me around again, Willie!' Pecunious Philistines. It was disconcerting — to have come, a passionate pilgrim, from the tall timber and to find these sons of the elect numbered among the intellectual great-unwashed. I was forced to conclude that the greatest of all opportunities may be lack of opportunity.

Exceptions, of course, there were. Let me mention one. He was an oarsman, an ardent scholar regardless of the jocular contempt in which scholarship was held by his mates, and also something of a poet. He was forever turning up at obscure theatres where courageous actors were experimenting with Ibsen and Shakespeare. We fell to comparing notes. He related that as a child his mother had brought him up on Shakespeare, Beethoven, and the Bible.

'Why, what a coincidence!' said I. 'That is exactly like a story my mother used to read me on Sunday afternoons when I was a little boy — *Captain January*.'

'My mother,' he replied calmly, 'wrote that story.'

He was, it appeared, the grandson of a woman who had learned to read Greek after she was forty-eight years old. Her name was Julia Ward Howe.

IX

And now that I have told you a story it is only fair that you should stay for the moral. A story should carry its own moral? Possibly. I am taking no chances.

Why should I recite events so humble? Who were these but extremely common people, thumping and sawing at music fiendishly hard for them? To brag of my home town, to glorify my own folks? My home town is no different from yours. As for my own folks, they have been paid long ago in a higher coin than any of mine. The two beloved and valiant souls have rested side by side under their tomb slabs this many a year; and people whose bodies the good gray doctor healed, and whose hearts his wife warmed and comforted, go quietly year after year to lay flowers on their graves. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

No: the moral is something quite other. And this is it. If democracy is to be anything more than a dead level of squalid mediocrity, then common life must be lived nobly and well; and it seems to me that I have been describing one of many ways in which it may be. Suppose the property question settled — as settled, soon or late, of course it must be. Suppose everybody were already comfortably above the poverty-line, as we of the middle class are now. What then? One hundred millions living the life of full belly and empty head? God save us! I think the intellectual squalor of our middle class far more shameful than any imputed physical squalor of the poor. For the middle class has at least had a chance at things of the mind and spirit.

If common life is to be lived nobly and well — as it must be if these United States of ours are to be anything more

than a highly comfortable and sanitary sty — it must be by common people exerting themselves as strenuously for some form of ideal excellence as they would for a great career; it must be by multitudes of common people living lives of greatness in obscurity without thought of applause or reward, but solely for the sake of the life itself, knowing it to be worth all that it costs. That, as I now realize after the lapse of a quarter of a century, was what these Woolwick people were doing. Humble folk though they were, they had in them the stuff of greatness. It never entered their heads that their deeds and lives might some day be proclaimed as beautiful and worthy. The suggestion would have set them aghast. Therein is half their beauty and worth. I know America to be full of this possibility, because all humanity is. In it is the hope of our future — common people living, in obscurity, lives of greatness.

I have not pretended that what Woolwick did was easy, or that it was done in a year. All told, it took three decades. Was it worth the time and effort?

Here let me answer for myself. And let me limit my answer to a single event — a certain Christmas concert, and that stirring ballad by *Ciro Pinsuti*, 'The Raft.'

Christmas of frosty stars and moonlit snow; Christmas that had brought a cherished fuzzy white-woolen rabbit with pink-bead eyes; and Christmas

that came with the heightened glamour of a concert in a hall up three interminable flights of stairs — a hall which seemed enormous, peopled with myriad heads, above and beyond which, by being allowed to stand up on one's seat, one could see the singers banked row on row, and in front of them the racing fiddle-bows and gleaming brass horn-bells of the orchestra; hello! and one's own father (how strange, and even just a little humiliating) standing up on a raised platform, making queer motions with a stick there in front of everybody: yet no one seemed to think it ridiculous, but looked and listened quite respectfully. And there beside him, beautifully dressed, her lovely hair piled high in a corona of plaited braids, and golden lights on her radiant face, who, who but one's own mother — looking so fantastically remote up there across all those strangers' heads, as in a dream: that breast on which one laid a tired and sleepy head, that voice which could croon cradle songs, upborne now on a thrilling tumult of orchestra; a voice which shone like a star! It was singing some tale of shipwrecked souls rescued from death, orchestra shouting for joy, and above its glorious tempest that shining voice hymning praise and thanksgiving. The beloved face was centre and soul of all eyes; the beloved voice was poet and prophet of all souls. . . . What must such a vision do to a child's imagination? What must such a memory do to a child's heart?

THE MODESTY OF MAN

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

MANY men can still remember the days when their mothers went about with a curious contraption tied on behind them, giving a luxuriant outline suggestive of the Hottentot. This was called a 'dress-improver' and was admired. To the modern eye it is simply hideous. At a slightly later date ladies swept the floor or the street with voluminous trains, dirty and inconvenient. So inconvenient were they that a little rope-handle was attached, by which the wearer could sling her train on to her arm and so attain freedom to move. That was the period in which a lady's ankles were improper. It was the period of our modest grandmothers, the period to which the modern moralist, usually male, apparently desires a return.

The period before it, the period of Queen Victoria, was quite as ugly, quite as insanitary, and less complete. Inquirers may be referred to contemporary portraits of the Queen in her younger days. By strict standards she ought to have died of pneumonia, and it is not surprising that she was accused of immodesty.

To-day, amid a great deal of talk about 'rights,' woman has actually acquired one very important right — the right to wear healthy and beautiful clothes. She has quietly and of her own accord evolved a costume which is graceful, practical, and, we are assured, comfortable. Doctors tell us that it is healthy. What more could be

desired? Yet the moralist, usually a man, denounces it as 'immodest.'

But woman to-day is getting independent. In her search for woman's rights she has obtained some very worthless things, such as the vote, and some valuable things, such as the right to be educated. She has been most wise when she took her own way and most foolish when she merely attempted to copy man. It is hard to believe, yet it is true that many women claimed the right to wear men's clothes — top hat, frock coat, trousers, and the rest. One lady, a doctor, actually did so, and history records that she did not make a handsome man. To-day woman is clad sensibly, yet unlike man. She cuts her hair to a sensible, moderate length, keeps her skirts out of the mud, and, in general, looks workmanlike and fit for her occupation of the moment. There are, of course, aberrations, as there will always be: high heels are still worn. Yet in general the statement is true, and of the majority of sensible women it is absolutely true. Fifty years ago woman was in respect of clothing and appearance man's inferior; to-day she is his superior. But she is denounced as immodest in respect of this very reform.

The truth is that women never were, are not, and never will be modest in man's sense of the word. Modesty is essentially a manly attribute, and from the beginnings of history men have not ceased to recommend it to women. In

the beginning of the twelfth century Guilbert de Nogent wrote: —

Alas how miserably . . . maidenly modesty and honour have fallen off and the mother's guardianship has decayed both in appearance and in fact, so that in all their behaviour nothing can be noted but unseemly mirth wherein are no sounds but of jest, with winking eyes and babbling tongues and wanton gait and most ridiculous manners. The quality of their garments is so unlike to that frugality of the past that in the widening of their sleeves, the tightening of their bodices, their shoes of Cordovan morocco with twisted beaks, nay in their whole person, we may see how shame is cast aside.

So there were evidently 'flappers' in the twelfth century too, and moralists to correct them. Notice how Guilbert drags in the modest grandmother and insists upon clothes. Adam can hardly have referred to the modesty of Eve's grandmother, but it is probable that he criticized the length of her leaf apron.

Man the artist, the emotional, is also naturally man the modest. Wherever he is supreme, as in Turkey or India or classic Greece, he enforces modesty upon woman. Whenever woman rebels against his rule he denounces each new thing she does as immodest or unwomanly.

Modesty is, after all, a convention. Among those Negroes of Africa who go unclad, the assumption of any clothing is of the nature of concealment, suggestive and immodest. Yet many missionaries, men, consider that clothing is culture, and demoralize their flocks with petticoats and trousers. The statement has been made, by a man, that 'it is quite clear that civilization is inextricably mixed up with clothing.' Yet the ancient Greeks, a highly civilized people, were not in the slightest squeamish about the human form. They wore abundant clothes when the occasion demanded it, but shed them

freely whenever they liked. The most completely clad people in the world to-day are possibly the Tuaregs of the Sahara, whose men even veil their faces. I have not heard that they are the most civilized.

It is true that all civilized people have used clothes, but that is far from saying that a complete covering of the body is a sign of civilization. It is simply a convention.

As modesty is a convention, so immodesty is anything which breaks that convention. Between the two there is a borderland of variations and developments. Modesty is usually, perhaps, connected with breaches of the conventions between man and woman, but it is really attached to all serious breaches of conventionality. It is, for instance, immodest to boast of one's own achievements, to shout loudly during a church service, or to eat peas with a knife. These actions break accepted conventions in a disagreeable way. But it is not immodest to eat asparagus with one's fingers, to interrupt at a political meeting, or to extol the achievements of others.

Now there can be little doubt that women venture much further into this borderland of the modest than men. Without referring to those gross breaches of the conventions which all would condemn, women are more willing to be different from one another than are men. They are more willing to try a novelty, and they are more unconventional than men. This is distinctly a virtue at the present time, when we are too hardly ruled by conventions, but it is usually condemned as 'the thin edge of the wedge.'

This metaphor of the wedge, of which our reformers are so fond, is a most immoral one. It is the chosen argument of the reactionary, of the obscurantist, and of all who object to any change in present conditions but

can find no reasonable arguments in their favor. According to it, dancing is wicked, billiards are wicked, cards are wicked: they all lead to moral ruin. A glass of beer leads to drunkenness; a pretty girl looking her best leads to quite unmentionable wickedness. Now there is just one answer to all these 'thin edge of the wedge' arguments. They are all simply false. We must in all things take risks, and we must be strong enough to take them. We shall make no advances in civilization if our conduct is to be regulated entirely for the benefit of the weakest members.

So in asserting that women are naturally less modest than men we are far from asserting that women are essentially wicked. Wherever that doctrine is heard, as in Indian philosophy, we may be sure that we are encountering a man-made culture. On the contrary, we are claiming for them a virtue: women are more ready to break a convention than men.

In England, before the war, educated women behaved in a most immodest manner in order to gain political ends. They yelled, chained themselves to railings, broke windows, bit policemen, and in various ways did things that no modest man of their own class would have dreamed of. This inherent immodesty gave them a very unfair advantage over men. An uneducated man may bite a policeman and no one will be shocked, but for an educated person it is a most immodest action. No real gentleman would do so; it would offend his sense of self-respect — that is, his modesty. But a lady, fired by a sincere belief, would cheerfully eat the whole policeman if the act would forward her aims. She would not by doing so hurt her modesty, because she has not got so much.

Since the days of Eve woman has adventured into new ways, often contrary to the accepted code and often

good in the long run. The eating of apples was forbidden in the Garden of Eden. Eve broke that rule; and it was better for Adam to learn good and evil and fall than to remain an innocent and ignorant animal.

II

We have seen that in matters of personal appearance and hygiene woman has during the last fifty years worked a revolution. It is now full time for man to follow her example. For more than a hundred years there has been little change in man's absurd habits. Reform is more than due, but unfortunately it will have to be carried out in the teeth of the professional moralist. He is usually a reactionary, as is well illustrated by the history of man's distinctive garment.

About one hundred and twenty years ago men began to wear modern trousers. They were instantly condemned as immoral and unworthy of a gentleman. They were the badge of the 'Reds' of the day, the revolutionary sans-culottes. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington was refused admittance to Almack's on the ground that he was wearing trousers. At Trinity College, Cambridge, students were notified that those attending chapel or college in the objectionable garments would not be counted present; and in 1820 the English Nonconformists decided that a minister should on no account ascend the pulpit in trousers. In Berlin in 1801 trouser-wearers were regarded as revolutionaries, although in 1797 King Frederick William III had horrified society at Bad Pyrmont by wearing them in public. It was not until about 1830 that the badge of the French revolutionary became the emblem of respectability.

To-day we retain in our dress all the

worst points of the worst period of early Victorianism. We have indeed fairly banished the tall hat, but from the neck down we are expensive, insatiable, and ugly.

A man's coat is so cut as to weigh heavily upon the spine at the base of the neck with the collar stud pressing firmly on the backbone. An attitude with the head poked forward is the result in most elderly men.

The neck is encircled by a tight band, often of stiffly starched linen. This is patently absurd and unnecessary. The soft collar is a boon, yet even that is much too tight. Women, who leave their necks free, do not catch more colds than men. It is indeed true that men are constitutionally a little more delicate than women, but that is no reason for this swaddling of the neck. Sailors are probably more healthy than business men, yet they expose their necks. This appears to be an urgent reform.

The coat and waistcoat have a curious history. In Caroline times they descended to the knees, forming a kind of stiff kilt and effectually preventing the wearer from sitting in an ordinary chair. Then they ascended in front until in the days of Napoleon they resembled a chest-protector surmounting a large egg. To-day they have descended to the hips, leaving exposed just that vital region about the waist where so many of our ills originate.

The modern waistcoat leaves the waist unprotected. The modern jacket is a pocket-and-dust receptacle. Man has far too many pockets attached to every part of his person, into most of which he dare not put anything for fear of spoiling the suit. Even if he uses them, they are so numerous that objects, such as letters for the post, may be lost in them for weeks.

When a man buttons his jacket, he can with difficulty raise his arms above

the shoulder. If he wants to do any work, he has to take off his coat. It binds the shoulders, and many a man has been drowned by his coat.

But for grotesque humor the dress coat is supreme. It is 'correct' for dancing, and, as the wearer gyrates, the two little black flaps twist and turn behind like the double tails of some heraldic devil. The dress coat is derived from a riding-coat and was originally cut in that manner in order to give freedom in the saddle. But why should modern man on formal occasions array himself in the trousers of a French revolutionary and the coat of an English farmer?

Trousers are generally acknowledged to be illogical garments. We cannot very well walk without bending the knees, so we not only wear garments with no knee-joint, but even insist on a careful crease in just such a position as to make knee-bending as difficult as possible. Trousers are indeed truly immodest, for when a man sits down he must separately and elaborately hoist each leg, thereby exposing a pale-blue sock-supporting apparatus. No real lady would dream of doing such a thing. But trousers are in some degree sacred. Their popular American name is derived by devious ways from the Italian Saint Pantaleone, and they still retain some trace of sanctity. Alter what you will, but alter not my 'pants.' Oxford trousers and plus-fours are objects of the usual denunciations.

There are two lines of reform. Either make them so loose that they slip easily on sitting down, or stop them at the knee. Shortening is the most logical method of reform, but the difficulty lies in the modesty of man. Suggest to him that he wear knickerbockers or shorts, and he retorts with a reference to his ankles or calves. The only person to-day who is ashamed to

let his ankles be seen is the American business man. Golf is slowly undermining his position.

This modesty in man seems to be inherent. It appears at a very early age and is apparently independent of training. The little girl early begins to show pleasure in being noticed and in wearing nice clothes; the little boy is the shyest creature imaginable. His one longing is to look exactly like all other boys and to be lost in the mob. Most boys pass through agonies on going first to school, because their collar is not quite the right pattern or their tie is the wrong color. It is not until a fairly late age that they learn to have any individuality. Many men indeed remain boys in this all their lives, — each is only one of 'the crowd,' — and unfortunately our present system of education tends to keep them so.

One of the difficulties in introducing the Boy Scout movement into Canada was the shyness of the boys. They were ashamed to show their knees or elbows. In the U. S. A. the Boy Scouts still modestly cover these parts. Girls, as we know, have no such shyness.

III

The uniform question may indicate a way out. All men are shy. The English code of 'good form' is simply a form of modesty. It is a citadel of correctness within which the man may feel safe. The American is even shyer. If convention decrees that he is to work in shirt-sleeves, he will put on extra-thick underclothing rather than his coat. If convention decrees that shirt-sleeves are immodest in the presence of ladies, he will at once put on his coat and suffer perspiringly. But he loves a uniform, once it is accepted as a uniform.

It is not customary for American business men to dance in the public

streets attired in exotic garb, yet a short time ago several hundred American business men danced in the streets of Montreal, at noonday, attired as Turks. This they did under the guise of endowing a hospital. The endowment was kindly thought of, but the dancing was gratis; it was very complicated and must have taken considerable practice. They evidently enjoyed it — man loves a ritual as he loves a uniform.

Now no woman would ever do anything like this. It would not appeal to her practical mind. She feels no need to take refuge in a crowd when she wants to make a fool of herself, and it is a revelation of our topsy-turvy civilization that man, the individualist, is at present in some ways less individual than woman, the organizer. He can unbottle these wild emotions of his only in the safe anonymity of a society. It is only in the higher branches of learning, science, or art that man can and does preserve his individuality. In ordinary life man is fettered by custom and ritual to a far greater degree than woman. If you wish women to adopt a fashion, suggest that it is daring, new, and French. If you wish men to do the same, make it ritual, uniform, and antique; then they will do or wear anything. But the Ku Klux Klansmen probably hood their faces in order to hide their blushes.

The only tolerable and healthy dress at present habitually worn by men in America is a uniform — that of the sailor. His neck is healthily free; his jumper comes well down and his trousers come well above his waist, and so he avoids chills. He frequently has his feet bare, and so avoids all the twisted toes to which our boxed-in feet are liable. It is a uniform, and so he is not ashamed to wear it. Will someone introduce a benevolent and ancient society for business men with a well-

designed and beautiful uniform? Its legendary history should date back at least to the Aztecs.

When reform comes, as it probably will if woman's influence increases, it will come slowly and through the young people. This is a simple fact usually ignored by our reformers. The elderly reformer has no chance; he dies too soon. But the young rebel has quite a chance; he is making his own world, and he will live in it when we are safely underground. He usually heeds the reformer very little. After he has buried him, he goes his way on his own responsibility and does things the reformer never dreamed of. We may cite an example of this.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century a certain Mrs. Bloomer introduced a reformed dress for women. It included knickerbockers; it was advocated by wise and elderly persons; and it failed utterly. Mrs. Bloomer's name is now attached to schoolboys' knickerbockers. Presently the flapper took it into her empty head to wear breeches. The wise and elderly persons all protested in vain; the reform was brilliantly successful; and to-day girls wear breeches without attracting much notice. For a reform to be really successful, it should be introduced by the young and disapproved of by the elderly. This discovery is recommended to all reformers.

It has been pointed out by a French writer that the Englishman and the Frenchman regard dress from rather different angles. The Englishman wears the clothes appropriate to the time, the Frenchman those suitable to the occasion. So a Frenchman may wear dress clothes in the morning for a ceremonial occasion. The Englishman inclines to wear evening dress even when the occasion is not ceremonial. In this the American inclines to the French practice. He does not indeed

wear dress clothes in the morning, unless he is an ambassador, but rather keeps them for ceremonial occasions in the evening. And in other respects he usually identifies clothes with an occasion. He speaks of golf trousers or golf stockings where the Englishman says 'knickerbockers.' He speaks of running-trousers where the Englishman says 'shorts,' and of tennis dress where the Englishman says 'flannels.' He often does wear such dress because it is suitable and comfortable, yet he always seeks the shelter of the conventional excuse: he is presumably going to play golf, or he has just been playing golf and it is too much trouble to change his clothes. So the reformer, if he is wise, will not proclaim the hygienic virtues of, say, shorts or an open neck. He will invent a game suitable for tired business men and guaranteed to reduce weight, for which these are the recognized uniform adjuncts. Women do not need these inducements, but modest man does.

For any who are so bold as to attempt reform, a few obvious improvements may be suggested.

First, clothes should be, as far as possible, washable. We very nearly wear a suit until it falls to pieces from age and dirt. Cleaning is expensive and ruins clothes of the present complicated cut, but our summer clothes, at any rate, should be washable. Starch should be abolished entirely.

Secondly, we should wear quite different clothes in the hot weather from what we wear in the cold — clothes different not merely in thickness but in pattern.

Thirdly, our clothing should recognize that the human body has joints and bends them. Our present clothes are admirably adapted to be worn by dummy figures; they look at their best in the tailor's window. They hinder us in sitting down and in standing up,

to a far greater degree than we realize.

Fourthly, they should leave as much skin exposed as possible, according to the climate. Doctors tell us that we cover ourselves up far too much and that direct light is good for the skin. This is the particular virtue of the sailor's collar, of shorts, and of kilts.

Fifthly, variety might be encouraged. There is no real need for all men to be dressed alike. But it will take a great deal of converting by their wives before men will consent to this.

Lastly, the best clothes men wear to-day are country or sports clothes. Reform may come through that 'inordinate love of pleasure' which the reformers deplore. These clothes at least avoid the horrors of 'smartness.'

IV

This is only a dream. A few cranks may like to be comfortable, but it is not in this manner that reforms are brought about.

It has been noticed that the changes in man's dress have always come from below in society upward. Our dress coat does not come to us from the courts of kings, but from the riding-coat of the English farmer in the eighteenth century. Our trousers come from the French peasant; our soft collars originated in Whitechapel; the jacket is a garment of the common people; knickerbockers were originally worn by the lowland Scottish peasant. We adopt our fashions in dress from the proletariat.

So it is safer to make our prophecy on safe historic lines. One hundred years or so from now the formal attire of the fashionable American man will be an adaptation of the dress of the American peasant. He will appear in a carefully cut suit of black broadcloth overalls, with broad black-silk braces bearing the old-fashioned motto, 'Union Made,' and exposing at the back a stiffly starched blue shirt. He will be exquisitely uncomfortable.

THE WEAKER SEX: A SCIENTIFIC RAMBLE

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

I

ALFRED ADLER, one of the band of physicians whose minds were fertilized by the extravagant and yet fruitful theories of Freud, would reduce most mental disorders to the action of what he calls the 'inferiority complex.' That complex is doubtless one of the causes of the present moral restlessness and dissatisfaction among women. They have eaten of the fruit of the tree

of knowledge and are smarting at the discovery of the inferiority of their social status — an inferiority revealed, it seems to them, even in those traditional forms of male behavior which pass for homage to the sex, such as the raising of the hat in salutation, the yielding of seats, and so on. Women care not so much for the vote, for the responsibility of guiding the Ship of

State, as for relief from a humiliating position.

Under the goad of imputed general inferiority, women have claimed not only political but also mental equality. It has seemed to them that nothing short of the full recognition by the dominant male of their mental capacity would bring to them the sense of worth and dignity before which the complex and its baleful effects would vanish. Unfortunately, whatever success they may have obtained in the realization of their political demands, the facts continue to be, or seem to be, against their claim of mental equality.

With regard to the past, they have found it sufficient to plead social disabilities as an explanation of their inferior performance in every or almost every form of activity. How could woman have attained eminence when the institutions of higher learning were closed to her, and when society in general refused to help her to gratify any of her ambitions if it led beyond the home?

Science, in the form of mental tests, has seemed to come to the support of this uncertain argument. No significant differences have been found to exist between schoolboys and school-girls or even between adult men and women. Unfortunately, the mental tests so far available are applicable to only certain parts of the mental life: the functions of the sense organs (acuity of perception, fineness of discrimination, and so forth), memory, certain forms of imagination, of comparison, of judgment, and some other aspects of what makes up 'intelligence.' No adequate test of the dynamic aspect of the mind — that is, of interest, persistency, energy — has as yet been devised. When it is realized that the intellectual abilities are useless without motive power, the impossibility of deducing from the possession of equal

intellectual abilities equal life-achievements becomes obvious. Little may be expected of a person finely gifted intellectually, if he be not also well endowed with mental energy. The talents of the artist, without the power of ceaseless work, are of little avail.

Unfortunately, again, for the peace of mind of women, the extensive removal of social disabilities, which has recently taken place, has not yielded the fruits expected by the believers in equality of mental ability. It is true that even now, in many professions and activities, women enjoy neither the encouragement nor the freedom given to men. Nevertheless, it may well seem to dispassionate observers that the degree of liberation gained by women during the last fifty years has not been followed by the fruits which equality of ability would have produced. Feminine musical composers and performers of the first rank are remarkably few, though public opinion and social customs place no obstacle in the way of the female musician.

Equality of opportunity and of intelligence can ensure equality of mental achievement only if energy also is equal. Are there reasons for referring to less mental energy the inferior performance of women? I think there are.

It is with trepidation that I engage in so delicate a venture as the demonstration of the inferiority of women in mental energy. Claiming a purely scientific interest in these matters would, I fear, not spare me a storm of protest. But may I not at least contend that the reference of women's deficiency to energy, and not to intelligence, constitutes a favorable change of venue? Is it not easier to confess to fatigue than to lack of wits? So it almost seems that success in this attempt means ridding womankind of the dreadful inferiority complex. They may, therefore, perhaps bear with me.

In any case, I trust to their fairness — a trait which, I am glad to say, is not impugned in the following pages.

II

Differences in energy exist, of course, within the same sex. Let us, then, to begin with, seek a clear and somewhat detailed understanding of their effects as they manifest themselves in persons of the same sex.

Here are two college freshmen, Paul and Peter, whom we will suppose identical in intellectual excellence and in every other mental trait, energy only excepted. They are equal as to the quality of their mental abilities and dispositions, including their emotional make-up; they differ only in the quantity of the mental work they are able to perform. Let us assume that seven hours of college work leave Paul tired out, while Peter can do nine hours of the same work without more fatigue. What will be the consequences of this difference?

If both are average students and work just enough to pass the examinations, and if an average of seven hours' work a day is required for that purpose, then at the end of the day Paul will be tired out and therefore not inclined to further mental effort. His knowledge will remain, on the whole, limited to college studies. If he belongs to committees, to the editorial board of the college paper, or to any other extra-academic bodies, his services will not be of much value — he has too little energy left after doing his class-work.

Quite otherwise with Peter. He will have each day, on an average, two fruitful hours to devote to some pursuit other than the necessary class-work. He will be useful to college organizations to which he may belong. As simple member or as chairman of some of these, he will come by a variety of

information that Paul will not get. He will, in particular, learn to manage men, and will have an opportunity to develop the traits of the leader. The greater his knowledge and effectiveness, the more he will be in demand and the more competent he will continue to become. Should Peter have deep intellectual interests and, instead of doing merely the necessary academic work, should he devote his spare energy to the extension of his knowledge and training, a corresponding accumulation of efficiency would take place in that direction.

Four years of college life, with each day two additional hours of fruitful activity on the part of Peter, will produce such differences between him and Paul in actual achievement and in power of achievement that no one will regard them as intellectually equal. Even their teachers will get the impression that Peter is the possessor of far greater mental ability than Paul. He is, in fact, better informed and far more efficient; yet they began with intellectual talents of the very same quality.

The ascription of superior performance to superior intellectual endowment when it is due, in fact, to superior energy is one of the common confusions besetting a muddle-headed humanity. The much-performers in business, in politics, and even in the arts and sciences, are often ranked far above their true place in the scale of intellectual talents — talents to observe, to remember, to understand, to appreciate, to reason. The very quality of their achievements conspires with their quantity to produce the deception. For quality also is improved by long-sustained effort. In my student days, I boarded for a while in the same house with a young woman said to have a remarkable gift for the piano. Yet, as time passed, she seemed more and

more discouraged. Her professor was not satisfied with her progress; he complained that she did not practise enough. As she told me that, she added, 'I play six hours a day; I can do no more — I am done up.' Has it not been said that Paderewski, during his apprenticeship, had been known to sit at the piano twelve hours a day? The promise of this young woman's talent was frustrated by insufficient energy.

Even in the fields of endeavor involving, as we say, purely mental work, — mathematics, for instance, — energy, and not only intellectual talent, determines the quality of achievement. Other things being equal, the person who in the attempted solution of a problem wearies last is the one who has the best chances of success. But the problem of the advantages due in this field to greater energy must not be considered with reference to a brief period of time. The energy-factor operates throughout life. The greater store of mathematical knowledge accumulated throughout his school and college years by the less easily fatigued person will give him such an advantage over his more easily tired competitor that now, even in the same space of time, he will readily surpass him, not in amount of work merely, but also in its quality: the problems he will be able to solve will be beyond the present attainments of the other. The world is full of men of vast achievements, reputed of transcendent intelligence, who owe their success to a surpassing energy actuating a mediocre brain. Not their intellectual talents but their ceaseless use of them is their distinction.

The student who in college understood with difficulty may astonish you by the place he takes in the community, while the brilliant youth who with little work was at the top of his class may never be heard from. Shall we say that the only advantage of the former over

the latter must be one of energy, of capacity to work longer hours? There are obviously other differences between people besides quality of intelligence and quantity of energy — as, for instance, the one indicated by the words 'interest,' 'curiosity,' and 'purpose.' Since we are concerned merely with difference of energy when everything else is identical, it is quite sufficient for our discussion to note that the duration of interest, of curiosity, and of purpose wanes with the coming-on of fatigue. The duration of labor to which these incentives prompt at any particular moment is therefore limited by the energy at one's disposal.

We may, then, say that, other things being equal, the greater the difference in energy, the greater the difference in mental achievements, both in quantity and in quality. The inferiority in the mental performance of women, however great it may be in quantity or quality, can therefore be explained without the assumption of inferior intelligence.

III

A direct and measured knowledge of energy-difference between the sexes is not altogether lacking. It is well known that, in so far as muscular power and endurance are concerned, woman is, on the average, markedly inferior to man. This difference cannot possibly be referred to any form of social disability, for it exists among savages, where physical labor is not denied to the sex; it exists in the apes; it exists even in all the species of the mammalian class to which man belongs. It has been affirmed, furthermore, that at the same weight woman is inferior to man by about thirty per cent.¹ We are

¹ Professor A. V. Hill, in his address as President of the Physiology Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1925.

dealing here undeniably with a sex-linked difference.

The lesser muscular performance of women when compared with men of the same weight may mean that in the former a smaller part of the total weight is in muscle. In that case, at the same total bodily weight women's muscles would be smaller than those of men. We know, as a matter of fact, that this is so. Woman is handicapped in athletics, not only by her smaller size, — this is not, it is true, always a handicap, — but also by the weight of organs peculiar to her sex. Whether that handicap accounts for the whole of the thirty-per-cent difference is a question which, as far as we know, remains for the physiologist to answer.

But what have these facts and considerations to do here? Our problem does not refer to muscular performance, but to success in the professions, the arts, the sciences. Well, muscular and mental fatigue are not so independent of each other as the words might lead one to think. It is well known that physical fatigue incapacitates one for mental work, and also that mental fatigue incapacitates one for physical work.

The truth of the first statement is fairly obvious. Movements result from the enervation of muscles — that is, muscles act only in so far as nervous energy is brought to them and is consumed by them.

The second statement — that mental fatigue incapacitates for physical work — is perhaps less obviously true. However, hard students and intellectual workers verify the truth of it every day. Eight hours of intellectual effort are usually enough to exhaust most of one's muscular energy.

Do we, then, think with our muscles? The psychologist does not put it that way. He affirms, however, that muscle activity is involved in the performances

we have called mental. Music, painting, sculpture, make large calls upon physical endurance, particularly during the learning-period. To this we have already had occasion to refer in the case of piano-playing. It is sometimes said that the business man gets no exercise at his work. He undoubtedly exercises certain muscles. He sits up in his chair; he stands; he walks about, gesticulates, talks. All these activities mean muscle contractions, and general muscular fatigue when the evening comes.

The muscular activity in so-called intellectual work is not limited to the muscles necessarily involved in pressing down the keys of a piano, in using the pen, in speech movements; it spreads more or less to every muscle. Even when we do, as we say, nothing more than think, there are muscular contractions going on all over the body. Not a single one of the external muscles is entirely relaxed; and anyone may ascertain, by paying attention to the muscles of his face, of his arms, and of his legs when in the midst of a difficult train of thought, that many muscles are in a state of high tension. The fatigue produced by mental effort is, then, far from independent of muscular fatigue.

Fatigue, however, is induced not merely by the depletion of the stores of energy, — nervous or muscular, — but also by the presence in the bodily tissues of waste products resulting from the breaking-down of the consumed substances.

IV

But where is the source of energy in the human organism? The popular opinion that the brain is the sole source of the energy available, whether for muscular or mental work, is not countenanced by contemporary science. The recent discoveries concerning the glands

of internal secretion, — thyroid, pituitary, pineal, thymus, adrenal, pancreas, and so on, — glands whose secretions are poured out, not outside the body, but into certain organs or into the blood stream, have established the stimulating effect of certain of them and the depressing effect of others.

Fatigue depends, however, as already said, not only upon the supply of energy, but also upon the action of the organs involved in the elimination of the tissue-waste resulting from work. If not rapidly removed, these waste products clog the whole machinery. Here we are to think mainly of the excretory functions of the intestines and the kidneys, and of the oxidizing processes in respiration.

If women differ from men in energy, it need not be, therefore, because of a difference in the number or size or quality of the brain nerve-cells; it may be because of differences in the endocrine glands or in the organs concerned with the elimination of the waste products. An account of the functions of the glands of inner secretion, however incomplete our knowledge still is, throws a new and fascinating light upon human nature, and seems to place in the hands of man means of self-transformation rivaling the magic of the *Arabian Nights*. Yet only the briefest and barest of remarks are possible here.

Among the best established of the discoveries just referred to is that 'the energy quantum of an individual is a function of, and is determined by, his thyroid gland,'² a gland situated in the neck, near the windpipe. Insufficient thyroxin means inactivity, poor memory, and other intellectual weaknesses. A normal-minded person overtaken by that disease weakens mentally and, if the disorder is severe, becomes idiotic.

² Louis Berman, *The Glands Regulating Personality*, 1921.

If extract of thyroid is fed to him, he recovers rapidly. There are sufficient reasons to think that in a case of this sort the changes which take place in the brain — the mechanism of the mental life — do not destroy it, but make it merely unserviceable. It is as when water gets into the carburetor of an automobile. As soon as the water is removed, the machine works as well as ever; the carburetor had not been destroyed, but it could not be used.

The secretion of the thymus gland — in the chest, about the windpipe — produces, on the contrary, an extraordinary proneness to fatigue. Sturdily muscled individuals too much endowed with thymus succumb to an amount of work easily done by persons with smaller muscles. The fatigableness and endurance of muscle may thus be traced, we are told, to the overaction or underaction of endocrine glands.

Not only the muscle but the brain activity itself is controlled by some of these secretions: 'Acuteness of perception, memory, logical thought, imagination, conception, emotional expression or inhibition . . . are influenced by the internal secretions.' They dominate the activity of the molecules and atoms of the nerve cells, increase or decrease the conductivity of the nerve fibres, and so forth. The expression of emotion, the instincts, and suggestibility are said to be subject to the action of certain of these secretions.

If great differences exist within the same sex regarding these secretions, still greater differences characterize the sexes, and these are the differences which interest us most. With male puberty there comes an increased activity of the anterior pituitary, while with female puberty an augmentation of the activity of the posterior pituitary takes place. The anterior pituitary is connected, not only with the male sex-functions, but

also in an intimate way with the higher nervous system. It is therefore one of the sources of the energy of the intellectual functions. And the posterior pituitary regulates, not only the reproductive female organs, but also the maternal promptings and their emotional correlates. 'A great deal of evidence,' writes Berman, with reference to the posterior pituitary, 'is in our possession concerning the disturbances of emotion accompanying disturbances of this gland, and controllable by its control. It might be said to energize deeply the tender emotions, and instead of saying "soft-hearted" we should say "much-pituitarized."'

The presence of different organs and of different tendencies correlated with the functions of these organs accounts for marked differences between the sexes in interest, curiosity, and purpose. The female, for instance, holds the attention of the male, and the male that of the female, with particular intensity and persistency. Conventions and habits develop on the basis of these organically determined tendencies. Thus energy is differently directed in each sex.

If the new knowledge about the endocrine glands makes anything evident, it is the *energy inequality* of the sexes — an inequality which, in respect of certain physiological functions and mental activities, constitutes a superiority, and, in respect of others, an inferiority. There is not simply a difference in total energy; there are differences in the distribution of the available energy, whatever it may be. In woman that distribution does not, on the whole, favor muscular and intellectual achievements.

So far goes for the present our incomplete and somewhat uncertain knowledge. Even in this imperfection it throws some light upon our problem and upon the future of the sexes.

V

The interest of this paper is to be found mainly in the attempted demonstration of the effects of difference of energy — whatever their source — upon quantity and quality of mental output when everything else is equal, and in its reference to sources of difference in the distribution of energy in man and woman. That distribution is controlled by sex-biology, and places women in a position of inferiority regarding mental work.

Had our purpose been a wider one, — for instance, discussion of all the factors which may contribute to the lesser mental achievements of women, — we should have had to take up, among other things, the greater variability of the male sex — a biological fact responsible for the chance production of male individuals surpassing the stabler sex in intellectual talents.

We have not even intended a complete examination of the problem of energy in its connections with mental achievement under the supposition of equal intellectual gifts. Otherwise we should not have left out of consideration childbearing and nursing, and other functions intimately connected with them. It might be said that these specific sex-functions, considered together with the particular direction they give to the interests of women, are in themselves enough to account for all the observed differences in achievements between the sexes. However that may be, we have left out these sex-functions because we wanted to take into consideration only the unavoidable, eternal verities. Childbearing or no childbearing, there are between men and women the differences here set forth; and though childbearing should fall completely under the ban of polite fashion, to the admirable enrichment of women's leisure, this article would still stand.

WHY I LIVE IN TAHITI

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It may be well to say at the outset that I have no desire to add another chapter to the already voluminous 'Literature of Escape,' and I do not for a moment believe that why I live in Tahiti or why I live at all is a matter of any great concern except to myself. But in these days, more than ever, it would seem, if a man steps out of the ranks of those who keep office hours and country-club lockers he is looked upon — well, as odd. Perhaps he is, but it can do no harm to investigate that point of view, or at least to explain one's own.

Fortunately for those who do step out, — an insignificant number, — there will always be hosts of others to keep the office hours, to march shoulder to shoulder, getting things done in the world or trying to get them done. But these dogged plodders and doers have the defects of their qualities, and one of them is that they resent having disinterested spectators along their line of march. We applaud them wholeheartedly, but they do not want applause; they want emulation, and they seem to resent not getting it. During a recent brief visit to America I found that attitude toward me unmistakable in a small circle of relatives, friends, and acquaintances — but perhaps I am wrong. It may have been mere friendly curiosity as to my reasons for choosing a small tropical island in the mid-Pacific as a place in which to live.

In one case at least it was more than curiosity. It was an undisguised, loving concern for my moral and spiritual welfare, for in my Aunt Harriet's picture of the South Seas there is always a white beach-comber in the middle foreground; and like a shadow behind him, reproaching him, stands the man he once was and will never be again. On the evening of my arrival at her house she followed me upstairs to the guestroom; and, having closed the door behind her, she sat down on a sofa to wait until I had unpacked my bag. When that small task was done, 'Now, dear,' she said, 'we must have a long talk. I want you to tell me why you live on that wretched little island. You must tell me what keeps you there' — and implicit in her voice and manner was an assurance of sympathy, of a desire to understand all and to forgive all.

Her question startled me a little, for I had never before thought of myself as actually living in Tahiti. I had always regarded America as home, and Tahiti and various other islands in the eastern Pacific as places where I made long and happy visits. But a moment's reflection convinced me that she was right. I had spent four out of the last five years in Tahiti or thereabout. One hardly retains the status of visitor after so long a period. Yes, assuredly, 'that wretched little island' was my home if I might be said to have one.

We talked through dinner, after dinner, and until far into the night — I warming to my theme, becoming all but eloquent regarding the advantages of solitude and a simple, fairly primitive way of living; my aunt listening with evident interest, asking from time to time very pertinent questions. At length she brought the discussion round to the question of one's duties, rights, and privileges as an American citizen. I said that I would always recognize my duty to go to the aid of the country in time of war; as for the rights and privileges, — although there were many, undoubtedly, — I was willing to forgo them in order that I might live according to my own ideas of what constitutes living. My aunt was surprised that I had no deep feeling of patriotism toward America as a whole, but this seems to me natural, inevitable. Patriotism is based upon community of blood, language, tradition, ideals; and, needless to say, there is no longer such community in the United States, nor can there be again for centuries to come — if ever. My aunt then questioned me as to my political opinions. I was in the course of explaining some of these, as well as I could, when she interrupted me.

'I see now what is wrong,' she said. 'You are an anarchist! You may not admit it, but it's true. If you had your way you would live in a place where there is no government at all!'

I consulted the dictionary to learn how, precisely, the word is defined. 'Anarchist: one who believes in anarchy.' 'Anarchy: absence of government; disorder; confusion.'

I admitted, then, being an anarchist in the sense that I longed to live in a state where, without confusion or disorder, — quite the reverse, in fact, — government had been reduced to the vanishing-point. I was about to describe such a state, — not built by

hands, — but she absolutely refused to listen.

'No!' she said. 'It is late and we won't talk of this *any more!*'

She was really shocked, but she bade me good-night in her old gentle way as though convinced that an anarchist in her family must, somehow, be different from the general run of them. I was not sleepy and sat for a long time by the open window which overlooks some of the loveliest pastoral country in all the Mississippi Valley. The sky was cloudless, and under the ghostly light of the last-quarter moon the upland prairie seemed to be a part of that Land of Cockaigne which has always been my spiritual home no matter where my body happens to be.

Indeed, when I dream this land into being I sometimes identify it with Iowa, where I was born and reared; and, as soon as the identification is made, all of those actual residents of Iowa who do not and could not belong to this ideal commonwealth move of their own free will to California, which seems to be *their* spiritual home, and where, indeed, many thousands of them have already gone. When the last of them have crossed the Missouri River, invisible lethal walls rise, by magic, along the four boundaries of the state, and these are death to pass save to those people who are law-abiding without law — men and women of such enlightened understanding, so tolerant, just, humane, and farsighted, that, even when all are assembled from the uttermost parts of the Western world, they are not a great company, and have plenty of room for increase even in territory of Iowa's modest dimensions. Here they live, and because they are all so richly endowed with the finest qualities of humankind at its best, the good of the individual and the good of their society are found to be synonymous.

No effort is needed to make this so; no laws need to be passed that it shall be so. *It is so.*

But when I approach one of the confines of this state of my own creation a feeling of drowsiness comes over me and I draw quickly back, out of danger. I realize that the walls are lethal for me, too. So I remain, gazing toward it from afar, comforting myself with the thought that the children of my children's children, if they are wise in the choice of their forbears, may, perhaps, be admitted in humble capacities — as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

II

I do not, of course, believe that this anarchic state is likely to be builded soon. Meanwhile there is no reason why one should not seek out a place where one may at least play at anarchy. This is possible in Tahiti, which is one of the reasons why I live there.

In order to play at anarchy with any success, two conditions are essential: one must follow an art or profession or trade which provides the necessities of life; and it must be of such a kind that it may be practised, for the most part, in solitude. I have such a trade. It is journalism.

'A journalist in solitude? How can that be?' you say. 'The words are antipathetic.' I once thought they were, too, but I have found, in these days of specialization, that there may be all kinds of journalists just as there are all kinds of doctors, dentists, carpenters, clergymen. I do not know just how I fell into my particular branch of the trade or how long I may be able to follow it. Such as it is, I have it, and that suffices for the present.

You may ask, 'How does one play

at anarchy, granted that the conditions are favorable?'

One simply lives as though there were no government in existence. It will be understood that the fiction is more easily maintained in a country where one is an alien. The conditions are almost ideal in a small island colony half a world away from the parent Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But you must have no axes of any sort to grind, or exchange, or expose for sale there. When that is the case you may have very pleasant relationships with those who do. They realize that you are not competing or trying to compete with them; therefore they reveal to you only the best sides of their natures, and at length you are all but convinced that they have no other sides to reveal.

'What an ostrich-like attitude!' you may say.

Perhaps; but an anarchist, from the very nature of his belief, is forced to adopt it. And do not those of other faiths try, at times, to think as charitably as they can of their fellows? It is well that this should be. Suppose you have a friend who sees only your good qualities: although you may never deserve his high regard, you will often find yourself basking, to your own advantage, in the light of it. But I do not mean to infer that by living an aloof, disinterested life in Tahiti I have many baskers at my doorstep or that I have raised the standards of political or social or private morality there. In playing at anarchy the ends to be gained are, of course, sheer make-believe.

'But what do you do with your time?' you may ask. 'You must find it hanging very heavily on your hands.'

Never — but for the sake of absolute veracity it is well to qualify that. Boredom is a universal spiritual disease and all men suffer from it at

times, no matter where they may be. But I can say, truthfully, that attacks of it grow increasingly rare in Tahiti. In America, the most virulent cause of boredom, in my own case, was to see multitudes of people engaged in useless, joyless occupations. To be sure, many of them did not appear to be aware of the awful tedium of their lives, but, being a sensitive man, I suffered vicariously for them. This is the least endurable of all suffering. In Tahiti I escape it, for, with the exception of the government employees, there is no one engaged in joyless work.

It is curious, in a place where there are so few distractions of the usual kind, that time so rarely drags. After a month or two of this quiet, uneventful life you find that you are losing your old conception of time. It becomes, like the air, fluid, seemingly inexhaustible; you live in it and by it, but it never intrudes itself as something not to be wasted. You do waste it, — prodigally, I suppose, in the high-latitude sense: that is, you no longer make unremitting use of it to your own material advantage, — but I am not at all convinced that this is to be deplored. Often you will go for an all-day ramble up some grassy plateau which rises gradually toward the mountains, climbing on and on until you reach a vantage point where, on the one hand, you have a view into the depths of a great valley dappled with the shadows of clouds; and, on the other, of the palm-clad lowlands and the broad lagoons beyond; and, beyond them again, of the sea — fifty, sixty miles of blue sea. There, listening to the silence, busy with your own thoughts or deep in fathomless reverie, you will sit until evening, surprised that evening comes so soon; and the strange thing — from the old, high-latitude point of view — is that such a waste of time brings not

anxiety but peace of mind. It is easy to believe that you have been fulfilling, during those long hours of idleness, a small but important function in the scheme of things — holding up a tiny mirror that inanimate Nature might see through your eyes how beautiful she is. On such days you are convinced that loafing is a virtue and that three fourths of the unhappiness of the world is caused by the fact that men have forgotten how to loaf.

A few days ago I was reading Hilaire Belloc's *Cruise of the Nona*. As he sailed his little boat along the coast of Wales he engaged in speculation as to the advantages and disadvantages of solitude and men's capacity for it. A young man, he thought, might live alone as long as he chose, but older men found themselves increasingly in need of companionship as the years passed. I think it is just the other way around. A young man cannot endure solitude for any length of time. He needs and should have plenty of stimulating companionship, but by the time he has reached middle life it is my conviction that he can live most profitably with very little of it. Solitude, to be sure, is not an unmixed blessing, and too much of it might be as bad for one as too little; but in these days, when men swarm like ants over the greater part of the earth, there is small danger of anyone getting too much of it. The strange thing, to me, is that so few people seem to want any of it. They fly from solitude as though it were the wrath to come, and seem to have lost the capacity for being alone even during very brief periods. But it is a sound instinct, doubtless, which keeps the bulk of mankind in towns and cities where they are carried so swiftly along in the current of human affairs that they have little time to speculate as to the importance of either the speed or the direction of the

current. Optimism is a crowd quality, and even spurious optimism may be healthy enough, and quite useful in a workaday world.

III

It is only fair to say that during my residence in Tahiti I have met but very few optimists, and I have not been able to decide thus far whether this, in itself, is one of the advantages or disadvantages of living here. I have often wondered why it is that this small island, in one of the backwaters of the world, should draw, as though by capillary attraction, so many authentic pessimists. It does, unquestionably. They are of all nationalities, from every walk of life, men of education, men of no education; but, diverse as they are in many respects, they have two qualities in common: they are all interesting men, and all are suffering from what the ancients — according to Dean Inge — called *acedia* (disillusionment), and which they defined as one of the seven deadly sins. It is not clear to me why disillusionment should be regarded as a sin, but perhaps it is, in a sense, from the social point of view. Certainly these men, almost without exception, are lookers-on at life, out of sympathy with the spirit of their times. They are genial enough pessimists in many respects. They do not believe that this is the worst of all possible worlds, but they do believe that it might be, and never will be, a great deal better. Some of them appear to have been born too early and some too late; and so, not being able to act with any enthusiasm, they talk.

Many of them, through years of practice, have become past masters in the art of conversation, and it is this that makes them such interesting companions. I know, of course, that

an abundance of stimulating conversation may be had in America if one knows where to seek it; but it seems to have been my misfortune, during the time I lived there, not to have known where, or it may have been how, to look for it. I used to wonder why it was that even small gatherings at home were usually so tedious. To be sure, words flowed perpetually, but they had little significance or interest. We were bored with each other without knowing why. The trouble was, I think, that we did not know how to talk or what to talk about. Things and events alone had importance as matter for conversation; so we discussed them, and, if you had had the courage and the patience, you might have sat through an endless number of those so-called conversations without hearing so much as a fleeting reference to an idea.

I wonder whether mine was a common experience? I hope not, but if it was, and still is, then something should be done about it. The best method of getting things done at home is to set aside a day for doing them. We have Mother's Day when we must think of our mothers, and Father's Day when we must think of our fathers. Well, why not have an Idea Day when those who are too busy during the rest of the year think and talk of ideas to the exclusion of everything else? But on second thought I am not sure that this would be a wise movement. There may be some connection between the frank discussion of ideas — particularly those capable of, but not likely to have, practical application — and the sin of *acedia*.

My experience leads me to believe that good talk is likely to result, even in groups of quite ordinary individuals, when favorable conditions lead to favorable occasions. In Tahiti one has ample leisure, not only to talk, but to

think between periods of talk. Men come together after weeks or months of solitude, their minds surcharged with energy, their opinions carefully weighed and sorted against the time when they may be brought forth in company. Great lights dawn upon them during their lonely meditations. They are seized by great convictions or great doubts, and to share these is as necessary to them as breathing. The moment two or three of them meet, the conversation immediately centres around ideas, for things are conspicuous only by their absence, events by the rarity of their occurrence. What a satisfaction it is to escape the dominance of things—not to be perpetually reminded of them, stimulated to think of them or to want them, or to acquire them without wanting them! Very few people here have accumulated possessions. As for the pessimists I have been speaking of, nearly all have achieved affluence in the Diogenic sense, estimating their wealth in terms of the things they can do without. Encouraged by necessity and their example, I too have been storing up treasure of this sort for some time past, and, although not yet among the truly opulent ones, I live much more simply and cheaply than would be possible, even for a journalist, in America. In fact, my scale of living is about that of a small mechanic—even that of a day laborer—at home. One reason why my visits to America are both infrequent and brief is that, the moment I arrive there, I find that the acquisitive instinct in me is dormant merely, not dead, and within a week it quickens into life. I have to hurry away lest I yield to the old tyranny of things.

My friends, the Acediasts, are great readers, and this is another important minor advantage of living here: one has both the leisure and the inclination

to read extensively. Most men would agree that literature is the finest of the arts, music alone excepted. If this is true, then the time one gives to the reading of good books should be considerable, and here it is so. In America, although I got through many books during the course of a year, it was reading with the eyes for the most part—rarely were mind and spirit fully engaged. There were too many distractions, and even when most deeply absorbed I was conscious all the while of the likelihood of interruption, so that I entered only half-heartedly the world of the imagination, like a doctor who goes to the theatre expecting at any moment to be called away. For reading, one must have solitude and the assurance of freedom from interruption, and in Tahiti as nowhere else I have been able to fulfill both of these conditions. I have a small house which stands on a peninsula about an acre in extent. No road passes through it—only a footpath used by two or three native families living in the vicinity. The house faces the sea, with a northwest exposure, and the nearest neighbors in that direction are the Manahiki Islanders, some eight hundred miles away. Those to the right and left are closer at hand, but they are the most discreet and thoughtful of neighbors and never intrude. Their houses are completely hidden by groves of palms and pandanus trees. Often I see no one for days, and in the secluded, sunny silence of the place it is easy to imagine that I am living on an otherwise uninhabited island. Here, many a time, secure from interruption, I have read for a solid week—mornings, afternoons, evenings, and until far into the night, living in books more intensely than I have ever lived in the world of reality.

Only a few weeks ago I was engaged in one of these periodical orgies, and

one of the books was Conrad's *Lord Jim*. I know it almost by heart, but my enjoyment was as keen at this fifth reading — or was it the sixth? — as it would be were I to hear Beethoven's C-Minor Symphony for the twentieth time.

I had reached that point in the story where Marlowe tells of his visit to Stein, whom he wished to consult about Jim's case: —

Late in the evening I entered his study, after traversing an imposing but empty dining-room very dimly lit. The house was silent. I was preceded by an elderly grim Javanese servant in a sort of livery of white jacket and yellow sarong, who, after throwing the door open, exclaimed low, 'O master!' and, stepping aside, vanished in a mysterious way as though he had been a ghost only momentarily embodied for that particular service.

The magic of this chapter has always been potent for me, but on this occasion it was something more than magic. I was on my knees, in spirit, before the beauty of it. I realized that here was something perfect. Nothing in it could be altered except to its detriment — nothing omitted, nothing added.

Reading it under these circumstances was an approach to what is commonly called a religious experience. It seemed to me that I had had a glimpse of something divine. When it faded, swiftly, as such glimpses do, I went over the chapter again, and, although the fine moment could not be repeated, I had a journalist's delight in seeing with what complete mastery Conrad had worked here, how every word held its place by inevitable right, and how the chapter as a whole fitted into the story with that perfection which even the greatest artists do not achieve more than once or twice in a lifetime.

It is for pleasure so keen as this, among other things, — for profit so worth while, — that I live on this jog-trot island in the mid-Pacific. Pleasure as keen and profit as great may be found elsewhere, of course; I hold no brief for Tahiti as the one place in which to live. The important thing is for the individual to discover for himself the environment best suited to him and then to stick to it as long as he can. American life in these days is alien to me; it moves too rapidly and there is little time for the pursuits I love most. How little time there is was brought home to me with conviction quite recently. I received from a firm of publishers an advertising pamphlet in the form of a prospectus for a magazine which they planned to issue under some such title as 'Tabloid Literature.' The purpose of the magazine was 'to give busy men an opportunity to survey, adequately and briefly, the whole field of modern English literature.' In one department novels were to be condensed 'by expert and sympathetic abridgers' to the compass of from twenty to thirty pages, so that one might read a dozen of them in the time usually given to one. Samples were given of two novels thus condensed, and one of them was *Lord Jim*. I noticed that it did not contain even a brief extract from chapter twenty. At the top of the prospectus there was a quotation from Kipling's 'If': —

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man,
my son!

Under this was printed: 'Minutes are priceless possessions in our hurried modern life. Use yours to the best advantage.' I did — by throwing the prospectus in the waste-paper basket, proceeding then with a leisurely perusal

of *The Dance of Life* (unabridged), by Havelock Ellis.

A better plan than this might be for an association of authors and publishers to establish a fund for subsidizing readers so that the art of reading may not be wholly lost. As for literary critics, it is a great pity that a few of them may not be subsidized as well and sent to the four corners of the world to do their work in solitude. Four of them would be quite enough to review all the books worth reviewing which are printed in the course of one year. One might be stationed in Tahiti, one in Iceland, one in the Sahara Desert, one in some mountain fastness of the farthest Andes. There, unharassed, unhurried, free from the depression which comes from being encompassed by multitudes of books, they might render service of real value to the world. If they were given not more than a dozen books a year to read and review, and if great care had been exercised in choosing both the books and the men, literary criticism in America might — and very likely would — surpass in excellence any that the Western world has yet enjoyed.

IV

I have talked long enough, and yet there are scores of excellent reasons why I live in Tahiti that I have not even mentioned. But there is one more which has great weight with me: in a small island world one may comprehend all individual, social, and political activity at a glance. This adds enormously to the pleasure of

living. One is bewildered by the complexity of life on a great continent. Here there is diversity without complexity, a mingling of races comparable to that in America, but on a small scale. To visit the Tahiti market of an early morning is to see the world in miniature: Polynesians, Chinese, French, English, Americans, Russians, Danes, Scandinavians; and it is of endless interest to see how these diverse elements accommodate themselves to their environment and to each other — to listen to the confusion of tongues and to note the results of the mingling of bloods. But the ultimate result of this mingling is already clearly apparent. Within the space of fifty years the Chinese have conquered Tahiti as completely as they will conquer all of French Polynesia well before the conclusion of this century. I doubt whether there could be found anywhere else so triumphant an example of the efficacy of peaceful conquest.

And so the time is at hand when this island, which might so easily have been set aside for the spiritual refreshment of all harmless anarchists, will be swarming with a class of Orientals who care nothing for spiritual refreshment — whose one concern appears to be to increase and multiply to the limit of nature's forbearance. But the Pacific is wide, and spangled with islands as the sky with stars. Although there is but one Tahiti, other crumbs of land exist where the anarchists may still find solitude and peace of mind, scaling lofty mountains for a distant view of the world, or walking lonely beaches, deep in unprofitable thought.

FORGIVENESS

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

EMBEDDED in the heart of the Lord's Prayer is a petition which may well give us pause: 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' It is a hard saying, one perhaps never quite capable of fulfillment. Rarely can we estimate dispassionately the harm another has done us, rarely how much we have injured him. About all of which we can be sure is that the two are incommensurable, his guilt generally looking blacker than our own. To expect us, then, to forgive him — that is, to count him clean — seems unreasonable, impossible even. If we do not care for sincerity, we may treat him outwardly as if he had done no wrong. But that would fall far short of forgiveness. It would merely be calling black white, regardless of what we know the fact to be. On account of the clash between honesty and forgiveness to which the petition exposes us, certain scrupulous souls refuse to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Jesus himself perceived a difficulty here, and on this clause alone offers comment: 'But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' But unhappily the comment explains nothing. It merely changes the petition to a threat.

Is, then, forgiveness unexplainable? Can we be at once clear-sighted, honest, and forgiving? If one who has professed himself my friend takes advantage of me for personal gain, am I called on to count him upright? Ought I not to be permanently hostile to his evil deed? God is angry with the wicked every

day. That is the problem of this paper. What, exactly, is forgiveness, and how is honest forgiveness possible?

Such questions have lately become urgent. Many of us believe that a single nation sought to aggrandize itself at the cost of the rest of the world. To hold it in check took millions of lives and dollars, enough to leave half a dozen nations poor for a century. A crime so colossal was never before known. Ours was the victory. But what should be our attitude toward the conquered nation to-day? If we believe the Prussians as much at fault as is here assumed, shall we forgive them, find excuses for their conduct, and treat them as if nothing had happened? Would that be honest? Would it even be well for society?

But while in recent years the possibility of forgiveness between nations has been the most debated form of our problem, the less-noted perplexities of private forgiveness — that between persons, forgiveness of one's self, divine forgiveness — have been ever at hand. With these it is better to begin our examination, if we would get our minds clear on the general problem. Believing too that we are hindered in coming to clearness if we do not distinguish the several varieties of forgiveness — all frequent, all honest — and the different occasions for their exercise, I mark out four such varieties and to each give a specific name. Let us call them the Forgiveness of Superiority, the Forgiveness of Oblivion, the Forgiveness of Excuse, and the

Forgiveness of Faith. These I arrange in a logical order, each removing some limitation from its predecessor, but each needing supplementation from the one which follows. A common principle underlies them all. As I explain them, my readers will see that I am offering no new truth, but am merely bringing order and daylight into that which has always been obscurely familiar.

To cite a simple case of the Forgiveness of Superiority. It was given me by one who was present at the interview described. A graduate student, older than most, nervous and not in the best health, kept coming to the president of one of our principal colleges and complaining of slights and insults. The president showed little interest, merely pointing out the dangers of oversensitiveness. Finally the student interjected the angry question, 'I wonder what you do when you are insulted?' The answer was immediate: 'There is no one living who could insult me.' And it was true. In order that an insult may be received it must be accepted, but that president gave no heed to such things. Busied with large affairs, he had no time or attention for personal trifles. He was superior to them. So should we all be. It is the mark of a rich man that he is able to keep small things little. If, in making a purchase, he receives less change than is his due and subsequently casually notices it, it does not continue in his thoughts. He passes it by as beneath him to consider.

A nobler instance of this important Forgiveness of Superiority is reported in the Book of Genesis. There we read the exquisite story of Joseph and his half-brothers; how in their dislike they sold Joseph into Egypt; how he rose to be the ruler of all that land; how, when a famine arose, his brothers were obliged to go to Egypt and buy their

food of Joseph; how he finally revealed himself to them and overcame them with fear; how he said to them, 'Fear not . . . ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good.' And he spoke kindly unto them and comforted them.

The Psalmist audaciously attributes this sort of forgiveness to God. Beholding how the futile impieties of men fall back upon their own heads, without damage to Him, he declares: 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.' So again, comforting the well-intentioned but unstable, he asks, 'If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, who shall stand?' We should be treating God with more respect if we bore this thought about Him more steadily in mind. How often in our morbid moods we imagine God to be watching us jealously, offended at every petty forgetfulness on our part! What injustice such thoughts involve! Why not treat him honorably, as we treat one another?

For this elementary species of forgiveness is practised by us every day. Without it society would go to pieces. Wherever two or three are gathered together, frictions are sure to arise, and will be set aside by men of sense. Suspicion, touchiness, the thin skin, are contemptible. The young person must early learn how these check human intercourse. He must acquaint himself with degrees of importance and come to practise the Forgiveness of Superiority as a matter of course.

Yet a defect attends this species of forgiveness. It is scornful. The forgiver sets himself above the forgiven. He takes the better part at every meeting, allowing the wrongdoer to feel that his acts are not worth notice. That is not a complete moral attitude, nor does a well-trained man often allow it to arise. He passes over small

frictions without noticing them. For larger ones the two parties should meet as equals, come to as clear an understanding as possible, and agree that henceforth the supposed wrongdoing shall not be allowed to block their intercourse. The forgiver promises to put it out of mind and offers the forgiven a fresh start. Many of our moral differences may thus be wisely left unsettled, if only a clear path be provided for beginning anew. Hence arises a second form of honest forgiveness, the Forgiveness of Oblivion, admirably stated by the Psalmist: 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.'

Divisions in time seem contrived to assist this variety of forgiveness. As we wake each morning, how delightedly we welcome the opportunities of a new day. Darkness and sleep have wiped away much of the unpleasantness of yesterday. Still more fully does a new week close accounts with a poor past. On New Year's Day most of us feel that a turning-point has been reached where wise plans, greater steadiness, and fuller attendance on duty will be less hindered by what has gone before. We take courage and, undismayed by the mixture of good and evil behind us, form resolutions for a better future. However many of these are broken, the inclination to form them lies deep in us all and shows how greatly we value the fresh start. When this is granted by our fellows, and not merely by empty time, we experience the Forgiveness of Oblivion. Time should remind us to exercise it oftener. A trainer of the young especially should be skilled in knowing what not to notice, when to look the other way. Frequent correction is damaging. Jesus seems to have had something of this sort in mind when warning his disciples against pulling up tares in the wheat-field. Much

that is good might be lost. Good and evil are so intertwined that often they may wisely be left undiscriminated till time shall put them to the test.

Yet while, when we see wrong done which is perhaps not acknowledged by the culprit, it is often well to offer him this Forgiveness of Oblivion and assure him that we will put it out of our thoughts, he will seldom be satisfied. Will it stay put? he will be asking. Whenever he comes into our presence will he not be uncomfortable, remembering his misdeed and suspecting that we do too? Even if I, the forgiver, desire forgetfulness, I may not be able to secure it. It is not easy to remember to forget. At best such forgiveness is half-hearted and settles nothing.

Let it be observed too that in both of the forms hitherto considered forgiveness comes through a separation of the forgiver and the forgiven. In the first kind I put myself too far above him to notice his evil act; in the second I intentionally shut out that aspect of the case from my mind. Both fall short of that coöperation with the neighbor which is the ideal of ethics.

In the Forgiveness of Excuse I take a precisely opposite course. Instead of putting myself away from the sinner I try to come close to him. I imagine the circumstances under which the wrong was done. I put myself in the other's place, and soon it seems that condemnation would not be honestly possible. The wise proverb says that to understand is to forgive. Our prodigality of blame, especially of our public men, may be induced by the general corruption of our day; but much of it springs from our own stupidity, the inability or unwillingness to examine the facts of the case imaginatively. We should remember that readiness

to meet misconception is pretty generally a condition of doing anything for the public good, and we should summon our imagination to make the amount of this misconception small. Readiness to interpret kindly conduct which admits of two constructions is one of the simplest and most beautiful manifestations of the Forgiveness of Excuse. My friend came to town yesterday. It was long since I had seen him and I was counting on his calling. He did not call and I was annoyed. But he may have been helplessly busy or may not even have known that I had returned from the country.

A case of weightier import is the following. A greatly admired friend came to me a while ago with a story of a disgraceful transaction in which he had been involved. He was much disturbed, and I had to acknowledge that it was thoroughly bad business, quite unworthy of him. He began to go over it in detail—not, however, seeking to diminish his guilt. Apparently his only comfort was the disgust he felt for himself. But as he proceeded my disgust declined, until when the whole tale was told I had to say, 'Bad indeed! But if I had been in your shoes, I am afraid I should have done what you did.' 'That is the miserable revelation the affair brought me,' he answered; 'I learned how weak we all are.'

God knows it too, says the Psalmist. 'He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.' Truly great minds are charitable. The sublimest case of forgiveness recorded, the one which rises in the minds of us all as typical whenever the subject is mentioned, is an instance of this Forgiveness of Excuse. It comes from the Cross. 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

But we have not yet come to the end

of our chapter, or to its most difficult and important section. There remains the Forgiveness of Faith. Hard as this is to comprehend, and still harder to practise, it underlies all other kinds and gives them their sanctity. But it cannot, like them, be outwardly observed. At least primarily, its meaning must be learned through the inner experience of self-forgiveness, where it is attended by repentance—something with which the earlier forms have no necessary connection. It was really with this Forgiveness of Faith that my friend was wrestling, and he accordingly found cold comfort in my offering him the Forgiveness of Excuse. A sense of guilt was upon him which could not be analyzed into circumstance. He faced a stained self and from it could not escape. It walked the street with him. It was in his bed at night, a being whom he abhorred and with whom henceforth his relations must be intimate. How could he have faith in himself hereafter, how recover self-respecting confidence when experience had shown him to be not the sort of person he supposed himself?

The Apostle Paul encountered this perplexity and indicates this method of meeting it, in a letter to the Romans: 'The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.' That is, he refuses to identify himself with the one who did the wrong. By repentance he puts it away from him and him from it.

Just so my friend clung to the abominable character of the act he had committed and was unwilling to let me attenuate it. In this way he felt it more remote from him. He hated it, held that he had no part or lot in it. He longed to be assured that his true self was the kind of being he was

acquainted with in all his previous life. Only by such repudiation could he forgive himself and have faith in his future. So after lesser wrongdoings we often express ourselves: 'I forgot myself'; 'I was false to myself'; 'I was beside myself with anger.'

And this is what we mean by repentance. In it I declare that sin belies me, substituting transient and casual reactions from the outside world for any continuously directing principle within. But this is the true self, the other a fiction. So long as I hold to this insight I can still have faith in myself in spite of—or the more for—my previous wrongdoing. Others, too, who count my repentance genuine, need not abandon their faith in me, and their trust is a powerful steadying influence. But we cannot accept the Forgiveness of Faith lightly. It lays a heavy burden upon us. Henceforth we live under a conscious pledge. This is what the Psalmist is thinking of: 'But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.'

That fear cannot be escaped. Having been base once, we may be so again. There is no mechanic certainty in the moral life. It is a glorious adventure. But we know that there is much in us besides baseness and that this 'much else' includes all that we love and desire to be. When we have learned how to apply the Forgiveness of Faith to ourselves, we may see that, with suitable modifications, it is applicable to others also. In them we cannot be directly aware of repentance, as we can in our own hearts. We merely infer it. But our experience should guard us against the common error of supposing that a man's true character is disclosed in a single act. In spite of appearances we may find surer grounds for judgment in the general trend of his conduct. It is wiser to interpret an

act by character than character by an act.

Many years ago a minister who had been a prodigious force for righteousness in this country and England was charged with misconduct toward a lady of his church. The evidence was conflicting, the most damaging feature of it being his own letters. Most of those who believed him guilty asserted that the man's real character was here revealed, and that accordingly he was proved a hypocrite during his previous life. But hypocrisy is rare. To practise it continuously demands a higher artistic power than most men possess. What made it difficult in this case to condone a wrong and keep our faith in the man was that he gave no sign of repentance. He maintained that his conduct had been altogether upright. Whoever, then, could not take this view, and saw impropriety in the letters, was compelled to find blind spots in the man's generally high, but perhaps too ardent, character.

To apply these conclusions to the case with which we set out: can we honestly forgive the Germans, welcome them again to our friendship, and, while not counting those mistaken or unworthy of supreme honor who opposed them, still have faith in their future and put them back into pretty much the place they had before? To all these questions I, an ardent pro-Ally, both formerly and at present, answer yes.

Obviously the first form of forgiveness has no applicability here. America has never looked down on Germany. President Wilson advised us to do so and hoped that by proclaiming ourselves 'too proud to fight' we might leave to other people the vindication of justice. But the ingenious phrase—like his later one, that we must remain neutral in feeling as well as in act—

imposed on no one. It was understood as a mere cowardly excuse for delay. The solid grounds for forgiving Germany are to be found in the last three of the varieties here listed.

Before determining, however, the appropriate forms of forgiveness, let us be sure that there is something to forgive. I hold that there is. The sentimentalists of to-day are exclaiming: 'We are all alike responsible for the war.' This has a pious sound. But as no specifications are given we cannot say what France, England, Russia, and the United States did or did not do to bring on the monstrous calamity. Of course few would assert, as the Treaty of Versailles did, that Germany was exclusively guilty. The world is too closely joined together to-day for anyone to stand alone. For fifty years the great nations have had divergent aims and corresponding suspicions. But none of these nations contemplated war or had used war as a means of reaching its present power. Prussia alone had through it made herself the dictator of Central Europe. After her subjugation of Austria, overthrow of Napoleon, unification of Germany under her lead, seizure of the French provinces, building of strategic railroads along the Belgian border, maintenance of the largest army known in modern times, her refusal to join with England and suspend for a year the building of ships of war, — perhaps we should add the unblushing attempt to placate the Germans in America so that they might hold back the United States whenever war should come, — it must have been evident to anyone not blind or biased that Prussia had long contemplated world dominion. It is true that after France was crippled and plundered in 1870 Frenchmen talked for many years of revenge. But this was long ago. I was in Paris just as the war was breaking out. On

every hand I heard astonishment expressed that so hideous a thing should happen, and a belief that even at the last moment some way would be found to prevent it. But after Austria's impossible ultimatum was sent to Serbia, only one man could prevent it — Kaiser Wilhelm. He not only refused prevention but declined to sit in a conference pressed on him by England and France. Prussia has much need, then, for forgiveness. It should be granted her honestly, heartily, but with no glossing over of her crime.

Prussia, I say, for I do not believe the other German states would ever have brought about the war. Imperialism did it, and that was almost as much distrusted within Germany as without. In 1867–69 I was a student at the University of Tübingen in Württemberg. I became very fond of the Germans, a liking since increased by many visits to all parts of Germany and by a number of German friends in this country with whom I have been peculiarly intimate. Few races are so generally lovable, few so unselfish, hard-working, dutiful, peace-loving, and intelligent. It is unfair to count them responsible for the war. How, then, did they come to be in it? Their very virtues brought them there. They were obedient, submissive, romantic, with small political experience, the little kings and grand dukes of their many states managing the government for their peoples, who for the most part contentedly attended to their domestic, agricultural, or scholarly affairs. The Prussians were of a different temper — restless, militaristic, dictatorial. Under the leadership of Bismarck they gained control of a United Germany and throughout it inspired thoughts of a wider empire still. When the convulsion came, a docile people, accustomed to take orders, could not oppose Prussian

schemes and stand apart from their brothers. The call of a legendary Fatherland was irresistible.

It will now easily be seen how well the last three varieties of forgiveness apply to Germany. The only hindrance to their complete application is that, as in the case of my ministerial offender, there is as yet no repentance. But why on that account refuse a fresh start? Should not debate about degrees of guilt be suspended for the present? To assign them requires a more dispassionate temper than either side can now command; a fuller publication, too, of papers still in the archives. The Forgiveness of Oblivion is needed for the peace of the world, nor need it bring any lack of honesty if, for a time at least, both sides agree to suspend and officially forgive and forget.

For those of us who feel that the fall of a great people from a position of the first nation in the world is a tragedy so colossal that the human mind cannot withhold its judgment, I have pointed out the excuses for erroneous conduct that are to be found in the very character — so beautiful, so uncontentious, so easily led — of the generality of the German people. The average German is a better follower than leader. Let

us remember, too, that the naïve and domestic Germans — unlike the calculating French — had allowed their country to become overpopulated; while, since it is encompassed on every side by strong nations, it could not expand or obtain the raw material its best growth was thought to require. On these and many more accounts the Germans are entitled to the Forgiveness of Excuse.

But we can do more than find excuses for them. We can trust them, have faith in them, set them back in the place long theirs. That passion for conquest which, by skillful propaganda, was made for a time dominant did not really belong to them. It was, in Paul's phrase, merely sin dwelling among them, a temporary and destructive craze, not representative. The ancestral German nature — sweet, reasonable, industrious, if occasionally coarse — must gradually return as the smart from defeat and poverty grows less. Obnoxious Prussianism has been discredited, shown not even to have lasting power under modern conditions. The imperial delirium has gone. Bewilderment remains. While Germany is coming again to herself, let the world have patience and a generous faith. She has not lost our love.

THE GENESIS OF MALICE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THE dictionary is rich in partial synonyms for what I mean by malice — namely, the finding of satisfaction in the downfall of another's pleasure or pride. But cruelty, I think, is a naïver thing than what I have in mind. Pure honest cruelty contains so much simple curiosity! It is a childish, thoughtless, brutal satisfaction of the exploring impulse. And vindictiveness and revenge convey too energetic a notion. They convey the notion of a conflict. They require a give and take of thrust and reprisal. Malice, as I conceive it, is a more coolly passive thing. Hatred, again, is highly conscious of itself, indulges a passionate fixed idea; hatred is dramatic, almost theatrical.

Malice I know has its lighter meaning, as of mischief; and it is used to describe some delicate wit, which, abhorring sentimental politeness, puts the vinegar into the salad of social life, and cuts the oil of compliments. Malice in this sense is the piquancy of memoirs, of the good letters of fashionable persons, and verses of society. It seems to me that there should be three words here, for mischief is probably too gentle; something should be invented between mischief and malice; or, if malice is going to be used in this airy sense, perhaps malignancy could cover what I mean. The word 'malignancy' has as passive an air as the word 'malice'; and by virtue of its 'mal' it conveys somewhat the same impression, as of a secret watching, a silent licking of the lips, over some person's comedown, embarrassment, or

discomfiture, or at least freshly demonstrated inferiority.

Malice in this sense is said to spring also from jealousy. It infringes my patent to admit such a source. But I am afraid I must do so. Spirits which have been oppressed or irritated by the refulgence of another's easy luck will witness the bursting asunder of that bright bubble with marked satisfaction. Sometimes they will prick it slyly themselves. I have no special considerations to offer upon this form of malice. It seems to me a kind of asperity and gall in our relations with each other, which admits of but one cure, the general tonic and panacea — namely, a far richer provision of the materials for happiness for all hands, and especially for the immoral and unkind. Let the heart of man but once bite into the nectarine of happiness, and the mouldy crusts of satisfied malice will cease to please his palate.

The malice I mean is the cursing vice of the honest and brave — it is the serpent that sneaks into the garden of duty; and I am sure that I have watched it sneaking in, and that I know the hole and corner it comes in by. It is the unsuccessful attempt to govern that lets malice in. Milton's God was eaten alive by malice, as soon as he failed to make Satan obey him. He seemed almost to take more pleasure in devising torments for the mighty rebel than he would have taken in receiving his unbroken subservience.

I can show what I mean by running over the common varieties of this form

of malice. There's the teacher's, or nurse's, brand, the brand I have myself. The teacher has entered her profession because she likes children and enjoys their company. She comes into school on a Monday morning with a bright, benevolent look and heart. Some of the children run, perhaps, to meet her; she smiles at the crumpling of her hair and blouse in their embraces. A happy and harmonious morning seems to lie ahead of them all; and she is well prepared to do her pleasant duty of steering them through the appointed lessons.

In the course of the morning comes an unexpected baulk on the part of one or two of the children. The teacher knows both in theory and in practice what to do, but, taken unawares, she applies her tact and discretion a bit stiffly; they are not fresh enough. They worked last week, but, even with a new approach, they don't work now. Other children here and there inject some objectless and unprovoked giggling; the baulkers not only continue to baulk, but start something in the teasing line. The teacher maintains the outer shell of that bright cheer and comradeship with which she entered the schoolroom; she maintains her outward calm; but within, what a fermentation has been set up! What a struggle between the realization that she must govern the children, must conform them to the patterns of their work and progress, as laid down by the Board, and the knowledge that to-day, at any rate, the spirits of half a dozen children are not to be conformed to the patterns without pursuit and capture! She knows the axiom, 'Never let a conflict arise; see it coming, and rearrange your programme,' and so forth. But she did n't see it coming soon enough; and she did see the supervisor coming. She must get the room in hand, by hook or by crook. And now she is truly

horrified to realize that the thin features of Tommy and the freckled face of Josephine, both of whom ran to meet her when she came, arouse in her heart a dreadful feeling. She can't bear their impudent, free, gleeful contempt for her responsibilities. She wants to humble them, and see them look reduced and sorry. She realizes with horror that she wants this very much.

It's all mixed up with the sense of duty, the most anxious duty, to the widowed mother she supports, and to the Board, and to the supervisor, and to her own professional credit, and — yes, certainly, to the children themselves, that ninety per cent of them shall make their grades.

Ah, well! Perhaps some day she'll get a job in a libertarian school where it's not altogether dependent on your tact and discretion to keep order — where order is occasionally let go of, so that the children can find it for themselves; where the teachers try to fit the patterns to the children, and not the children to the patterns. Or where, in theory at least, this is the rule. Of course the libertarian school-teacher too keeps slipping and stumbling back into the old authoritarian ways; only murmuring to herself from time to time, 'But thank God, they never work very well!'

If malice had a sunny side, it would be in schools, and by teachers, that it would be shown, I suppose. Certainly it would be in prisons that the blackest side would appear. Unmitigated is the malice that the prisoner receives from society — and all in that unbecoming costume, the garb of duty. Frank Tannenbaum maintains that wardens and guards are not Torquemadas by nature. He thinks, and indeed it seems reasonable, that they begin as mere human beings, and often quite good-natured ones. But in their business, society has ordained, the prime

requisite is to be obeyed. And the ineradicable human nature of the men under them breaks through this unnatural obedience tragically often. Punishment then results; and when the high-spirited variety of human nature sees punishment coming in at the door, all chance of coöperation of course flies out the window. Reckless and desperate persons react as the high-spirited do, only more so. But even among the few characters who are meek and at the same time hopeful, or those very few indeed who are too philosophical to be seriously angry at anything personal, a touch of human nature sometimes prevails, a touch of spring fever, perhaps; and they too break a rule the second time. Punishment then redoubles, and the rebellion which it is the nature of punishment to bring on redoubles too; and soon we also, reader, were we prison guards, would find ourselves flogging our brother and sister creatures, and locking them up in stone dens to go insane; because we had been told to govern them intensively, and no man, child, or beast submits to such government if he can help it.

Isn't it the same with national governments? A certain proportion of the community are of one mind with the government, and they coöperate with it, and call their voluntary action 'submitting to government.' The rest of the population, who are of a different mind, and at one point or another feel tyrannized over, oppose the government, or circumvent it, as far as they can arrange to do so. But the government must govern everybody whom the abstract includes. It therefore, like the warden and the guard, begins to punish, and if libertarian ideas are mixed up, in its tradition, with the obvious necessity for punishing, it does so under a veil of libertarian language. At first it punishes 'acts' of opposition

only, leaving 'opinions' free; but opinions are so rebellious, government soon discovers that it is an act to make a speech, and it then begins to punish for speeches. Free opinion is such a luxury that it seems cheap to its lovers at the price of a few fines, or a little life in jail; and then it becomes necessary for the government to extend the sentence, and expose the prisoner to those secret prison punishments of which Miss Mary Winsor truly says that, if a judge ever mentioned them in his sentence in open court, the public would end them at once. That is, they would end them on paper, with unequivocal words. The statute which forbade them would not even leave the desired phrase 'unless imperatively necessary.' But nothing on paper will stand before the imperative necessity of governments to govern. We saw this most clearly, because most suddenly, in time of war. Leaning back upon the Third Amendment to the Constitution as upon a granite monument, free speakers found it to be a bag of sawdust with a little hole in one corner. What has been so in this country has been so, apparently, in every other. The Dictatorship of the Proletariat must govern, too. It also must govern those who do not coöperate with it. The ends of the Russian Government are different, very different, from the ends of other governments; but the means are the same and, the means being the same, the results are far more alike than a humanitarian like Emma Goldman can endure. And therefore I suppose it is that Bertrand Russell says it will revolutionize a government far more to use a different means than to keep the means unchanged and adopt a different end.

We have as yet no libertarian governments, like the two or three libertarian schools the teacher can visit

and envy, and the many and flourishing libertarian families. Governments follow; they cannot, in the nature of things, lead. When schools and families and jails have become prevailingly libertarian, a government may be attempted which really trusts in freedom. I have a notion that some day it will be an axiom of legislatures not to pass a law that is not unanimous.

Malice even¹ arises in a parent who has fallen into the vicious habit of governing. This is the most terrifying sensation, I think, that can come to a parent. The child for whom he would die, for whom he lives, has opposed his will and has become his antagonist—that is to say, his enemy in the first degree. Parents, I think, and those who stand in loco, and so forth, pretend to an Olympian detachment from temper and personal pride, class pride as adults, parental prestige, and the like, which they are far from feeling. Essentially, to be sure, they are anxious for the child, but their anxiety for him has temporarily taken the form of anxiety for the maintenance of adult supremacy. And if they peer deep into that terrible catchall, the human heart, I think they will find an ugly little temporary wish for their own child's humiliation before themselves. We practise upon ourselves a few deceptions in this regard, which may not perhaps impose upon the subconscious perceptions of the children. The vain and picayune has a strange way of adhering in our hearts to the noble and tender. What, for instance, we call thinking only of the child's good (as Dorothy Canfield Fisher long ago pointed out) is all too often thinking a great deal about our own reputation among our neighbors or in-laws as successful parents of well-behaved

children. We want our children to 'appear well'—telltale phrase! Could we be serenely unconscious of other grown-ups, and their hasty, unimportant opinions about our children, I believe we could serve our children more truly, influence their lives more deeply, and be all the time—that heaven of parents!—much closer to their thoughts and lives.

There is a superstition, 'an unconscionable time a-dying,' that adult judgment must at all times, and on all subjects, be superior to that of children—and so appear. The children often, in their hearts, know better. But, like all human beings, they will be docile enough where they really admire and respect. Adult judgment rightly carries great weight with children, and all the more so when it is expressed with due respect for their judgment. Far too great weight, indeed, it sometimes carries with them, so that it prevents them from exploring life sufficiently in the company of their own contemporaries. This enormous prestige which adults possess already in children's minds arises naturally from our having been in the world longer than the young folks. 'With life'—presumably—'we are familiar, free, and wise.' They will coöperate with us so often, in so many things will seek our guidance, that if we cultivate a little more humility toward them, a little more honest respect for their judgment and freedom, I truly think we shall find ourselves practically without any occasion to govern them, and therefore to expose ourselves to the terrible experience of feeling malice toward them.

Haste and health I believe are the two points in which government of children by adults comes to be, or to seem, necessary. A thousand complications which we could arrange with them by mutual agreement, if there

¹ An educational expert who has read this paper suggests that here, instead of 'even,' I say 'especially.'

were only time, have to be shortly disposed of, and therefore we must deliver a papal bull on the matter. This happens, of course, much more often than the health or safety emergency arises in which we must, and must immediately, prevail. It is school time — it is train time — it is time for supper — and 'we can't discuss it.' Punctuality is indeed the thief of time! It is the most expensive of all our modern conveniences. The first element of a real Utopia, I believe, will be the abolition of a vast lot of our subdivided punctualities. In the meantime, what can parents do to avoid unnecessarily governing their children — just because they are in too much of a hurry to arrange matters by common consent instead?

For one thing, I believe, we can seize some leisure hour and have a family discussion on this point, to cover these cases beforehand by a sort of gentlemen's agreement. Perhaps the children will have one or two propositions to make. Their thoughts upon the subject would be worth knowing. In case they have nothing better to propose, we might ask for an agreement, on their part, to follow our advice in emergencies. This might be too much like asking for a *carte blanche* to govern them, unless we offer to talk over the points of our emergency as soon as we can get time afterward. Such discussions ought to be a great help in family life. Be sure the children won't bring up anything that isn't still a live issue in their minds. They abhor post-mortems much more than we do. But if there is anything really fermenting in their minds, any sense of

injustice or belittlement at our hands, how good for them and for us, and for the hoped-for sunshine and clarity of our life together with them, that it should be hung out in the fresh air of mutual discussion, instead of mil-dewing away for a psychoanalyst to try to wash out fifteen years from now!

Much can be done, perhaps, in ways which will arise from this way, to avoid occasions for the dangerous surgical operation known as governing, which so often infects the surgeon with the blood-poisoning of malice!

(I sometimes think that the owners of dogs present an interesting exhibit on the subject of Malice, its Cause and Cure. There are those who make dogs 'sit up' for long stretches of time, to show off their perfect authority — 'I just want to show you how well my dog minds me.' This is a good soil in which to grow some of the cruelties on account of which Humane Societies have to step in and take animals away; often with a troubled wonder whether there are children in that house, too, who should be rescued from their parents. The delights of having a dog obey you are not the best delights of having a dog. Some owners delight in the freedoms their dogs take with them — in being trusted not to make too much fuss about the inadvertent muddy paw; in respecting the evident wish of a dog to follow a dog's pursuits rather than those of a mere parasite of humanity. The adults who brought us up used sometimes to say, in a hotel or railway station, 'I wish that man over there would stop governing his dog and children.')'

HELEN IN EGYPT

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

WHEN the second morning dawned the north wind had increased in strength, an ugly sea was running, and it was very cold. During the night the helmsman had been obliged to let the vessel fall off more and more, until she was very nearly running before the gale.

Paris conferred in low tones with the sailing-master. He was haggard with sleeplessness, excitement, and anxiety, and the motion of the vessel had affected him unpleasantly, but he was happy. If the worst should come, to drown with Helen seemed to him all a man could ask; in the meantime, however, he was grieved to the heart for her discomfort.

'We can't do it,' he whispered to the master. 'We can't cross with the wind like this. These northers sometimes last for days. We had better get under the lee of Crete and lie there till it blows out.'

The master pointed over his shoulder to windward. 'Do you see that gray cloud on the sky line to the northwest?'

'Yes.'

'That is Crete. We passed it in the night.'

'Good god!' said Paris. 'Then we are in the open Egyptian sea.'

'Yes.'

'There is nothing to do, then, but run before it till we run under.'

'We shall not run under,' said the master. 'It will run over us.'

'Suppose we float and the wind holds, how soon shall we see the coast?'

'I've no idea. I've never been down here. Some say it is five days' sail from Phæstus, and some say it is twenty.'

Paris considered.

'Food?' he asked.

'For about five days, spreading it rather thin,' said the master.

Two men squatted at the tiller, one looking forward toward the scrap of sail and the horizon ahead, the other glancing back at the windward sky and the snarling seas. Every hour they were relieved from the crew, who sat amidships at their oars, at the master's signal helping the helmsmen to dodge the more obvious perils.

The driest part of the boat was forward, under the little triangle of deck. Here lay Helen, couched among the more perishable of the supplies. Soft skins and rugs were strewn beneath her, and during the first hours of the voyage her two handmaidens had taken turns in supporting her on their knees. But as the sea rose they had fallen sick, and Helen had turned them out into the open waist among the sailors.

'You will be better in the air,' she said; and they, adoring her, murmured, 'How kind madam always is,' and crept wretchedly forth to lie in the wash of the bilge, where the sailors laughed at them.

Helen knew as well as anyone that

it is only plain women who are seasick, but she had overlooked this fact, and had chosen on other principles the least lovely of her maidens to be her companions. She had herself slept soundly and she woke only when the sun was high. The strong air of the sea had brought color into her ivory cheeks and frizzed her hair so that it stood out about her face in a soft cloud. Nor did she feel any fear of the wind or the sea. Far better than Paris and better than the master himself she was able to appreciate the buoyancy of the vessel. Moreover, as she lay still for a while, unready to announce herself as awake, her mind, consciously busy with the emotional aspects of her situation, formed on a lower plane of attention the judgment that the gale had reached its height and would presently moderate. And to her adventurous temper the fact that they were scudding heaven knew whither through uncharted seas — a fact which appalled Paris and the master — was in itself a pleasant excitement.

But her enjoyment of the adventure was spoiled by the intrusion of another set of images. Vaguely before she fell asleep, clearly after she waked, she had seen that the affair was taking a different shape from what she had pictured to herself. Not for a moment had she meant to participate in a mere vulgar elopement. She felt nothing in common with the great lovers of history. Io was a poor creature, a seducer's victim, driven to flight to hide her shame. Europa was a child, dazzled, amused, overwhelmed. Medea was a splendid woman, no doubt, gifted and strong, but she had given all for love as simply as either of the others. Helen saw her own case as essentially different from any of these. She was a princess, passing from one throne to another. Paris had brought assurance from Priam his father that

she should come to him as his daughter; that Troy would receive her as one who conferred honor; that the Trojans would hold and defend her, though all Europe should come to carry her back. She had pictured a short passage over summer seas, the sailors singing at their garlanded oars, Menelaus and his insufferable dullness left behind forever, and a new world of devotion open before her. All was to be done with dignity.

She had brought with her a quantity of comforts and valuables from Menelaus's house, having no mind to appear to her new admirers as a blowzy runaway. Naturally she had been obliged to leave secretly, a detail repugnant to her sense of decorum, but many a great captain had found it necessary to do the same. She had left a message for Menelaus, putting the affair in its true light as an international event. To his slow mind the idea might be hard to grasp, but she felt sure Agamemnon would explain it to him. Of course Paris could not be left out altogether. His dignity was essential to her own and she had given him full weight; but she had felt that Menelaus would need no underlining of this passage. Paris was incredibly handsome and had a tact with women which Menelaus could appreciate, though there was nothing corresponding to it in his own processes. Paris had seemed to her in every way fitted for his part, a fairy prince, deeply in love, chivalrous, brave, regretting the base aspects of his adventure, and eager to fight for his lady, once she was safely his.

But she no longer saw Paris quite like this. At dusk last night she had closed her eyes against the spectacle of a wilted Paris, trying to be sick to windward. The sailing-master, with an oath, had lifted him bodily to the lee rail. . . .

A pair of blankets had been hung from the deck to screen Helen's bower, but one of them had blown away in the night. The sailors, seated on thwarts through the boat, strove to be discreet, but often, peeping through her eyelashes, she saw bright dark eyes peering at her. She turned over to the protection of the remaining curtain, thus coming into contact with the packets stored at each side of the covered space. Some of the packets contained bread, others salt fish, and others cheese. The aroma of each was distinctly perceptible. Helen had no contempt for any of these things—indeed, she meant to consume a portion of each for her breakfast. But that she, a queen, the most beautiful woman in the world, the daughter of Zeus, the favorite of Aphrodite, a cause of war to kings, should have to sleep where she could smell them touched her heart with a chilling sense of failure.

Meantime a new embarrassment opened before Paris. The seamen were beginning to grumble for their breakfast, and Helen was lying on the stores. Her women waited the signal to rouse her, but Paris frowned at them and came himself to the ragged entrance of the sorry bower. Softly he spoke her name, and softly and sweetly she answered him. He stooped and looked under the deck, dreading to see the signs of suffering; but there she lay, glowing with such beauty as he had never yet seen her wear. Sweetly she smiled on him and he fell on his knees beside her. Never had he felt so keenly that she was a queen and he, though a prince, a shepherd. All night he had been upheld by the thought of a rapturous morning kiss behind the kindly curtains, but now he dared not kiss her. The wretched surroundings to which his love had brought her obliged him to an increased

respect. He was rather proud of feeling thus, and it did not occur to him that Helen herself had a hand in it.

II

On the fourth day the wind hauled to the west and abated, so that on the fifth they made a propitious landfall on the coast of Egypt. Feeling his way along, the skipper finally beached his boat safely within that mouth of the Nile called the Canopic, near the Salt Pans. On a little eminence thereby stood a temple of Herakles, and thither the whole company bent their steps, to give thanks for their escape. The seamen rudely pressed ahead. Helen, veiled, walked gravely with an arm resting on the shoulders of each of her maidens. Paris came last, carrying the more precious of her parcels.

When they reached the temple, twenty minutes later than the men, they found trouble. The master and the seamen stood in a grinning row beneath the porch of the temple, and on the steps before them stood a smiling priest, who rubbed his hands and welcomed the late-comers.

'Madam and sir,' said he, 'surely the gods have a special care of you, since you have come safely through a storm that has brought more than one wreck upon our shores. Enter and give thanks, and let us minister to your wants.'

The sailors made no offer to stand aside to let them pass, and Paris raised his hand in anger.

'Slaves,' he said, 'make way!' And as he glanced along the row of insolent faces he noted that each man had the sign of the swastika drawn in vermilion on his forehead.

'I must explain,' said the priest, still smiling and rubbing his hands. He was clean-shaven, even his poll being razed, and he was clad in white

linen from head to foot and shod with papyrus sandals. Paris thought he had never seen anyone look so clean — or so repulsive.

‘Noble sir,’ said the priest, ‘it is my duty to declare to every visitor of this temple, before permitting him to enter, that it is a sanctuary. If a slave enters and gives himself up to the god and receives the sacred sign upon his brow, he thenceforth has no mortal master. As my vows require, I made this announcement to this ship’s company, and one and all they closed with the offer. From their anxiety to have the marking finished before your arrival, I infer that you are their former master. I fear this may inconvenience you.’

Paris sprang up the steps and drew his sword, in such a red fog of anger that his hand was stayed a moment because he could not instantly decide whether to slay the priest first or go straight for the captain and the sailors. But in this second the priest stepped before him and held up a warning hand. He had stopped smiling, and his voice was no longer honeyed, but harsh.

‘The gods alone can help you, my poor boy,’ he said. ‘I fear you have already sinned against them. Do not offend them further. And I may remark, on a lower plane, that I have fifty armed men within call.’

Paris replaced his sword. Love was teaching him many things; for Helen’s safety he renounced the *beau geste*.

‘Holy one,’ he said, ‘what is this country, and who is the king of it? In the name of Zeus, who protects strangers, I ask to be taken before him.’

‘This is the land of Egypt,’ said the priest. ‘It is ruled by King Proteus, who lives in Memphis, two days’ journey up the river. The warden of this port is Thonis, and it is my duty

at once to take you before him with these sailors and this lady — doubtless I should not exaggerate if I said this fair lady,’ and he saluted Helen with a bow of ironic reverence.

Paris, watching him with silent fury, saw his face change as he returned to the upright position, and, looking to see what had caused this change, he saw that Helen had raised her veil and was gazing into the eyes of the priest. Her expression was one of faint and almost amused interest, and she seemed to be looking from a long way off.

The avidity that appeared in the priest’s eyes and mouth was strange for so holy a man. It caused Paris to realize that going about the world in charge of the most beautiful woman in it would not be restful.

The priest bowed again. ‘Madam,’ he said, ‘forgive my levity and let me offer you the security of this shrine. Will you not take sanctuary here while this unhappy young man goes to give an account of his misdeeds?’

Gently Helen answered, still faintly amused: —

‘Why should I take sanctuary? I am a free woman, guided by the gods in what I do. My companion is a prince in his own country and my trusted friend. I need no sanctuary, unless we have fallen upon a barbarous land where strangers are ill-treated.’

Paris took Helen’s hand. ‘Thank you, dearest,’ he said. ‘Let us go. Thonis may be more sympathetic with us than this shaven celibate.’

Helen softly pressed his hand. ‘Paris,’ she murmured, ‘it may be, after all, that we have done wrong. If we have, we cannot hope for sympathy.’

‘For heaven’s sake,’ cried Paris, ‘don’t lose courage now! We went over that a hundred times. Come, we

are together for better or for worse. We will tell our story frankly to this warden and win through to happiness or die together.'

Helen gazed at him with lovely, inscrutable eyes. Her look made his head swim with passion and admiration, and yet it sent a pang of terror through him. Her eyes were like the eyes of a goddess.

'Come,' she said, and they went forward, the priest showing them the way.

Paris, upborne by his great love, was strong in his belief that love justifies all. This woman was made for him. The gods in heaven had brought it to pass that she was his. Could anyone, god or man, condemn this marvel of the world to a lifetime with Menelaus? Paris was humble; he knew he was himself unworthy of her, but at least he loved her. Menelaus, honest, tire-some man, displayed the traits of the husband of all time. Perseus saving Andromeda could not have glowed with purer chivalry than did Paris in rescuing Helen from Menelaus. But far down beneath all this heady excitement a troublesome thought worked steadily, desperately, like an entombed miner. Why had he permitted Helen to bring away so many of Menelaus's goods? It was natural that she should want to come not quite empty-handed to her new kinsmen. He had understood the feeling, and in fact admired her for it. Now that he saw an ugly side to the act he blamed himself, not her. But on the main issue his conscience was good, and he longed to tell his story to this barbarian official, and indeed to all the world.

The warden of the port received them in a fine hall supported by many columns, quite different from Paris's notion of a barbarian's house. The man himself was gross, fat, and dusky, and strangely dressed. He was play-

ing at draughts with his clerk, and black men fanned them. Paris sought Helen's eye for a silent exchange of impressions, but she stood a little behind him, sheltered by her maidens, and covertly studying the warden's face.

The priest told his story. The seamen had come to him declaring their master had committed a great crime. He had seduced the wife of his host and carried her off, together with much treasure. The gods in their anger had nearly drowned them all and had driven them to the ends of the earth, whence they could hardly hope to get home again.

Impassively the warden listened; then he motioned to Paris that he should speak, and Paris stepped forward, glowing with good faith.

'Sir,' said he, 'I am Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. While I kept my father's flocks on Mount Ida, Zeus himself — for what reason, who can say? — referred to me the dispute between the three greatest goddesses as to which is the most beautiful. As I am an honest man, Aphrodite fairly won the prize. In gratitude to me she promised me the fairest woman in the world for my wife: Helen, called the daughter of Tyndareus, King of Sparta, but in fact the child of Zeus. Thus, with the sanction of the gods and with my father's approval, I went forth to win this lady. Doubtless it was by the good offices of Aphrodite that she loved me as I loved her. I am not worthy of her, — what mortal could be? — but we belong to each other by the will of the gods, and I will give my life to maintain her honor and her happiness.'

The warden listened to him quizzically and nudged his clerk. 'Did you ever hear of all these kings and queens,' he asked, 'whose sons are shepherds and whose daughters are the children

of somebody else?' And both men laughed.

'Prince,' he said, addressing Paris, 'this is all very pretty; but is it true, as these sailors say, that the lady happens to be the wife of another man, that he was your unsuspicious host, and that you have carried off, together with his wife, a considerable amount of his property?'

'On the voyage to Sparta,' said Paris, 'my ship with all my goods was lost on a sandbank. This lady brought with her the simplest comforts to supply the loss, and all will be returned fourfold to Menelaus when we reach Troy.'

Another thought struck the warden. 'Let us see the lady,' he said.

Slowly the handmaids stepped aside, and slowly Helen moved forward, her head humbly bowed, her hands crossed suppliant-wise on her breast.

'Look up, look up, my dear,' said the warden. 'Nobody is going to hurt you.'

And Helen looked up. She shot at the warden the drollest glance of confession and avoidance, and the room was transformed by her smile, her fairness, and her look of youth. You would not have supposed she was more than sixteen.

'Good god!' said the warden. 'Who could blame him! Lady, we mortals are truly the playthings of the gods. It is not for me to judge your strange case. I must send you to Memphis to the King, together with this rather simple-minded and, I fear, unworthy young man and these sailors.' And he forthwith gave orders that they should be conveyed to the capital in a style befitting their rank.

III

As they journeyed up the great river, driven by a breeze that blew

always from the north, Paris noted, it is true, the many novelties of the country — the trim little rice-fields, the black men working in them, the tall trees like bouquets of fern on long stems, and the great deadly lizards on the sandbanks; but the real activity of his mind was devoted to the consideration of their plight, and above all to the effort to understand Helen. Since they had landed she had given no sign that they were lovers. This grieved him, but he did not accuse her of a cooling love. They were in danger and they must be discreet. But with a sharper pang he felt that she was disappointed in him; he had drawn her into a scrape and was not man enough to get her out. Her talismanic beauty, not his sword, was their defense.

In the evening the boat was moored to the bank for the night. The river flowed past them, mighty as a sea and quiet as a pond. A great orange moon rose from behind the eastern hills, such a moon as was never seen in Troy or Greece.

On such a night a man like Paris could no more keep his emotions to himself than the honeysuckle can hold back its scent. He seated himself by Helen and murmured, 'Dearest, tell me your thoughts.'

'I like this country,' said Helen. 'I am glad we have come here.'

'It becomes you,' said Paris. 'I've been admiring you all day as you lay there more like a queen than a prisoner, served by these humble blacks, shaded from the sun with beautiful stuffs whose very name I do not know. Never will this great river — I salute him! — bear anything so lovely again.'

'Do you know, Paris,' said Helen, 'I am sometimes sorry to hear you dwell forever on this beauty of mine. It seems as though I had nothing else. Is it all you see in me?'

This attack seemed to Paris so unfair and so uncalled for that he spoke with more bitterness than he knew he had. 'I know I am a fool,' he said. 'Perhaps you are getting tired of me altogether.'

'Paris,' said Helen, 'are you turning against me?'

'Good heavens!' cried Paris. 'Am I not your dog, your slave, your fool? Have n't you made me feel every hour of the day since we came to this cursed land that you are of the race of the gods rather than a human woman and my lover? Don't I know that when we appear before this leather-colored king he will only look at you once and acquit you of all wrong, while I bear the blame? Of course I am willing to bear the blame,' added poor Paris hastily. 'There is no blame; but if there were it would be mine. Only I cannot bear that you should separate yourself from me. You don't mean to, of course, but when men see your face they naturally give greater weight to what you say or even to what you don't say than to the words of a mere man. I ought to be our spokesman, but your beauty is more convincing than the plain truth.'

'How little you know me,' said Helen with a sigh. 'No woman ever lived who needed beauty less than I do. See here, Paris — I will make you a promise. This barbarous king shall not see my face to-morrow until he has given judgment. I renounce the advantage you complain of, and you shall have it all your own way. It may be the death of us both, and I may say some things that you won't like, but at least you can never feel that I saved myself by my poor face at your expense. I will tell you fairly in advance, however, what I think will happen. Unless they put us both to death, we shall be parted.'

'The difference between us,' said

Paris bitterly, 'is that I would rather die with you than live without you.'

'My poor Paris,' said Helen, 'life is always good.'

Next morning a bend in the river revealed to them the columned temples and palaces of Memphis, the busy quays, the avenues of palms, the statues of dead kings towering to the sky, the multitude of inhabitants, numerous as ants and very like ants in their activity and the strict division of them into carriers of burdens, soldiers, and rulers. For a while Paris and Helen forgot their danger and their divided hearts, so insignificant did they seem. Paris was overwhelmed; how could he hope to get so much as a patient hearing from the king of such a city? But Helen carried her head high beneath her sheltering veil. 'I like this place,' she said again.

Without undue delay they were brought before the King. Half a dozen times they thought they had reached the presence, for each successive ante-room deceived them by its splendor. The audience hall itself was like a park of trees with its interminable avenues of columns. The King sat upon a high chair on a raised platform. He wore a beard on his chin and a golden serpent on his head. His guards and attendants were past counting.

A chancellor called upon the sailors to tell their tale, and they repeated what they had said to the priest and before Thonis.

Then Paris was bidden to reply. He blinked and swallowed and made the speech he had prepared. He repeated in the main what he had said before Thonis, but one statement he altered. 'These men lie,' he said. 'They are slaves and badly frightened slaves. They believe I have brought them bad luck, and they will say anything to blacken me. These goods of

which they talk so much I brought from Troy as gifts from my father and my mother to my bride.'

The King turned to the sailors. 'Can you prove your words?' he asked.

'My lord,' said the captain, 'your scribe holds in his hand the writing of what the prince told the warden of the port. Will you graciously ask him to read it?'

And from a sheet of some thin tough stuff covered with dismal signs the scribe recited, to Paris's amazement, every word he had said to the warden, including the story of the shipwreck. This was mere magic to the unfortunate young man, and he hung his head in shame and discouragement. Through the confusion of his thoughts he heard Helen's clear, moving voice.

'O King, may I speak?' said she.

'Speak, madam,' said the King, 'but raise your veil.'

Helen knelt at his feet. 'Let me keep to the custom of my simple country,' she begged. 'I could not speak if I beheld your greatness.'

'As you will, my child,' said the King.

Helen rose to her feet and spoke, and all listened attentively, so compelling was her voice.

'All that this gentleman has said is true but for one thing; and what these men have said is true also, as far as their slave souls can know the truth. I am the daughter of Leda and of Zeus, though Tyndareus is called my father. When I was still a child, he gave me in marriage to Menelaus and with me he gave a kingdom. From my birth Aphrodite has been my mistress and my friend. She it was who bade me leave my husband with the stranger prince and take with me for my comfort and for my credit in a strange land some small part of the goods I brought to Menelaus. I thought I might do as

I would with my own; but let them be sent back to Sparta. They are nothing. Surely some god at enmity with Aphrodite has driven us out of our course and brought us to this distress. Who can tell the mind of the gods that live forever? Far easier would it have been for me to live on quietly at Sparta with goodly Menelaus.'

While Paris was marveling at the adroitness with which Helen had conveyed the idea that her elopement was a duty rather than a pleasure and had avoided the plea of all-for-love which he now felt he had himself been somewhat undignified in urging, he was surprised to find that, though she had herself made an excellent impression on the King, she had not done much for her friend.

'My child,' said the King, 'I see how your simplicity and ignorance of the world have been played upon by this young man, who seems to be at the same time designing and incompetent. There are aspects of the case on which we should be wise to shed the light of a noble woman's mind'; and, turning to an officer of the guard, he said, 'Give Her Majesty my love, and ask her if she will kindly attend me here.'

This development was a thunder-clap to Paris. Much as he disliked facing the idea, it had become clearer to him at every step that Helen, not he, would save them if they were to be saved. He detested the sight of her power over other men, yet he had come to count on it. He regarded it as demonstrated that no man would be severe with Helen; but what about a woman? He felt instinctively that the very sources of her strength with men would handicap her here. How fortunate that her face was veiled! In looking forward to their life in Troy, he had always felt that Hector and his father would be Helen's best

friends and might be obliged sometimes to protect her from the women of the family. And now this Queen! What was she like, and how would Helen deal with her? He felt another pang of mingled pain and hope in the reflection that Helen's mind was dealing with the fresh problem far more clearly and more rapidly than his own.

A disturbance in the hall told of the Queen's arrival. She bowed before the King and seated herself on a vacant throne at his right. She had a strong, somewhat stern face, in feature not unlike the King's own, and she wore, like him, the royal asp. The King pointed out to her the parties to the suit and repeated in substance their various evidence.

'I refrain, my dear,' said he, 'from comment of my own, as I wish your independent opinion.'

The chancellor looked fixedly at the wall two hundred feet away; two courtiers exchanged a glance; the captain of the guard coughed behind his hand. It was clear to Paris that to the King's familiars there was something amusing in his speech.

'It seems quite clear,' said the Queen in a loud, determined voice, 'that the young man is a liar, a seducer, and a thief, and that the young woman is a lost creature.'

'Madam,' said Paris, 'with your knowledge of the world you should realize that I am not a liar; if I were, I should never have told so stupid a lie as this one. Nor am I a thief. This lady has explained that she took only of her own. Let the goods go back to Menelaus at once. As she says, they are nothing. And least of all am I a seducer, if you mean by the word what it means to me.'

'I suppose you are this woman's lover,' said the Queen.

'I love her, certainly,' said Paris.

The Queen looked at him malevolently. 'I am not interested in the subtleties of illicit love,' said she.

Helen had been slowly advancing inch by inch toward the Queen. As these words were spoken, she threw herself at the Queen's feet with a little sob. 'Oh, madam!' she cried. 'If I had only had a mother, a sister, a friend like you! Never has my unhappy lot brought into my life a woman so high-minded!'

'Tut, tut,' said the Queen; 'what's all this?'

'I am not worthy, madam,' sobbed Helen, 'so much as to touch your robe, but let my sinful lips purify themselves thus,' and she bent her lovely head and, beneath her veil, kissed the Queen's sandal.

It was evident that the Queen began to be interested. 'Let me tell you all,' Helen went on. 'As you say, such a story as mine is hardly fit for your ears, and yet I never knew until I saw you and heard your words how wicked I have been. I beg you, madam, of your goodness to take me apart where no man can hear us. I will tell you everything, just as it happened, and you shall tell me how to make atonement to gods and men.'

A sort of smile tinged the Queen's grimness. 'Your Majesty,' she said to the King, 'I ask you to put this young woman in my charge. You will doubtless deal with the man to the full extent of the law. Death, I should say, would meet his case.'

'The trouble is, my dear,' said the King, 'that our laws absolutely forbid putting strangers to death. I am horrified as you are by his violation of the first principles of society, but what can I do? We can keep the lady and the goods and restore them, when opportunity serves, to the barbarous chief to whom they belong; but I can do nothing with the young man but

give him a ship and send him home.'

'It is a pity,' said the Queen. She rose to withdraw, and directed that Helen should be brought to her. With parted lips and round eyes of wonder Paris watched them go.

IV

It was not until the following day that he saw Helen again, and he spent a restless night in wondering what her next move would be. It would be untrue to say that his confidence in Helen was unshaken. As he recalled their days of furtive love-making in Sparta, when her passion and her amorous invention had excelled his as much as her cool diplomacy excelled his now, he could not quite convince himself that circumstances alone were changed; the change was in Helen herself. All that she had done for them both might have been an added bond, but it was in fact a barrier. She did not confide in him. She did not let him feel that their interests were one. It had not yet occurred to him that she might throw him over, but he realized wearily that she was not a simple person like himself, and that possession of her, instead of being the great simplification he had expected, was a complication perhaps too great for his powers.

Early in the morning a messenger brought him to her, and to his relief he was alone with her. It was the first time since they had left Sparta, and he ran to her with open arms. But Helen checked him.

'Paris,' she said, 'I am on my honor. Be brave, my dear friend. This is our last talk together, and we must be like brother and sister.'

'What!' shouted Paris, standing before her, his arms still outstretched. 'What do you mean? What have they done to you?'

'They have shown me,' said Helen gently, 'that we have done wrong. Love is not the only thing in the world. There are greater gods than Aphrodite.'

'Good heavens!' said Paris. 'Are you throwing me over?'

'You make it very hard,' said Helen. 'If we had planned together to rob a shrine or to kill a defenseless person, and you had come to me and said, "Helen, we must not do this; it is wrong," I should not have raged at you. I should have thought to myself, "Paris is an honorable man; there must be reason in what he says." And I should have thought it over, and if I came to agree with you I should have been grateful to you; and if I did not agree with you I should still believe you were acting for the best, to satisfy your own sense of what was right.'

'Helen,' said Paris, 'you make me sick with your sense of what is right. There is only one right thing now for us, and that is to be true to each other. You have left everything for me; I have risked everything for you. We are man and woman grown; we knew the nature of our act, and we knew the responsibility we undertook toward each other. Was it mere impulse that gave you to me in Sparta? I thought your whole life was in it as mine was. But you can't mean it! Don't frighten me so. Are there listeners for whom you are speaking?'

'I don't know whether there are listeners,' said Helen. 'Whether there are or not, I can say but the one thing. Some day, Paris, you will see that I am right.'

Once in his shepherd days Paris had killed a lioness who attacked the flock, and had found beside her a tiny whelp. This he brought to his hut, and tended it, and found it the prettiest of little pets. It grew more rapidly than he

could have wished, but in spite of the warnings of his friends he kept the affectionate creature as his housemate. One day as he was teasing it in play it leaped straight at him with bared tooth and claw, and if comrades had not been at hand Paris's pet would have torn his throat out. The scene and its emotion flashed through his consciousness now.

'You are terrible,' said he to Helen. 'You are dangerous. You ought to be killed.'

'Keep your hate alive, Paris, to help you to fight for Troy when the Greeks come.'

'But the Greeks will not come if you are not there.'

'I think they will,' said Helen. 'My husband's brother Agamemnon saw quite well what you and I were planning; why do you think he let us come away without hindrance? Simply because it would make a very convenient cause of war. The truth is, Paris, Agamemnon is going to take Troy because he believes the Greeks should control the Hellespont.'

'The Greeks control the Hellespont!' shouted Paris. 'My brother Hector will have a word or two to say to that!'

'I have no doubt,' said Helen, 'that Hector and Agamemnon will exchange

many words on the windy plains of Troy, whether Helen is there or not. And doubtless Agamemnon will insist that I am there, and the stupid chiefs will believe him, and doubtless as long as men sing songs, songs will be sung of how Troy fell for shameless Helen's sake, for a runaway princess is a more inspiring thing to fight for and to sing of than a trade route. But it will not be true. . . . Paris, they will not let us talk longer. The guard is at hand to take you to the sea. Forget me until you can think of me more kindly. As for me, I shall stay with these good people and keep myself for Menelaus.'

At this Paris's nerves were fairly overset and he burst into a horrible laugh. He flung his arm across his eyes and ran from the room, and as he met the guard on the threshold he cried through his laughter, 'She is keeping herself for Menelaus!'

Helen sat awhile pensive until a maiden came to summon her to the Queen. 'My dear,' said the Queen, 'you have behaved nobly. Sit beside me with your work, and tell me the story you hinted at yesterday of your illtreatment at the hands of Theseus.'

And the Queen gave Helen a golden distaff and a silver basket that ran upon wheels, and the wheels were rimmed with gold.

THE 'PARDON' AT GUINGAMP

BY MARJORIE LANE

NOTRE Dame de Bon Secours,
See a little maid and poor
Humbly standing at thy door.
(Ave Maris Stella!)

We have traveled far to-day
In our cart all sweet with hay
At thy shrine to kneel and pray.
(Ora pro nobis!)

Scarce a stone upon the square
Could we see for people there,
And gay stalls were everywhere
Marketing enchantments!

Silver chains and tasseled pins,
A tinsel fish that twirls and spins,
Lace for coiffes, and ripe red cherries,
Quimper plates and fresh strawberries,
Shoes, and velvet-streamered hats
With silver buckles, and butter pats
Nestling cool beneath green leaves,
Silken shawls of lustrous weaves,
And little saints to place before
A house, enthroned above the door —

And Queen of Heaven, didst thou see
The brush piled high to blaze for thee?

We have sold our cock 'Saint Pierre,'
And bought blue plates for 'tite-mère,
And new sabots for mon père!
Now the dusk is closing down;
In thy blue and silver gown
Soon thou wilt ride through the town.

(Ave Maris Stella!)

Darkling gables will turn bright
With festoons of winking light,
While we march beneath the night
Singing holy canticles.

Now we light our tapers tall;
Tiny flame-points rise and fall;
Hushed, we wait Processional.

(Mé hou salude, Mari!)

Notre Dame de Bon Secours,
Bless us, toil-worn folk and poor —
May our harvests' yield be sure!

GERMAN CHARACTER AND THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

BY KUNO FRANCKE

It is natural that the collapse of German political power, and the violent and unreasonable defamations of everything German which in this country resulted from the war, should have brought to German-Americans much distress, much searching of the heart, and much groping about for the true sources of German greatness and for the elements in German character from which a new era of high national culture may be hoped for. The following reflections may be considered as an individual reflex of this general state of mind.

I

I agree with two of the most distinguished German writers of to-day, Count Keyserling and Thomas Mann, that the Germans are not, in the true sense, a political nation. Only I do not, like them, see in this a title of honor, but an unfortunate limitation of German character. The whole course of German history has been a tragic confirmation of this fact. There have not been absent individual political achievements of high merit. I am thinking of the constitutions of the mediæval free cities, the organization of the Prussian State under Frederick the Great, the reform legislation of Stein and Hardenberg, the transformation by Bismarck of a loose federation of states (*Staatenbund*) into a centralized state-confederacy (*Bundesstaat*), the model administration of the German cities of to-day. But only in rare moments of high distress or high enthusiasm has the whole

nation been united in common action. The sober, persistent work in building up a free national commonwealth, such as the English people has engaged in for centuries, the German people has hardly known.

How erratic, for the most part, was the foreign policy of the mediæval German Empire. What a waste of human material and mental energy was entailed in the oft-repeated crossing of the Alps by German armies for the sake of winning the Roman crown, the foolish attempt to crush the Lombard city-republics, the fantastic designs to extend German sovereignty even as far as Sicily. To speak, as has been frequently done by German historians, with patriotic fervor of these high-flown imperialistic schemes of the Ottos, Fredericks, and Henrys, to consider them evidences of noble national aspirations, is a piece of strange political aberration. Far from having added to national power and prosperity, this fantastic policy of conquest has harmed the Empire both at home and abroad; at home, through the delegation of sovereign rights to the higher nobility, forced upon the Emperors thereby, and the consequent weakening of the central power; abroad, through the kindling of bitter national hatreds and resentments. The political disintegration and isolation of Germany, then, at the end of the Middle Ages were the natural result of centuries of neglect of what should have been the main concern of the ruling classes, the knighthood, and the free

cities: the creation of national institutions which would have made possible habitual coöperation of all the estates of the Empire and habitual compromise between class interests and national tasks.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century seemed for a time to carry the whole German people with it, urged on by a wave of high moral enthusiasm. When Luther, at the Diet of Worms, upheld freedom of conscience in the face of the most formidable array of Church and State authority, the heart of Germany was with him. Never before in German history had there arisen a national hero like him; never before had there been a moment of equally portentous promises and possibilities. On Luther's side stood the most enlightened and influential of the princes, and a large part of the knighthood; the free cities greeted him as a champion in their fight against episcopal encroachments upon their privileges; the peasants divined in him the deliverer from social injustice and serfdom. What might not have been achieved, if all friends of reform had stood together, if all party demands and class interests had been merged in one great stream of the people's cause, if the creation of a great free commonwealth, such as hovered before Hutten's imagination, had become the watchword of all. It was the German lack of political instinct which spoiled this opportunity. Each class by itself — the peasants, the knights, the cities, the territorial princes — clung after all to its own special interests. And from the wild civil wars which resulted from the conflict of these interests there arose at last the princely absolutism of the seventeenth century as the only firm, dominant political power — a lamentable outcome of a movement which had set in with the highest hopes for the freedom of the individual in

matters of State as well as of Church.

Among the absolute monarchies which, from the Thirty Years' War on, overruled private as well as public existence in Germany, the Brandenburg-Prussian State unquestionably held a place of exceptional worth. The Hohenzollern princes, from the Great Elector to Frederick the Great, were in their way perfect types of governmental methods consecrated to the public welfare. Allegiance to duty, sense of order, economy, honesty, methodical care of popular education and prosperity, have become through them permanent characteristics of German officialdom. But an unloosening of common political activities, a delivery of popular political forces, was the last thing for which the Hohenzollerns stood. Something hard, rigid, class-bound, inheres in every contribution of theirs to public progress. The collapse of this whole elaborate state-machinery under the assault of the Napoleonic armies, inspired with the rhetoric of great national ideals, however illusive, revealed its inner torpidity and lack of soul.

The rising of 1813 brought once more, like the sixteenth-century Reformation, one of those great historical moments when a people carried away by one mighty feeling and united by one supreme aim seems capable of achieving the impossible. For the German youth which then rallied to the colors was impelled with the determination, not only to drive the foreign conqueror from the ancestral soil, but also to create a new Germany, a Germany transformed from a geographical term comprising an ill-assorted conglomeration of more or less despotic governments into a great national body of free commonwealths. But again, as in the time of the Reformation, the great moment passed without leaving permanent results. As soon as the victory over the foreign enemy was achieved, the old political short-

sightedness, the old distrust of free coöperation of all classes, asserted its baneful sway. A dull, spiritless bureaucracy, which had learned nothing from the popular rising, and which had forgotten all the evils of the past, succeeded for decades in repressing all liberal thought and attempts at reform, outlawed and persecuted the noblest patriots and most distinguished men of letters, and attempted to force a nation, raised through the classic achievements of German philosophy, literature, and music to the highest level of spirituality, back into the humiliating fetters of the ancient régime. And when, in spite of all this, in the Revolution of 1848 the new spirit triumphantly broke forth and irresistibly swept away all impeding barriers, it was again not, as so often has been asserted, the inexperienced idealism of the Frankfort Parliament, but the political obtuseness of the governmental classes, and their inability to harness and direct the popular idealism as a driving force in creating a new Empire, which robbed even this noblest 'Springtime of Nations' of its best fruits.

The final unification of Germany in the Hohenzollern Empire of 1871 was undoubtedly a remarkable achievement of Bismarckian diplomacy; and yet even this achievement of the greatest German statesman lacked the crowning merit of true political wisdom. Bismarck's own internal policy suffered from two fundamental defects: his undervaluation of the moral strength of the Catholic Church and his unconditional condemnation of Social-Democracy. The coercive measures of the so-called Kulturkampf — the incarceration of bishops, the wholesale suspension of Catholic priests, the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious orders — outraged the feelings of the Catholic population, one of the staunchest and

most stalwart sections of the whole German people, and estranged it from allegiance to the Empire in the very first years of its existence. And the official denunciation and degradation of the Social-Democratic Party, a party led by men of such moderation and insight as Bebel and Liebknecht, into a band of intractable traitors and 'enemies of the Empire,' with whom no compromise could be thought of, instilled a poison into all German political life of the last fifty years which no amount of paternal workingmen's legislation has been able to counteract.

Particularly disastrous in the further course of the Wilhelmian era came to be the political shortcomings of the German bourgeoisie. If the German bourgeoisie in political matters had had only one tenth of the insight it betrayed in commercial and industrial organization, it would have recognized the necessity of forming with the Social-Democrats a solid party of opposition, strong enough in internal affairs to guard parliamentary rights, and in European and colonial questions to curb the aimlessly provoking bravado of the imperial policy. The fact that, with the exception of the numerically inconsequential Progressive Party, the German bourgeoisie, from fear of the Social-Democrats, delivered itself up hand and foot to the reactionary jingoism of the ultranationalists seems to me in the tragedy of the last decades to form a particularly tragic episode; at any rate, it is another striking illustration of how little instinctive sense for political fundamentals the average German possesses, and how little we are justified in holding up German political experiments as models to be followed by other nations. A noteworthy exception to this is found in the lack of corruption in the German civil service and the nonpartisan objectivity of German municipal administration —

recognized the world over as shining examples of honesty, efficiency, and common sense.

II

If then — to sum up all the foregoing — the peculiar virtue of the German does not lie in his qualification for national politics, where may we look for the traits in which he is distinguished from other national types and perhaps superior to them? To say it in a word: in the depth of the individual personality. A few manifestations of this side of German character may briefly be considered. 'Not a great nation, only great men' — thus Heinrich Mann, the counterpart of his brother Thomas, has characterized Germany. I take the part of Heinrich against his brother by briefly pointing out in what special sense the great men of German history have been lonely men, how little they owed to the masses, how deeply they were anchored in themselves.

From Luther to Nietzsche there extends a long chain of men who, for pronounced subjectivity, for defiant independence from the crowd spirit, and for intensity of inner strength, hardly have their equals. At the head of them Luther himself, the hero of the 'Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise'; the man of ironic contempt of the world which, at the very height of his activity, made him say: 'I trust that in course of time my books will be forgotten in the dust, especially what good through the grace of God they may contain'; the unswerving apostle of faith who drove away all attacks of doubt and despondency with the word: 'The Lord has said He would dwell in the gloom and has made the darkness His tent.' Johann Sebastian Bach, who, from the modest round of his Leipzig organist life, called forth artistic creations in which all suffering, all longing, all dumb striving for light and

freedom, seem transformed into a world raised above all limitations of reality, a world of eternal suns and heavenly bliss. Klopstock, who in an epoch of weakly and petty sentiments dared 'to think creation's thought anew'; who pierced the commonplace barriers of his surroundings with the trumpet sound of his own full, generous personality; who inspired a generation crushed under the weight of political oppression with the prophetic word: —

Nor forever crusheth it! Free, O Germans,
Are you to be! But a century more
And it is done, and there rules
Reason's right over sword's right.

Lessing, the lonely champion of genuine individuality and inner truthfulness; lacking every support or background of a living literary tradition; conquering every inch of intellectual territory by himself; pointing to new paths in æsthetic criticism, in dramatic production, in religious speculation; in his whole reformatory activity guided by the thought which he for the first time expressed in some youthful album verses: —

How soon 't will be until the sham
Of life is gone for me!
Why should my name
Be known to fame
And to posterity,
If only I with certainty
Know who I am!

and for the last time in the last words of his last work: 'Is not all eternity mine?' Kant, the self-centred thinker, who — without any personal contact with the actual world in its wider aspects, confined throughout his life to the narrow boundaries of an isolated provincial town — through mere reasoning created a world in which sensuous experience appears as product of the mind, and in which the moral life is ruled by the principle: 'Thou canst, for thou shalt';

the retiring scholar, who in the midst of an age bristling in arms clung to the idea of 'permanent peace,' not dreaming about it as a utopia, but setting it forth as a necessary consequence of a democratized Europe. Schiller, who not only, as a youth, hurled flaming words against class tyranny and princely absolutism, but whose whole life-work and highest artistic achievements were inspired by the desire to replace the humdrum, mechanized, fragmentary existence of the despotic state by a free, creative humanism, developing all vital powers and leading to totality of character. Goethe, whose world-wide activity essentially bore the signature of his own dictum: 'Highest bliss of humankind rests after all in personality'; who, at the end of the classical 'Walpurgis Night,' when the shades are recalled from their brief earthly existence, lets only Helena and the leader of the chorus return to the conscious life of the Beyond, while the mass of the chorus is dissolved into the elements of earth and air. Fichte, who, during the occupation of Berlin by the French, writes to a friend: 'People here are near despair, and it is hard to see what will become of us during the coming winter if these guests do not leave us. I, locked up in a lonely garden-house, guard myself as well as I can lest a sound of that despair or of the insults by which it is caused penetrate across my threshold; for I must retain the freedom of my spirit to think out the principles of a better order of things'; and who in this state of mind sets himself to writing his 'Addresses to the German Nation,' the intellectual call-to-arms against the foreign oppression. Heinrich von Kleist, who, driven about by fate, ignored or misjudged even by the best of his people, consumes himself in passionate attempts to find inner poise and control of his instincts, until at last he leaves to his indifferent

contemporaries immortal poetic embodiments of his own self. Hebbel, the stubborn self-willed Frisian, who condenses his opposition to traditional morality into the word: 'Not all the Ten Commandments whip a man forward as vehemently as do his own youthful follies'; and whose life-work is that of a man who, as it were, with his teeth set and his eyes closed sets about to hammer out of the quarry of the past a new feeling of humanity and a new form of dramatic art. Richard Wagner, who with titanic self-reliance and boundless contempt for people and opinions that stand in his way, in a much higher sense than Hebbel, conquers for the German drama a new domain of astounding emotional effects. Bismarck, who asserted that a wave of popularity always made him doubtful of himself, and who was never more himself than when facing a hostile majority either in the old Frankfort Bundestag or in the Prussian Landtag or in the diplomatic concert of Europe. Carl Schurz, who not only in Germany, single-handed, defied political tyranny by rescuing, at the risk of his own life, a noble apostle of freedom from death behind prison walls, but who in this country also stood only too often alone as unflinchingly opposed to any kind of party dictation in matters of principle. And finally Nietzsche, the social aristocrat, for whom the masses had interest only in three respects: 'first as dimmed copies of the great men, printed on poor paper and from worn-out plates; secondly as opposition to the great; and finally as instruments of the great — for the rest, may the Devil and statistics take them'; the recluse of Sils-Maria, who feels himself 'exiled from father- and mother-lands' and seeks only his 'children-land, the undiscovered one in the farthest sea,' in order to 'atone to his children' for his being his 'forefathers' child'; the

prophet of the Superman who may say of himself: 'I walk among men as fragments of the future, that future which I see. And all my desire and striving is only this: to bring together and form into a whole what is fragment.'

What a gallery — and it might easily be doubled and trebled — what a gallery of heads, of sharply chiseled individuals, personalities rooted in themselves, to whom the bringing into play, the heightening and broadening, of their own self is an inner necessity, and who, unconcerned about the opinion of the crowd, charmed against misjudgment and slander, with the whole weight of men singled out by fate, throw themselves into their appointed task. Truly in men like these the politically sterile Germany has brought forth cultural values which benefit all striving men in all countries — shining examples of the victorious spirit of all times.

III

If thus the most significant German personalities have, for the most part, achieved their highest either apart from the masses or in opposition to them, the average German seems to me to possess in an unusual degree the capacity to draw inner profit from outward conditions.

What I mean hereby may be illustrated by the fact that in no country of the world, with the exception perhaps of China, is the value of intellectual training so generally recognized as in Germany. Nowhere in Europe or America does scholarship as such, irrespective of its practical utility, enjoy a social prestige so widely spread. Nowhere is the title of professor so universally and instinctively honored. Nowhere do school questions — the children's marks in the semestral examinations, their promotions from one form to another — play such a part in

family life. Nowhere are the children so early taught to make a choice for their professional career; nowhere do they learn so early to have respect for their intellectual superiors. To be sure, all this is connected with the less wholesome aspects of German life: on the one hand with the harshness of the struggle for existence and the economic necessity of working up from narrow conditions; on the other with a certain submissiveness of German character which is itself a consequence of these narrow conditions. On the whole, however, we may say that this instinctive recognition of intellectual values imparts even to the average German life deeper substance and more earnest aspiration than is to be found in the average life of most other countries. That there is mixed up with this a good deal of half-knowing and loose thinking cannot be denied. I doubt, for instance, whether the thousands of German students who within the last decade have been carried away by Oswald Spengler's *Decay of the Occident* have got from it more than a vague notion of the worthlessness of all previous historical writing and a confused conception of a certain parallelism in the development of national cultures. But the mere fact that such a book, the ponderous product of an immense learning and of an astounding power of fantastic combination of facts, which on almost every page confronts the critical reader with doubts and conundrums, should have intoxicated a large part of German academic youth is at least an evidence of the hunger for intellectual nourishment pent up in its rank and file. In no other country could such a book have produced such an effect. And the whole German *Jugendbewegung*, it may be added, is something entirely unique. That youth itself should philosophize about the idea of youth, should adopt the watchword, 'Away from the

sins of the fathers,' should consciously rally for a new life of reveling in nature and in the great art of the past, and in moral matters should try to live up to the demand 'in the midst of mean reality to profess a higher reality' — that could occur only in a country in which the striving for true cultivation of individual character, in contradistinction to a purely passive reception of external impressions, had been inherited from generation to generation and had become a part of the national character.

At least one consequence of this German cultivation of the inner life I wish to emphasize: the capacity to transform suffering into an impulse for higher activity. The whole history of modern Germany is one long story of national suffering, and at the same time a story of constant victories of countless anonymous individuals over the national suffering. What catastrophes have not swept over the German lands in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The sixteenth century brought, besides the terrible Peasants' War and the fearful massacres of Anabaptists, the clash between the Emperor and the Protestant princes in the Schmalkaldian War, and constant feuds between territorial princes and free cities; the seventeenth, not only the Thirty Years' War, but, after a short pause, new incursions by Swedes and French, the devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV, and the siege of Vienna by the Turks. The beginning of the eighteenth is filled with the wars of the Spanish and the Austrian Succession, largely waged upon German soil; its middle with the Silesian campaigns and the Seven Years' War; its end and the beginning of the nineteenth with the inundation of all Germany by the armies of the French Revolution and Napoleon. Hardly a decade in these three centuries when wide provinces of the Empire were not ravaged

and laid waste. And, in the midst of all this misery, a constant, ever-new gathering of vital forces, a slow, often interrupted, but never entirely repressed ascent to spiritual greatness.

From this point of view, the very time of deepest political humiliation, the time from the Thirty Years' War to the accession of Frederick the Great, is seen to be a splendid manifestation of the constructive power of the spirit. For seldom has a people in the very breakdown of its political institutions so clearly proved its ability to rebuild its national culture. One generation after another, and one group of men by the side of another, devoted itself to this task. The brutalization of the masses and the fashionable degeneracy of the educated call forth, from the middle of the seventeenth century, in ever-widening circles of thinking men, patriotic indignation and attempts at the resurrection of national dignity in manners, speech, and feeling. The horrors of the war and the pressure of a servile subject-existence awaken the Stoic ideal of steadfastness and make calmness of soul a liberating power. The woes of the present make the tormented minds seek comfort in the study of ancient times and foreign countries, and thus help to create the science of universal history and ethnology.

And the work which Luther had begun, but had not been able to carry through, — the foundation of religion upon the moral consciousness of the individual, — is taken up once more in the midst of the national misery. Enlightened theologians, both of the Catholic and of the Protestant Church, pave the way for a reconciliation of fundamental creeds. Pietism opposes to dead ecclesiastical formulas the fervor of prayer and the duties of practical Christianity. Rationalism leads from the defects and imperfections of reality to the conception of a living universe,

in which evil itself is made a power for good, and in which there seem to be evidences of a constant progress from lower to higher forms of life. And at last there emerges from these incessant and laborious efforts of respectable mediocrities the classic epoch of German genius.

We may indeed say that the best and noblest possessions of the German people as a whole have been born from suffering; and perhaps we should be grateful to Fate that it has put the German people to trials in which it could prove itself great, not only in a few individual men, but also as a people. The last decade has been another such time of testing national worth. When has any nation, except Russia, in the short span of five years experienced so violent a convulsion, such an elemental upheaval of all its foundations of life, such mental distress, such a disintegration of whole classes of society, as the Germany thrown into the dust at Versailles? And to-day? Impoverished, humiliated, politically degraded, internationally gagged, is Germany even to-day. But this impoverished, humiliated, gagged nation possesses one thing which perhaps none of the victor nations possesses in the same degree: the belief in the spirit born from its sufferings, the burning desire for high achievements, the glowing wish to replace the loss of power by inner superiority, the firm determination to create a new national culture.

I have left to the end what is perhaps the most significant and most productive quality of German character in its best representatives: the wide intellectual horizon and the receptivity for the ideals of the universally human. I say deliberately 'in its best representatives.' For I do not wish to create the impression that I ignore such lamentable phenomena of mass psychosis as contemporary anti-Semitism or ultra-

nationalist party fanaticism. These are phenomena which, lamentable as they are, find their explanation in particular social evils and particular political constellations. They do not belong to the great traditions of German culture. No other people has had a classic epoch of national culture which in cosmopolitanism, in breadth of horizon, and in detachment from inherited preconceptions could be compared with the age of classic German literature. From the æsthetic point of view this aloofness from the soil is an element of weakness in classic German literature; it gives to not a few of its creations something overrefined, too delicately spun, something shadowy, unreal. To realize this, one need only compare Goethe's *Iphigenie* with Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, or Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* with Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. But in spiritual values, in pure humanity, in moral fervor and stimulus, the world of poetic imagination that sprung from the brains of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller belongs to the very highest that has been achieved by any people of any age. Here we see, as hardly anywhere else, human personality in absolute freedom. Here the barriers of church, of race, of class, have been entirely eliminated. From *Nathan the Wise* to *Wallenstein*, *Wilhelm Tell*, and *Faust*, man is seen as such, in his eternal relations, his highest insights, his deepest conflicts, his mightiest strivings. A people which has accustomed itself to feel and live with such ideal figures as these is lifted thereby unconsciously to a higher level. And the fact that, in spite of many countercurrents, in spite of all critical attempts to belittle the grandeur of our classics, in spite of all the stars of lesser magnitude which have been glorified by Romanticism, Naturalism, Impressionism, and Expressionism, this ideal world of the German Classics has

lost nothing of its lustre, but, on the contrary, throughout the nineteenth century and to this very day, in ever-increasing measure has come to be the spiritual treasure and support of the mass of the German people, is sufficient to prove the mission of Germany for the culture of the world.

IV

I close with a brief summing-up of the tasks which, as a result of all these reflections, seem to me the paramount duties of German-Americans, as heirs and guardians of German culture in this country. It seems to me clear that these tasks do not lie in the pursuit of group politics. We certainly should not abdicate our political rights. We should emphatically insist that the unworthy encroachments upon German equality, the neglects and injustices to American citizens of German descent, the abolition of German instruction in public schools, and similar outgrowths of war fanaticism, as far as they still exist, should speedily be revoked. We should do our best to win fuller understanding and sympathy with the present republican Germany in the American press, in the American institutions of learning, and among the American public in general. But the attempt to play a separate political rôle, to form a special German-American party, would not be what we owe to the country of our adoption. For, apart from the harmful results which such a racial policy would have for American party-life, it would not bring out what is best and most valuable in

German character; it would not represent the specifically German contribution to American civilization; it would not render to American life the specific service to which we, as German-Americans, are called. On the contrary, the formation of such a petty party-group, limited to the immediate interests of a particular set of people bound together by common descent, would be only a new and deplorable evidence of German lack of political farsightedness. That which is best and most valuable in German character, unless all my previous observations are mistaken, consists in independence of personality, in depth of conviction, in freedom from prejudice, in earnestness of intellectual effort, in breadth of view, in spiritual striving, in just appreciation of cultural values.

Let us cultivate, each in his own way, these precious legacies of our Old-World ancestry. Let us, like Carl Schurz, take our stand by the side of our fellow citizens of other descent as fully rounded personalities, bent on high achievements; let us take prominent part in all matters concerning the political, intellectual, moral, social, and artistic elevation of the masses; in other words, let us make use of the best of German culture in the service and for the benefit of our new fatherland. Through such a forward-looking attitude we shall win genuine respect for German character among our fellow citizens. And, above all, we shall in ever-increasing measure be in the front rank of those who are creating what is sacred to us all: the ideal America of the future.

LETTERS OF A CONFEDERATE MOTHER

CHARLESTON IN THE SIXTIES

[THE Southern animus of Mrs. Gilman's letters derives a special piquancy from the facts that she 'first saw the light where the Mariners' Church now stands, in the North Square,' in Boston, 1794, and that her father, Samuel Howard, a shipwright, was one of the sixty protestants who attended the Boston Tea Party. Caroline Howard married, in 1819, the Samuel Gilman who was later to distinguish himself by writing 'Fair Harvard.' Immediately upon their marriage, the two young New Englanders settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where Mr. Gilman was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church. The greater part of Mrs. Gilman's long life, until her death in 1888, was lived in the South. She was the editor of one of the earliest periodicals for children, *The Rosebud*, and the author of *Mrs. Gilman's Gift Book* and a number of other volumes. From a voluminous correspondence extending over a period of seventy years, 1810-1880, these vivid reminiscences of the Civil War have been chosen. — THE EDITORS]

CHARLESTON, S. C. (No date)

DEAR MR. DODGE: —

Answers to your eight questions.

1. It is wonderful, considering the inexperience of the men and the crowded state of the Forts, that so few mishaps have occurred. It is also strange that, though it poured rain half of last month and the sentinels have been drenched, while the men on the night boats are standing half the time

in water, or in the marshes, guarding the creeks and inlets, there has not been a death from disease.

2. Of course business is in a very different state from what it would be in the palmy time of peace, but as the revolution was not sudden, people prepared themselves. Our banks were particularly provident and cautious. If it is hard to collect money, people are very patient & hopeful, which balances the difficulty.

3. With regard to young men being drafted & forced — the trouble is that they are too eager to volunteer, and become restless as clerks and apprentices. The Gov. has refused hundreds.

4. The men are building fortifications at every available point, but from what I hear from Washington and Willie, they are all willing and cheerful. I heard of one youth who refused to *sweep* under orders, but no other mutiny or discontent.

5. The idea of parties of soldiers entering houses & demanding money is the merest fiction.

6. The only family I have heard of as removing, was old Mr. Gibbon with his wife, two children, and two nurses. They all came back last week and are at their home in New Street.

7. The wealthy *are* called upon and willingly contributing to furnish uniforms, clothing to the military volunteers. Mr. Mordecai has given ten thousand dollars to the State. Plowden Weston, a member of the legislature,

whose income is 75 thousand per year, has kept twenty-five thousand for himself, and given the remainder to the use of the State. It has not been published. He also entirely furnished a Georgetown company. Planters are sending rice, potatoes, etc. gratuitously. Washington says that a farmer up the road sent two loads of cabbages to Morris Island. One of the exquisites of our city, wanting some milk for his coffee, took a cabbage in one hand, and his tin cup in the other, and coaxed a stray cow to stand still while he milked her. A few of the donations are mentioned in the papers, but not one third. The merchants continue the salaries of their clerks, while at the Forts. Frank pays six, and does not employ more than two, at the Counting House. Mr. Atkinson, Frank's friend in England, wrote to him to draw on him for \$100 for the city's wants.

Circles of ladies all over the city are at work for the soldiers.

That there must be pecuniary pressure by and by, I suppose no one can doubt. If Fort Sumter is attacked, which I pray God to avert, Charleston must be a city of mourners and the widows and orphans destitute.

8. You ask if Mr. Petigru and Mr. Bryan are the only Unionists. I doubt not that there may be others. So many were proud of our beautiful mother, but they are hidden by the mass who think themselves aggrieved.

I have been led to speculate on the subject of war, now that it has been brought so near. Next to the fact that all animals prey on other animals, this seems the most difficult to reconcile to the idea of a God of Love. But I must bow in humble faith, trusting that He 'doeth all things well.'

Farewell all. Whatever betide, let us keep a kindly and loving spirit, and so 'fulfil the law of Christ.'

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 16th, '60

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

The Arsenal in Cannonsboro belongs to the U. S. A Federal officer is in command, with a few soldiers.

The state of things seems to be this, as far as I can learn, though I have seen nothing official. When our citizens (for it was common movement) decided on a revolution or Secession, there was danger that they would seize the Arsenal, in some moment of excitement; there was danger, on the other hand, that the Federal Gov. would send more troops.

Either of these movements might have led to civil war, which was foreign to the original plan.

The Governor of our state, as I understand, guaranteed the safety of the Arsenal to the Pres. and ordered the Washington Light Infantry to keep guard. The State soldiers and the Federal officer are on amicable terms. It is a peculiar state of things, but if kept in good faith on both sides, may save bloodshed.

I had a conversation recently with James. I told him that I wished him to understand the cause of the difficulty between the North and South. I said, 'You know the old thirteen states made laws together, called a constitution, and promised to keep them. One of the laws was that runaway slaves should be returned to their owners. The North has broken the law, encourages the slaves to run away, and sends them to Canada. They do not take them home and make ladies and gentlemen of them, but put them in a freezing climate, to labor for their own living, good and bad together.'

'Another trouble is about the territories. Can you tell me, James, who owned Louisiana before the U. S. bought it?'

'The French, ma'am,' said he, without hesitation.

'Well, that state, and the other territories were bought by all the States, North and South. The South paid as much money as the North and had the same right to them. After a while some of the Northern States began to say the Southerners should not carry their slaves into new territories. Of course they could not live without their slaves, who are their support, and this made another difficulty. Now the South wants to separate from the North and have nothing more to do with them. James, do you understand all this?'

'Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.'

'Now James, I hope and trust there will be no fighting, but if there is, you must take good care of me, and I will take care of you.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

To show you how tranquil I am, dear children, I tell you that I sleep alone, on this floor, without fastening my door. Can the Northern ladies say the same?

In all events your

LOVING MOTHER

EAST BATTERY, CHARLESTON, *Aug. 7th*

DEAR, DEAR DAUGHTER: —

I have a few moments to write you by a private opportunity to tell you of our health and welfare. *We do* see all the worst threats of the North in our papers and so are prepared, but *you* cannot see the calm indomitable spirit that prevails here. Every old man and boy is prepared all over the South. You need not be told what the military are after the experience at Bull Run; and as for the blockade, it is almost a farce. One would think that Pres. Lincoln and his Cabinet had never studied geography. They have overlooked the numberless creeks and inlets on our shores, that must, from their peculiar navigation, be the outlet for privateers, while dangerous to outsiders.

As yet we are unstinted in our wishes for the good things of this life — our

markets full — dividends good, and everybody willing to bear a reverse if it should come. I write you thus, that your fears for us may be removed.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *March 12, 1861*

DEAR CHILDREN: —

The dearth of public amusement here is made up by the excitement of slipping the blockade. In the last month *thirteen vessels* have run out, and three steamers have come in, the Ella Warley, the Catawba, and one large steamer, now lying in full sight from my window, whose name I have not yet learned. How these vessels pass over and through Lincoln's hulks and by the fleet is wonderful. In the history of the war the daring of Southern sailors will form a conspicuous part of the picture. . . .

Frank is with us until the 20th and Willie also. They are preparing for their destination *for the war*; Washington has gone. We do not know when we shall see any of them again. If Charleston is in real danger we shall go to Greenville, where we have a house engaged.

I have said nothing about the Naval victory at James's river, for even that will be a nine days' wonder over, when this reaches you. Well may Lincoln be in tears. He with his Cabinet has made two nations weep.

I know nothing of my Island House, which is open for the soldiers. So farewell, dear ones all.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *March 31, 1861*

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

I was able to give the Wilkies great pleasure, by taking them with my permit to Sullivan's Island on Friday. The wharf presents a very animated appearance from the number of soldiers and the different uniforms — the

Zouaves I think the most picturesque. Lieut. W. met us at the Cove, after we had passed the guard. In a short time Willie and Washington joined us. Lieut. W. borrowed the State wagon, and putting some of our chairs for extra seats, the party were made very comfortable for a drive to Fort Washington, the quarters of the Washington Light Infantry. Washington drove me in a buggy. The first battery on the way, now finished and mounted, is the next lot to mine, the terrible cannon pointing Sumter-wise. We stopped to see the recruits (regulars) drill. The second battery is on Mrs. McDowell's lot; the third is Fort Moultrie, where the fearful machinery of war is so artistically arranged; the fourth and fifth are near the Curlew grounds, and the Myrtles. After our drive of three miles, so different from our Summer associations, we turned at East End, and saw the battery now named Fort Washington, which our boys have been blistering their hands in building. Lieut. Wilkie ordered the guns to be fired that we might see the force of their action. The first regiment of rifles, including the Washington Light Infantry, are all in tents, at the East End, and form quite a picturesque village. We went first to the Officers' tent, where Lieut. Wilkie unrolled a new flag beautifully wrought with a Palmetto symbol and recently presented by Mrs. Beauman of Charleston. Knowing where to touch the heart of a W. L. I. man, I asked to see the old Eutaw Standard. He unrolled it reverently. It is of red damask and in tatters.

From the Officers' tent we went to Willie's. Willie was full of fun as waiter, with his tin drinking cups, and Washington was over-running with sentiment about Carrie, who was absent, and for whom he made a charming bouquet, with an appropriate kiss

sentiment hidden in the centre. After about an hour of chat and inspection we drove home, with Fort Sumter in view, the calm waters and glittering beach in all their old beauty. Fort Sumter looks like a noble stag at bay, with Morris Ft. where the largest force is stationed, and James Fort bristling with cannon in the rear, Sullivan's in front; and the floating battery ready for the first note of reinforcement, for Beauregard says all is ready. When will it be surrendered? The men, ours, have finished their work, and are growing impatient of delay. It requires all the wisdom of their superiors to keep them cool. Think of so many thousand men leaving plantations, mercantile life, shops, colleges, and every department of labor, since December, and working like journeymen. The dragoons, who have been waited on all their lives, curry their own horses.

Such is my faith in peace, that I carried down a gardener to arrange my flower beds.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *April 16, 1861*

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

On Thursday the 11th we heard that the attack on Sumter was to commence at 7 o'clock P.M. We went with beating hearts to Lou, but all was still. At ten Caroline and the children went home, and as Frank was with his company at Morris Is., I decided to remain with Lou until his return. I had an agitated night, but fell asleep towards morning. At half past four I was awake by the signal gun, which I thought was to be the forerunner of death in its most horrid form. Then followed the action, with which by this time you are familiar. The wind was in a direction to blow the sound towards us, and from that time, until seven in the evening, we heard every gun. Instantly, after every firing on the Islands and at Fort

Sumter a cloud of white smoke rose before the explosion, and thus, the sight of every discharge was as distinct as the sound. We could hear the whiz of the balls, and feel the house shake at each concussion. A strange fascination drew us to the windows, to gaze and tremble. Many friends came in and out through the day, and the most part of them were immediately employed in making cartridge bags. A group of ladies, from time to time, cutting them out in the dining-room. They are made of strong red baize, and sewed with worsted, as cotton thread ignites more readily. For the largest guns, they are about $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard long and a quarter wide. Little was said, except when rumours were brought in by the few gentlemen who could call and then we clustered around them, as if life and death hung on their words. At seven, the guns of Fort Sumter stopped for the night, but all through the next ten hours, the relentless shells rose from the batteries like stars, careered in light prismatic shades over Fort Sumter, and then dropped their fearful burdens within the walls, or sent up a shower of spray outside. All the long night this went on, and amid a thunder storm I still saw them and saw too the flag we once loved so well, waving unhurt.

In the morning, a glorious morning in nature, Anderson, the brave soul, resumed fire, but about eight our hearts stood still, for a shout came from the spectators — Fort Sumter was in flames. Still the flag waved, as if only a summer breeze stirred its folds. We forgot our people, we forgot everything, for a few moments, but the gallant band within the burning crater. You know the rest. You will read of the courtesy and even tenderness of our military commanders, to a man whom they cannot but honor in defeat.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 20, 1861

DEAR ANNIE: —

Are your ladies as busy as ours are for the soldiers? The amount of work done, and the zeal which characterizes it, is wonderful all over the Confederacy.

At the Island, recently, Capt. Wagner of Fort Moultrie gave out that he wanted several thousand cartridge bags in twenty-four hours, for the Coast. Some ladies sat up all night, and we rose at daylight. Of course the order was completed. You see everywhere ladies knitting stockings for the soldiers.

Lou and I were driving, and little Lou took a small basket with pieces of carpet about an inch square, and began to ravel in the carriage. I asked her what it was for, and she said 'for the sick soldiers' pillows.' Wool is very scarce. Madame Girard has a society of little children, for the purpose, in her school. . . .

I referred a little while since to the state of our country. Let me beg you to distrust all extracts you may see from the *Mercury* against our Authorities — the editor belongs to a little clique, who have no influence of importance. Pres. Davis is almost idolized by the mass of the people, and the military commanders are still more popular.

What a curious picture the South presents, storing piles of their staple every hour; in a few weeks they will open the ground for new planting. The sea-coast only will be disturbed, and plans are laid for the negroes to fall back, after the fortifications are completed, to safe residences. The utter impossibility of simultaneous attacks on our immense coast, and the greater impossibility of the Lincolmites leaving an army of occupation behind them, renders the margin of retreat for the negroes very wide. I suppose it is

pretty well understood that the Southerners do not mean to retreat.

Whatever I am besides,

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Nov. 3rd, 1861*

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS: —

The history of the Gordon seems like a romance. Three weeks ago, dismantled of her guns, dressed with flowers, and christened Theodora (God's blessing) she left this port and passed the blockading vessels with our Commissioners Slidell and Mason with four ladies and their female attendants. Frank, who is agent for the Theodora, says the young girls were as gay and lighthearted on that momentous night at 12 o'clock, as if they were going to a party, and in raptures with the beautiful roses with which Lou had decorated the cabin. Now she lies at one of our wharves, having discharged a splendid return cargo. In view of the expected attack at Bay Point, near Beaufort, by the Lincoln Fleet, she was engaged immediately on her arrival yesterday as a transport. Frank and Willie went down to her wharf last night, at 9 o'clock, and returned this morning at six, having employed twenty laborers and four drays all night.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Slidell, who does not look the 'wily politician' he is said to be.

This is one of the most agitating periods of the war, as the Great Fleet is momentarily expected. A telegraph just announces that two of the Lincoln transports are aground off Georgetown, but they can afford to lose a few.

The buoyancy of our people is wonderful, and so calm too.

Mrs. Harleston was at church this morning, pale but cheerful. No one here thinks that her son and the other privateers will be sentenced.

If they are, God be with the prisoners here, for man will hardly help them. The retaliation will be fearful.

Jan. 25th, '62

After writing the above, Mason and Slidell were captured, and I had no spirit to continue.

MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., *Feb. 1st, '62*

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

I think all your letters must have reached me safely; mine, giving most substantial evidence of the inefficacy of the blockade, you have acknowledged, five in all.

The second instalment of the Stone blockade was deposited one week ago, seen by observers from Sullivans Is., with good glasses. Last night six vessels went out over our bar, from our wharves, two of them probably carrying letters from me. I hoped to have sent P. D. a map of the burnt district drawn by a friend, but have not rec. it in season. . . .

My Orange Street house was struck by a shell, through the pantry, which entered the cellar without exploding.

It is no child's play here.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

GREENVILLE, S. C., *March 27, '63*

MY DEAR CHILDREN: —

The incident of the past month has been a call from one of the surgeons on the Coast, for our Ladies Aid Society, for flags and rosettes for his department, the flags to be nailed to fences and trees from a battle field to a hospital, to designate the road, and the rosettes to be attached to the arms of those who are to carry the wounded. I volunteered at the Directors meeting to have twenty flags made, and Lou gave the material. All that were required were completed and sent seaward in thirty-six hours, but the

expected attack at the last 'spring tide' has not taken place. We are now awaiting the third of April when it (the tide) serves again in our harbor.

The Confederate authorities also called on us to have a hundred sheets made for a receiving hospital in Greenville for convalescent soldiers from other hospitals in case nearer ones should be wanted after a fight. In a week the ladies had everything ready. Beauregard is a splendid officer for precaution; minute details are not below his large military vision.

One year since we came to Greenville and not subjugated!

YOUR LOVING MOTHER,
C. G.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 21, '63

DEAR CHILDREN: —

Situation public

Charleston besieged. Men fighting on the Islands, women nursing in the City — singularly few casualties. Many private families not removing. Mrs. Crafts and Mrs. Miles, for instance, are still on the battery. Supplies and men coming in. All willing to meet the emergency. Frank says we should not know Sullivans Is. The houses on Front Beach from my lot, where Battery Bee is, to Fort Moultrie pulled down and batteries in place. To-day is Jefferson Davis's Presidential Fast.

Situation private

And now, dear children, farewell. No matter if you *wish* or *fear* that Charleston may fall. Vicksburg and Hudson have gone, but look at the rallying along the Mississippi, where the abolition commerce trembles under its treble guards; so will it be in South Carolina; let Charleston be annihilated (for it never will be taken) and resistance will spring up in every new form that valor and ingenuity can devise.

In Greenville, among the negroes,

you would still not think of war. Like other refugees, they are mending up their old clothes, but they are not yet losing fathers and brothers like the whites. The same merry laugh is heard, the same willing labor seen.

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

(No date)

MY DEAR ANNIE: —

We have a constant succession of Frank's relatives and friends here. He is so hospitable that he will share his last with others. Not a week passes but we have an improvised bed, what the soldiers call a 'shake-down' in the parlor.

Willie is a paroled prisoner and came home on a walk of two hundred miles from Johnston's army. Notwithstanding *the times* he and Nina went to a surprise party last night and stayed until the small hours.

We are living in a strange way now. Isolated by the cutting off the R. R.s we have only accidental communication with the outer world, no stores for two years open; without currency; no post-office, that is, no paid P. M., and a future dependent on the strangest combination of human affairs. It requires more than Ariadne's thread to carry us through this labyrinth.

Love to the children,

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

Christmas Day, 1864

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

Savannah has gone; Charleston is in danger, and though they are not *the* Confederacy, and there is a strong recuperative power after every blow, yet the suffering must be immense. By the way, Atlanta has started a newspaper again, and the road is open to Macon.

The children rose at daylight to examine their stockings, for we sympathize with them. By a singular

accident my gifts were quite belligerent, *fighting cocks*, made of pumpkin seeds, and worsted *balls*. To give you an idea of prices, Lou gave twenty dollars for an india rubber round comb for Louly, and \$1.50 for a set of wire knitting needles. I paid \$10 for the *making* of a pr. of leather shoes for little Phillis, and Lou found the material. Men's coarse shoes are \$90. You should see Frank's bill for his yard family, eleven in number.

Lou had a grand present from her friend Jennie Wardlaw yesterday — sausages, chins, hogs-cheese, butter and eggs. By the way, eggs were offered at the door yesterday at five dollars per doz! And yet strange to say, we hear of no real want in Greenville.

I suppose Sherman will not turn the women and children out and burn Savannah as he did Atlanta, but keep it as a base of operations.

How that march through those feminine foes in Georgia will read in History! The cry of those ruined households will sound along the ages, when he might, like our General Lee, have made it so glorious by lenity.

Whatever happens, however, do not think the South gives up for the burning of her cities. The field is too wide for that. It will still be a give-and-take game, while our internal resources are so varied.

By the way, I just heard Frank say, 'Albert, gather me a quantity of poison berries (Pride of India) to make some blacking.' Three cheers for Confederate blacking!

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

GREENVILLE, S. C., August 5th, 1865

If you have rec. all my letters, you will have learned, my dear daughter, that Frank after covering his wagon, and making a whip, borrowed two hundred dollars and went to Charleston

to buy goods. You and Annie who have been purchasing about that amount lately, can fancy the quantity. On his return, he hired *by the week*, an empty store, and he and Willie placed their stock of Eng. goods in a bow window, and glass case, in one corner, with a bag of coffee, some boxes of herring etc. near the door of entrance. It is a large store, well arranged, and it was amusing as well as sad to see the empty shelves beyond. Every evening Willie comes home and hands over his little purse to Frank, and they have as long a talk as when they bought thousands of dollars worth of cotton. One very funny incident occurred in the store, luckily to Frank, and not to Willie. Two girls came in dressed in homespun, with sun-bonnets. They fell into great admiration at the straw hats trimmed with red feathers, which Frank had brought from Charleston, and immediately selecting two, put them on. On asking the price, Frank told them five dollars a piece.

'Wait a bit' said one, and stooping a little, she raised her dress, turned down her stocking and handed out the amount in greenbacks. This is worthy of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

We had no greenbacks in circulation, the garrison having arrived only two days previous, so the greenbacks told their own story.

Frank and Lou and I were driving in Main Street, when the garrison, arriving from the cars, took possession of their quarters. There was no demonstration of feeling of any kind. A gaze of curiosity in the negro population; a grave stolidity in the conquered rebels. They have been here three weeks, and our people walk opposite. By the way, I was saddened by your allusion to Peace celebration, the contrast was so strong. All here was so still, so Poland-like in its cold, stern acquiescence. I hear, however, that 'in fifty years the

South will be proud of the Union.'

Did you know that all the old residences on Ashley River were burned by the Northerners, except Drayton Hall, which was used by them for a small post?

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

1865

I destroyed *my will* yesterday, 'circumstances having altered cases' as the copy book says. Caroline calls it *my won't*. It was with a very peculiar feeling that I ran over the items donated to all of you children and grandchildren, now either in possession of a Northern soldier, or destined to be sold for my temporary support. The silver and your father's college table I shall retain.

I asked Lucas R. in a recent letter, to write you my account of the recovery of her family portraits. We have them here, and Louisa says she is becoming attached to them, as they look at us, some of them sadly mutilated, in our parlor. Gov. Ed. Rutledge we cannot recover. It is probably in some hovel. When the raiders, who came during the armistice, found nothing valuable to them in a box, they threw out the contents to the negroes and women of ill fame who surrounded them. I cannot divine the motive for their cutting the figure of the full-length by Romney from the back-ground, for it required some time to do it. We have it here. The features can all be recognized and the form is entire, but the coloring is almost lost. It has been trodden under foot, in a negro yard, I suppose in mere recklessness or carelessness.

Frank has just returned from his country trip, and there is the usual amount of bustle. I dare not dwell on the idea that we shall never be a united or loving family again. Time is a healer, but the scars are *so* deep! Poland! Poland! Will Frank ever be

Annie's Frank in this world? How he did love her next to his own children!

Frank exchanged his coffee for corn, to a family of maiden ladies and a decrepit old woman in an old fashioned house, and fairly set them dancing with delight. He says it is one of the drollest sights he ever saw, to see the old ladies fly around when they heard the word coffee. He says the corn crops are splendid; no starvation but — no cotton.

Now I have shown you all in these few phrases, can you fancy us as we are? With love to the dear children, your 'owny, downy'

MOTHER

June 2nd, '65

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

I think you will be interested in an account of the Raid in Greenville, which, occurring as it did after the announcement of the armistice, may not be published.

On the 2nd day of May, Louisa, Caroline, the children and myself, seated ourselves at the dinner table, with some pleasant jests on the subject of a roast pig, which Lou had provided, as a great treat, after a long series of bacon. A sense of calm, if not happiness, was shed over us by the thought that our friends were not in mortal combat, and we had full confidence that the flag of truce would be respected. What was our horror, then, to hear a cry from the servants. 'The Yankees are coming.' We sprang from the table, and rushing to the piazza, saw Albert throwing up his arms in a phrenzied manner, calling out 'Lord Jesus, the Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!' Presently a negro man, in a cart, whipping his horse to a full gallop, came tearing along to escape, but in vain; a dozen of the enemy's cavalry came after him and fired. In an instant, almost, his

horse was unharnessed and taken possession of.

Not having any immediate object to pursue, the riders, who were a portion of Stoneman's Brigade, under Major Lawson, turned back and Caroline and I went to the front gate, where she hailed them with 'Have you an officer here?' One of them rode in advance, the rest followed. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'I am Lieut. West.' 'Will you give us a guard?' 'That is not at all necessary. Our men have strict orders to respect private property.' 'But,' I urged, 'there may be stragglers, or your men may become intoxicated. Pray let us have a guard.' 'I assure you, madam, your houses are perfectly safe.'

Caroline ran up the piazza steps, and taking her baby from the nurse's arms, stood by the Lieut. who was on horseback. 'I have heard' she said, 'that some of Sherman's men tore the clothing of infants to strips. Do give me a guard for this one.' The *gallant* Lieut. stooped from his horse, took Clare in his arms, and caressed her under the boughs of the apple tree which reached his head. Our servants, twenty in number, were peeping from every accessible opening. The Lieut. glanced at his followers, and then called to a stolid looking man, and said, 'Shertz, guard this house strictly, and watch the streets. Let none of our men disturb these ladies.' Then giving Clare back to her mother, he added, 'Madam, I have been four years in the war, and I can say I have never injured a woman or child.'

'But,' said I, before he rode away, 'How is it that you come to a place like this, where there are only non-combatants, during the Armistice?' 'Oh, madam,' was the reply, 'The Armistice did not hold after Lincoln's death.' He rode off, promising to look after us. . . .

Shertz took his stand on the piazza. Clusters of horsemen passed, looked,

and rode on without a question, while in other houses they were searching for arms and horses. One man came on foot, while I was leaning over the rails, and demanded coffee. I said I had been without coffee two months. 'I hear you have coffee,' said he, 'and if I find it is so, I'll be damned if I don't burn your house down.' Shertz pointed his musket towards him and he went away.

The Raiders, about two hundred in number, went to Main Street and opened the Commissary Stores, robbed the Bank, pillaged every article from the rooms of the Ladies' Association, and then proceeded to private houses and property. The Refugees from the Coast had put their property in various closed chambers in empty stores three years ago, all over the town. Everything was rifled; books, costly plate, wines, pictures and bed linen thrown into the streets to be picked up by any passer-by. All the afternoon we saw white and black, laden with goods, passing by the house.

At twilight I was on the piazza, when Lieut. W. made his appearance with a stand of U. S. colors. 'I hope you will excuse me, madam,' he said, 'for bringing my flag, which I have captured in the foundry. I hope I don't hurt your feelings,' walking into the parlor and unrolling it. 'I should be very sorry to do so. You will allow me to place it here,' extending the flag staff along the high, old fashioned mantel, and letting the colors spread out at full, against the wall.

'We are in your power, and of course you must do as you choose,' I replied.

He sat down to supper, we remaining near, but not joining. Louisa waited on him, but did not sit. After some remarks he said, 'Will you tell me, ladies, why we engaged in the war?' After a pause Lou said, 'to subjugate us and free our slaves.'

'You never were more mistaken,' said he. 'We do not want to subjugate you, nor do we want to touch a negro or your institution. The U. S. only wants her own territory, and she will have it.' 'Ah,' said he, looking up to a youth about seventeen, who entered the door, 'Here is one of my boys, Mr. Simpson. I hope you will give him some supper. He is a perfect gentleman.'

The 'perfect gentleman' had just thrown off a broadcloth cloak which we afterwards heard he had stolen from the Rev. Dr. Boyce, at the same time taking his watch. He wore a new velvet waistcoat which he had taken from a locked trunk of Mr. Burckmeyer's, that was under Dr. B's care. Immediately, on being seated, the 'perfect gentleman' said, 'Well, Lieut., how many Rebs have you bagged to-day?' 'None,' was the answer, 'but I captured a splendid number of guns, and a stand of colors at the foundry.' . . .

Starting up, the Lieut. said they were 'under orders to be off in an hour. But Gen. Brown,' he added, 'will be here with five thousand men at twelve o'clock to-night.' So they departed, taking our friend Shertz with them.

We none of us undressed for several nights, but Gen. Brown did not appear.

Two young ladies here, pretty girls, had no matron to protect them, so one of them, only fifteen years old, but quite an adept in masquerade, dressed herself like an old woman. Fifteen privates went to their house and demanded supper. She waved her hand with great dignity and said to a servant 'Give these men their supper in the kitchen.' They obeyed her orders. When they enquired for fire-arms she told a servant to bring the poker and shovel, and ordered about her elder sister with a severe manner of authority.

The Lamb family had eight hundred dollars in gold and all their jewelry,

diamonds included, taken from a wagon on the road where they were sending them for security.

The Raiders pointed a pistol at Mrs. Forsyth's little son, eight years old, and called him a little Rebel. The child, who has a nervous temperament, fell insensible, and has never recovered from the shock.

I did not mention that almost every lady in Greenville had on two suits of clothes to save them. I put Mr. Jervy's new silk over an alpaca. Fortunately the weather was cool.

So ends the history of the Greenville Raid, which occurred, as I wrote before, *during an Armistice.*

YOUR LOVING MOTHER

Thirty thousand dollars in gold was taken from the Bank — 'private property.'

GREENVILLE, S. C., Sept. 17

MY DEAR ELIZA: —

Fearing that my letter of 15th may not have reached you, I write again to express my sympathy with your happiness, and approval of your choice. May the anxiety of the past settle into gentle domestic calm. My wedding day was 14th.

Frank has returned from another of his terrible journeys for goods. Willie has an assistant behind the counter in Huger Smith, Eliza Mason Smith's third son, who is to receive a dollar per day. I saw his brother Robert volunteer to bring heavy boxes into the store with the drayman. He hauls wood for the use of his family.

Mrs. Williman has not a servant left, and Mrs. Pyot, one of the wealthiest women in Charleston, with an infant, does her own cooking. These are specimens.

The negroes appear to think that even if they receive wages, besides their old privileges, they are not free as long as they are with their old masters,

and you see them leaving their comfortable homes and living in miserable shanties, often seeking a day's work for food.

On the other hand, there was a Saturday picnic yesterday, where they gathered, in their Sunday clothes, and they have a school with a colored teacher.

Since the announcement of their freedom in our yard, we have not heard Albert's old Methodist hymns at his work, and Handy, who said he would 'like to be sworn at,' because it made him more 'perticular,' has been surly and disrespectful, although his wife has just given birth to a little freeman. The policy among them will be to get to the Coast, and Frank's idea is that it is best, as it seems to be theirs, ultimately to part.

I mentioned rice fields. . . . Does it seem possible to you that in this State we should not have had any rice on our table for five months? It will probably be imported for some time to come, from the old world.

YOUR OWN MOTHER

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 12, '65

MY DEAR ELIZA:—

I closed my last Greenville letter just a month ago. On the morning of the 14th, Frank, Lou, and all the children rose at four o'clock and sat down to the last breakfast to be prepared for us by the family servants. And a nice breakfast it was, and bountifully did Lou supply our meals for the journey. Kissing the whites and shaking hands with the blacks, we departed at six.

One of the saddest spectacles on our way was the gangs of negroes, with weird, tired, hungry faces, going coastwise to take 'possession of the lands.' Many of them, most of them, leaving comfortable homes and kind masters. But what of that?

It occupied us seven hours to reach Columbia. How gladly I would have escaped what may now be called Sherman's Desolation. Scarcely a farm house, not an elegant and hospitable plantation residence on the way, all ruin, ruin; and in Columbia the last rays of twilight were on the ruins. We were glad to leave early in the morning and start on the car for home, *Home!*

In 1858 I journeyed with a coffin, where was laid my love and earthly hope, and came *home*. In 1865 I journeyed with the dead South, and came *home*.

I found by G. Howard's kindness a furnished bedroom and parlor and Laura Geddings had superintended Caroline's room, by her request, which looks fresh and bridal. It was interesting to see the remnants of the past. Your father's Bust unharmed during four years of destruction, looking so calm, that it filled me with a sense of sacred repose. The Apollo and Diana, in their classical beauty, gave me welcome.

One great event took place. James unearthed the box he had buried in 1861, which contained the beautiful tea set Frank gave me, the glass finger bowls and various toilette keepsakes from friends. Mr. Dodge's pretty inlaid vase was ruined, also window transparencies and everything of woodwork, but strange to say, amid mould and destruction, at the bottom of the box, the framework fallen to pieces, and seemingly exposed to every possible injury, Annie Loring's face looked up with its young loveliness, unharmed.

My books, private papers, and pictures are all stolen. The pillagers must have had some object beside robbery in their selection. Everything valuable as an autograph is gone.

You remember the eight little white books your father inscribed for me and seemed so fond of; they are gone.

James came a fortnight ahead of us, laid the carpets and prepared the bedding, and we had every reason, when placing our heads on our pillows, to thank God for a home.

Soon after my arrival Mr. Stebbens called and sympathized with me in my plans for restoring the Cemetery. I was fortunate in securing a gardener, who was engaged to clear the four years débris and overgrowth for eighty dollars. I have pledged fifty of Louisa Loring's, and Mr. Stebbens promises thirty. Other persons will doubtless help on the good work. I could not help thinking yesterday, as I saw the flowers look up and smile when the superincumbent weight and decay and

ruin were removed, that they set us a good example politically. But then, flowers have no memory.

And now a new era in my life has begun. My prayer for usefulness has thus far been granted. Perhaps my heaviest trial may come when that ceases.

One of my favorite poems has it,—

At sixty-two life is begun,
At *seventy-two* begin once more;
Fly swifter as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four;
For life well spent is ever new,
And years anointed younger grow.

In life or in death, dear child,
YOUR OWN MOTHER

THE FIRST HANGING AT MULINUU

BY VERNON KELLOGG

THE scaffold alone had cost six hundred marks. And that represented so many pounds of copra that all Samoa was mightily impressed. So the island song-makers made new *meles* to be sung in the great village boats as they would be merrily rowed to Mulinuu on the festal day, and the traders enjoyed a brisk run on their rolls of brightest *lava-lava* prints.

The whole affair had grown out of such an insignificant matter—simply the killing of one of the German firm's imported Solomon Island laborers by Fafelé of the Motoola Road village of Tanugamono. In the first place, the somewhat disfigured deceased was so obviously not a white man that it seemed strange that the high chief foreigners should interest themselves

at all in the matter. And in the second place, he was equally obviously not a Samoan, with sympathies for the king last deposed, or perhaps for the next to last, so that the affair plainly touched no question of politics.

Inexplicable as it was, however, it was no less certain that the German Consul had demanded of King Malietoa that the murderer be hanged, and the hanging, whatever new and interesting experience that might prove to be, was to be achieved in the kingly village of Mulinuu. Stretching out into the lazy ocean, Mulinuu Point, narrow, low, and almost awash with the gleaming sea-water, but superbly covered with graceful coconut palms, was the abode of the native king and high

chiefs and the seat of the highest native official functions.

There had been a trial before the King. The pleasant-faced murderer, wearing a brilliant new lava-lava, listened interestedly to the interpreter of the German firm who recounted the charge against him. He even waved aside the unnecessary verbiage of the 'talking man' to confess simply: —

'Yes, I killed him. Why not? He was in my taro patch.'

He had followed with some surprise and astonishment the German Consul's positive words, as interpreted with much gesture and emphasis by the official talking man, concerning the enormity of the crime of murder. King Malietoa, dignified and impassive, himself raised his eyes wonderingly at the new vehemence of the high chief Consul.

When the King was ready to pass sentence, he even explained severely to the accused how bad a man he had been, and how very wrong it is to kill people, even black and kinky-haired Solomon Islanders. And then he sentenced the always interested and now large-eyed criminal to three months' imprisonment in jail and a fine of two hundred marks.

The prisoner smiled pleasantly and humbly begged to be pardoned for putting His Majesty to all this trouble, thanked him for his so-improving words, and turned to go. But the Consul, with purple face, and exploding disgust and anger, hurriedly conferred with Malietoa, who quickly made a sign for all to wait. Then he further signed that all should withdraw a little, while he and the Consul had a short but pointed conference.

The Consul wasted few words in making it plain that such a sentence was absurd, and that death by hanging was the only sufficient punishment for the crime of murder. With the plain

intimation in his ears that if he did not condemn the murderer to the gallows the German Governor would find cause for interposition in the matter, with the certain result of the hanging of the murderer and in addition the curtailment of the judicial functions of His Majesty, King Malietoa reconvened the court.

Briefly explaining that the high chief foreign Consul had kindly pointed out to him a slight error in judicial procedure, he reconsidered the sentence already passed, and pronounced a new one — to wit, that Fafelé of Tanugamono should, for the crime of murder duly confessed, be hanged by the neck until dead, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul. Fafelé, still pleasantly interested, but a bit larger of eye, again cordially thanked His Majesty for his courteous attention to the humble affairs of a faithful subject, and quietly walked away with the Chief of Police.

Hanging-day at Mulinuu! Under the swaying palms, curved of trunk and shaggy of top, the humming of a multitude; the soft liquids and quick rippling laughter of the brown men and women; the steady low chattering of the little kinky-haired blacks and the serious gutturals and nasals of the small group of Germans, Americans, and English. All Apia and its neighboring villages and plantations — officials, traders, planters, free Samoans, and serf Solomon Islanders — were there. And from Vailele and Vaitele, and the other half-dozen little villages of mushroom houses that huddle under the tossing palms and heavy bread-fruits along the shore line of Upolu, had come the long village boats, each with its score of rowers and score more of passengers, all in festal dress and all singing, ever singing, as they slipped easily along in the safe green water of

their aquatic roadway between shore and protecting barrier-reef.

Mulinuu Point was overrun with the spectators of the hanging — or of whatever was to be the spectacle. Those careless laughing faces certainly betrayed no fear or anxiety of the outcome. There would be some speeches by the talking men, the King would receive the homage and the gifts of his scattered villages, and then would be brought forth those five great trade-chests filled with fine mats and *tapas*, with chickens and octopuses, bread-fruit and taro, to be given to the chattering little group of Solomon Islanders in full satisfaction for one black boy murdered. Ah! that was the open secret of all the Samoans present; that was why the hanging was to be celebrated merrily. It was only after much general protest by the people and long days of steady speech by the tireless talking men that the gift-chests had been filled. So much to give for one black boy! But no memory of this remained in the careless minds of the brown men, and it was only as a show and a chance to visit with cousins and friends from the various separated villages that the hanging was now regarded.

But the murmur hushes near the scaffold, where the press is closest, and the hush spreads quickly out to the fringes of the crowd. And as the babble of voices dies away the constant throbbing roar and beat of the ocean on the outer reef rules for the moment; the foaming line of the repulsed breakers catches the eye as one looks out across the shallow green inner water to the limitless blue reaches beyond the reef. A gleaming white tropic bird sails slowly in from the ocean, over the highest palms and on and up, ever with motionless wing, over the very top of Mount Vaea itself. With the bird, one's eyes turn inland.

Lifting high above Mulinuu is Stevenson's grave-mountain, its steep slopes lush with tropic bush and forest, on its shoulder the heavy low tomb, made like a Samoan chieftain's, of the man who came to these brown men as one of themselves, so tuned was his heart to their simple, manly ways.

With the steady low roar of the surge mingles another voice. The talking man of Tanugamono, Fafelé's village, is introducing the five trade-chests of gifts from the Samoans to the black men. Leaning on his tall staff, a fresh white lava-lava around his brown loins, and a wreath of fragrant peppers about his naked neck and breast, old Manua is making one of his most florid efforts. With an introduction, in choicest 'mijinery' language, of thankfulness for all the blessings enjoyed by Samoa from the hand of a gracious Providence, he passes by skillful modulation to the specific interest of the occasion. He speaks long and he speaks loud, but even such a glorious opportunity for the exercise of that fascinating thing, speech-making, must have its period. With a brilliant peroration, the great expiatory gift is formally offered. Sensation and satisfaction among the brown men of Upolu!

A small, disreputable, frizzly-haired black arises. In few words and expressive gestures he refuses the gifts and suggests that the hanging proceed.

Sensation and dismay among the brown men of Upolu! Here was an impossible possibility become real. Fafelé glanced dubiously at the swinging rope. A thousand eyes followed his glance. If the hanging were really to go forward, things might be very uncomfortable for Fafelé. A new murmur joined the always present deeper murmur of the tireless waters breaking on the distant reef.

Then the German Consul stepped forward and, addressing Malietoa,

spoke to this meaning: What has so far been done in this matter is well. Justice and its official expression, law, rule in Samoa. Malietoa has made his people understand what heinous manner of crime murder is, and he is now in the very act, so to speak, of dealing out with pitying but unyielding hand the only sufficient punishment for it, death by hanging. All Upolu sees this and recognizes the justice of it, and so do the official representatives of that great nation, Germany, which stands as the benevolent protector of Upolu. Justice is the intention and the will of all. The majesty of the law is unquestioned. It is very good. Let us add mercy to justice. Let the first hanging at Mulinuu be remembered by an act of kingly clemency. As representative of the great Emperor of Germany and her colonies, among which Upolu is a bright particular ocean gem, and on immediate behalf of the German Governor of Upolu, he respectfully suggests that King Malietoa commute the death sentence of Fafelé to the next most severe punishment. Renewed sensation and renewed satisfaction among the listening multitudes at Mulinuu!

The King arises. It is indeed good. *Fa'afe'tai, fa'afe'tai, tele lava* (thank you, thank you in the highest) for the chiefly suggestion. Let Fafelé attend. Let the people hear. The sentence of Fafelé, murderer of a small black Solomon Islander, is commuted from hanging to imprisonment in the jail for three months with payment of two hundred marks fine.

General cheerfulness among the brown men of Upolu, including Fafelé. Consternation on the face of the representative of the Emperor of Germany!

Again, as at the trial, comes a hurried conference between the humble representative of overseas civilization and the sovereign king of a tropic isle.

And again, as at the trial, Malietoa thanks the Consul for his just correction, and announces to his expectant and pleasant-faced people, standing in glistening brown ranks about the scaffold, a revision of the sentence. Fafelé shall serve fourteen years at hard labor and pay a fine of four hundred marks.

The pleasant-facedness of the glistening brown ranks remains unmodified. No sudden and violent death for Fafelé — that is the point. 'Hard labor' — well, that is a phrase not in the bright lexicon of Samoan life and cannot be understood at this first coining of it. And whether it is to be hard labor for fourteen years or twice fourteen, it is life — life under the full warm sunlight of tropic days, and under the soft twinkling of the slowly turning Southern Cross, by night; life with the ears full of the rustling of great palm fronds, the singing of the coral sands as the lapping waves grind them up and down the beach, and the throbbing giant pulse of the breaking swell on the outer reef.

So the brown men and women of Upolu, in their gaudiest lava-lavas and with their smooth skins all ashine with coconut oil, come away from the hanging at Mulinuu in great good-humor.

And now Fafelé at hard labor! On the beach road from Apia to Mulinuu, that most favored and frequented of Apia promenades, along which all the happy Samoan world drifts, chatting and laughing, are two men in restful, if rather ungraceful, squatting attitude. One has the uniform of office, obviously a member of the native soldiery or constabulary, a conspicuous figure and pridefully self-conscious of it. The other is Fafelé. They say *tofa* (good-bye) to a mutual friend who has been making a long gossip call, just

as the heavy German doctor, in vast expanse of well-laundered white, comes down the road. The mutual friend strolls on, the royal guard shoulders his gun, and Fafelé taps lightly with a shining new hammer on a bit of coral rock between his knees. The full-rigged doctor, beating slowly to windward, comes up and on, and disappears down the coast. The tapping ceases and the gun comes to a 'lean-against-tree' position. Two long tapering cigarettes, with dry banana-leaf wrapper and crumpled-up home-grown filler, come from their penholder-like rest above the ears, and prisoner and guard resume again their serene contemplation of tropic sky and sea.

Meantime Malietoa is worried. Twenty marks a month from the kingly income — there is no national treasury — goes in salary to the uniformed man, and a varying sum for breadfruit, taro, and coconuts must be paid to keep the prisoner alive. The uniform, too, — envy of all Upolu, not excepting, I fear, royalty itself, — Malietoa well knows is charged on trader Moors's books to him; and how many pounds off from his copra credit that means he can only shudderingly guess. So when Wailua, a responsible and respected citizen of Vai-vai village, owner of many coconut trees and of the largest fish-seine on the island, appeared one day to make a formal proposition to take over the prisoner Fafelé, now serving fourteen years' sentence at hard labor, as his bondman and serf, said Fafelé to haul said Wailua's seine and gather his coconuts, for which service said Wailua will

'find' the prisoner and be responsible for his detention, the King, with gleeful heart, though impassive countenance, gave ready ear.

The negotiations were brief and satisfactory to both sides — aye, indeed to all three sides, for Fafelé, although without voice in the decision, had much voice, albeit indulged discreetly, in the expressions of satisfaction. Life under a shady breadfruit tree on the Apia-Mulinuu beach road, with a shining new hammer with which to tap lightly and intermittently on coral rocks, is all right, if sufficient food comes. But economical Malietoa was making each roasted breadfruit last longer and longer, while as for pig or tinned salmon, no taste or smell! And Wailua, who was own brother-in-law to Fafelé, — it is odd how little knowledge of native family relationships the German authorities have, — was known to cover his banana-leaf tablecloths with an unusual luxury of food.

So finally Fafelé, murderer, hero of the first hanging at Mulinuu, cynosure of the chatting, laughing promenaders of Apia beach, and only prisoner at hard labor in all Samoa, disappears from our view. For Vai-vai village is not on the beach, and what manner of life Fafelé may lead in the household of his brother-in-law, Wailua, is well screened by the great grove of coconuts, bananas, and breadfruits in which this quiet little hamlet nestles. But I have heard that he hopes earnestly to be granted life to serve his sentence out. For Wailua loves his wife, and is a merciful jailor to his wife's brother.

ART AND THE X-RAY

BY ALAN BURROUGHS

I

THE audience reached by a short story, 'La Dame qui a perdu son peintre,' written in 1907 by Paul Bourget, cannot be extensive; the satire of the tale and the edge to its Gallic politeness have been appreciated chiefly by readers who are familiar with the writings and methods of art experts. For myself, engaged in the study of paintings, the story has an inescapable point, telling as it does the history of a forgery and its acceptance by all concerned, even by the poor student who painted it — and especially by the 'famous critic' who has a 'scientific method' at his finger-tips.

The so-called 'scientific method,' delicately lampooned in Bourget's story, is a by-product of the 'emotional method,' which simmers down to sublimated guesswork. A single date or incident grows oversize and bears a startling crop of supposed 'facts'; slight resemblances lead to shockingly definite comparisons. Among recent examples is the well-reviewed volume on Rembrandt which states as a fact that only fifty or so of the large number of paintings attributed to the master are genuine. Trivial resemblances furnished the critic in this instance with a devastating method. The fact that the nose and high cheek-bones of 'The Old Lady Paring Her Nails' (owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art) seem to resemble those features in the old ladies painted by Nicolas Maes was deemed sufficient reason for announcing Maes

as the author of the famous picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which contains many of the moving characteristics — the weight and bulk of form, conviction of design and gesture, simplicity and disposition of light — that are clear in Rembrandt's mature work. Other Dutch painters of the time might possibly have achieved something similar in breadth, but not Maes, who has signed himself as the tight little painter of sentimental genre.

This volume has been discussed half a dozen times by reviewers who regret the author's shortsightedness; my point is merely to remind the reader of a clear-cut *reductio ad absurdum* in recent criticism. More insight, more inspiration, perhaps — but that incident is in the past; and inspiration alone would be no guaranty of rightness.

Information is the essential, and the means of obtaining facts are the fundamental elements in serviceable criticism.

The student of style can be misled by restorations on a picture, his scholarly inferences being rendered useless by lack of information in regard to the physical conditions wherein an expert picture-restorer revels. He needs other means, an extra aid to study, which will simplify his material and sort out the important details. His critical labors deserve some method which will remove the hazard involved in trusting chiefly to matters of taste

and feeling. And there is not a genuine critic who would refuse such help were it offered to him.

Ever since Crowe and Cavalcaselle began their systematic study of Italian painting, the work of the connoisseur has been approaching such accuracy as a jury of laymen can understand, whatever their æsthetic equipment may be. Documented facts have been used with greater frequency, of course; the unemotional camera has enlarged the critic's field; lately the X-ray has been found useful. An experienced eye may pick out with accuracy the repaints on a painting, but much more reliable is the machine, which depends, in its workings, solely on physical fact. And if that machine can reveal the hidden mannerisms of former artists, how much value it may have in the hands of a student capable of using it.

It is not necessary to defend the use of a machine in a matter so linked with questions of taste and feeling. The following account of recent experiments will show that at least one student has found a firmer basis for his opinions through the use of a method more fundamentally scientific.

II

Dr. Faber in Germany, Dr. Heilbron in Amsterdam, and Dr. André Cheron in Paris began experiments with the X-ray on paintings some years ago. Their conclusions were not made available for general use, nor did they examine all the possibilities in their grasp, judging by published accounts; their work was tentative. From the layman's point of view it was fascinating, but not conclusive. From the art critic's point of view it was too technical, and possibly damaging, for it seemed incredible that a machine could ascertain information which a student could not see for himself, and that

light which could penetrate pigments would not affect the pigments themselves.

The experiments performed by the writer on paintings from the collection of the Fogg Museum at Harvard University, and undertaken under the supervision of Mr. Edward W. Forbes, have carried on the work to a point from which it is possible to answer the criticism directed against earlier experiments, at the same time proving that the X-ray can be developed into a valuable addition to the connoisseur's equipment. As Dr. Cheron and Dr. Heilbron pointed out, this development involves the detection of repaints. Also it goes further and involves a new method for studying the materials used by artists and the manner of employing those materials, the antiquity or genuineness of paintings, and in some cases the authorship.

The use of the X-ray in examining old paintings is based on the familiar fact that a sensitized film will record the shadows of material objects according to their opacity to the ray. The developed film is a shadowgraph, containing the story of the densities of the various substances which go to make an old painting. That the recorded densities are complex must be understood. Each shadow on the film represents a mixture of pigment, perhaps a worked-over outline, varying thicknesses of painted areas, holes in the front surface or the back, or a heavy preparation for the surface that has been covered with paint. For convenience the total density of the complete picture can be divided into three parts: the surface paint, the ground or preparation for painting, and the backing — whether wood, canvas, copper, paper, or what not. The degree of excellence of the shadowgraph depends on the relative values of these three levels of materials. If the density of

the pigment is greater than the density of the other two general factors, the detail of pigment is clear. If the ground is much heavier than both paint and backing, the ground shows well. The efficiency of the X-ray is no greater for the whole picture than it is for the most dense substance used in its making. Thus a heavy ground of white lead complicates accurate study of a picture's backing by this method. Fortunately, however, white-lead grounds are not common except in the more modern paintings; and when encountered they are frequently not so thick but that some detail in the variations of pigment is visible. Panels of wood an inch in thickness, 'cradled' with strips of wood on the back to prevent warping, and prepared with a coat of gesso less than an eighth of an inch in thickness, are the heaviest materials likely to be met in X-raying old pictures. Because of the density of old paints, however, such thicknesses of ground and backing are not too great for study. Well-dried wood has little density; and gesso is not so dense as Naples yellow, for example; strokes of old paint on top of such materials register on the film consistently.

Hedged round by variables, the student must take care in 'reading' the shadowgraphs. Any one film cannot be compared with another without running the risk of confusion among less important details. Conditions, one can easily imagine, are never exactly the same for two pictures, since similar strokes of paint on slightly dissimilar surfaces will not appear alike on the X-ray film. Subtle variations in density and thickness, differences due to the kind of wood, the composition of the ground, the age of the materials, and the treatment they have experienced in the course of many years, all affect the visible form of the shadowgraph. What comparisons are made

must be between general conditions as they exist in one film and as they exist — slightly different in scale of light and shade — in another picture. Each painting examined imposes its own set of conditions.

The first step in the experiments undertaken under the supervision of the Fogg Museum proved that the X-ray has no physical effect on pictures. Three charts of colors — one containing pigments prepared according to the formulas of Cennino Cennini and considered typical of tempera painting, one containing samples of oil paints covered by glazes in the Venetian manner, and one containing a miscellaneous assortment of colors such as are on the market to-day, some mixed and others pure — were exposed for a long period to a powerful ray which 'dosed' the paints with about half a million times more exposure than is necessary to take a sufficiently exposed shadowgraph. There has been no change visible between the charts so exposed and the duplicate charts not exposed to the ray. This tends to bear out the opinions of authoritative physicists who have said there is nothing in the X-ray to affect the materials of which pictures are made and no need to fear damage to paintings in the process of X-raying. Furthermore, none of the hundred-odd paintings exposed has shown the slightest damage or faintest suggestion of change.

The preparatory experiments over, the work began to show more positive results. Of the sixty pictures painted on wood panels, either in a tempera or in an oil medium, in the technique of the Italian Renaissance, five were suspected on æsthetic grounds of being imitations, and six others were known to have been done by students working in the technique of Cennini as taught at the Fogg Museum. Not only were the X-rays of the five imitations beyond

question different from those of the remaining pictures in this group of sixty, but the student work also showed definite characteristics peculiar to itself.

Two of the imitations examined were clearly painted on wood eaten by worms *before* the pictures were made! Another proved to be a clever combination of an old panel containing traces of old paint and modern surface-paint, applied with such skill as to create the impression of a creditable fifteenth-century portrait. The history of this last-mentioned painting is known to the Fogg Museum — it is preserved as an example of modern skill in an old technique. The shadowgraph told the story well and added a few items to the information available, revealing that the artist had taken pains to use a mineral red similar to the old reds and had avoided the use of pure-white pigment. Skillful as his work was, the X-ray showed in a moment that he was a modern workman and not an old master or even an old-time apprentice.

Using the X-rays of the five imitations as a basis for further comparisons, the experimenter discovered another modern imitation of an old panel, so cleverly executed in the Sienese manner of the fourteenth century that connoisseurs hesitated to believe it a forgery, in spite of information to that effect which they had direct from the agent who brought the picture to this country. The painting was X-rayed, and was found wanting; the modern paints refused to register, except for traces of the whites (lead or zinc compounds), and the workmanship was exposed as being fundamentally illogical and amateurish. The cracks in the surface, the familiar marks of age, the resistance of the paint to other simple tests, the tone and style, indicated a work of art genuinely old; but the X-ray searched out facts. What better proof of efficiency than this?

It is worth remarking that none of the other paintings X-rayed showed characteristics similar to those of the panels suspected of being forgeries. In other words, the experimenter is convinced that the shadowgraph will settle the matter of modern faking beyond dispute.

The reader might imagine that old colors employed most craftily could duplicate the effects of old pictures. Ideally it may be possible. But actually, judging by the tests next undertaken, the forger or copier cannot duplicate *every* condition of age throughout his work. Taking for comparison old paintings and copies made as accurately as possible by students, the X-ray again sorted out the old from the modern, in spite of the fact that the copiers had in every case attempted to prepare their colors in the fifteenth-century way and to follow, step by step, the method habitual to Renaissance artists. A single example of this sort would not carry much weight. But when six pairs of examples, no two of which are the same in treatment or in actual conditions, produce consistent results leading to the very same conclusion, conviction comes as a matter of course. The original paintings used for this experiment differ as widely as the Annunciation by Andrea Vanni and the Crucifixion by Simone Martini — the first being large in scale, painted on a thick poplar panel riddled by worms, and the second being miniature-like, on a hardwood panel now only an eighth of an inch thick. The copies of these two originals showed similar characteristics when X-rayed: that is, the newly applied pigments appeared milky in the shadowgraph, or as if they were seen through water. The copiers' technique lacked firmness, especially in underpainting.

A pinnacle by Ambrogio Lorenzetti — matched by an excellent copy true

to the original in detail, even to the extent of reproducing scratches and abrasions — showed under the X-ray a clarity of intention and design which is unhesitatingly set down as characteristic of a master artist. In the copy the outlines betrayed a hesitating hand, the brushwork trailed off in niggling strokes, the colors showed an unequal distribution. Another copy of this painting revealed the same conditions to a different degree, and it was perfectly evident that the two copies were not from the same student, even though on the surface they appeared very much alike. Remember, if you please, that to the eye, unaided by the X-ray, these details are obscured. Only by means of the shadowgraph does the actual construction of both original and copy become evident; the X-ray brings to view the material details which form a style.

The general scheme of the next series of experiments covered Byzantine painting, Italian painting on canvas, Northern painting on wood, and Northern work on canvas. The division was intended to simplify the material somewhat according to the natural differences. The X-ray continued to furnish example after example of interest to the student. Gradually the proof began to accumulate, pointing unmistakably to the authentication of pictures by comparison of tricks of technique between known and unknown pictures, paintings documented past mistake and those attributed on æsthetic grounds or believed doubtful. I will list a few subjects from the many studied at the Fogg Museum: a fourteenth-century Lamentation; a Sienese panel, painted on both sides, of the same century; a triptych by Bernardo Daddi; panels by Girolamo di Benvenuto, Pier Francesco Fiorentino, Pinturicchio, Jacobello del Fiore, Pacchiarotto, Cosimo Tura, Lorenzo di Credi, Peselino, Bernardino di Mariotto, and many others,

the X-rays of which will serve at some future date as a basis for comparison with other paintings, perhaps by the same masters. This very sketchy list shows the range of Italian painting studied in the experiments.

III

It is too soon to announce definite mannerisms characteristic of old artists, as disclosed by the X-ray. Nevertheless they are there, waiting only for more detailed study. One notes tricks of drawing — I mean the preparatory drawing, which is hidden from the eye by surface paint — in the shadowgraph; or methods of underpainting; brush strokes that cannot be seen on the surface; thinness or thickness of paint; changes in the composition during the progress of the picture; peculiarities of material — from 'ground' to choice of pigments. A study head, ascribed to Correggio, revealed fine brushwork under the X-ray. Although we lack other Correggio shadowgraphs to compare with the Fogg Museum picture, it is, nevertheless, plausible to set down this study as an original work by the master, because of the dash of the strokes, the simplicity and directness of the modeling, and the character in the slightest touch of pigment; a fine technique is indicated in every shadow of the X-ray film. The Holy Family by Polidoro da Lanciano also contains characteristics clearly marked in the shadowgraph; incidentally, Saint Jerome, who now sits in the foreground on the same plane as the Virgin, once was farther back in the picture, where his smaller figure could not have brought about the balance desired by the artist in his finished work. Tintoretto's brushwork shows rigidly in the underpainting of the picture lent to the Fogg Museum. And the head by Passerotti, the portrait of a woman by Badile, and

several other canvases of about the same period show underpaintings of different and individual kinds.

I do not hesitate to announce something more definite in regard to repaints on old pictures. Here is an immediate and most practical result of the experiments at the Fogg Museum, for the points raised by the X-ray have been corroborated in several instances by the information assembled by the Museum from picture-restorers and connoisseurs. And, the best of final proofs, a painting has been cleaned after being X-rayed, so that the evidence of the shadowgraph can be matched by the actual condition of the picture. Cracks, holes, blisters that have been laid, new parts that have been added, — like the strip of wood at the edge of the Pinturicchio, — new figures in the composition, retouching in spots, changes of any kind, can all be revealed in the X-ray film. After comparing a painting and its shadowgraph inch by inch, one can determine its exact condition and reconstruct the mutations to which the work has been subjected. Omissions count in the X-ray of the picture; cracks which appear true enough on the surface may not occur in the old pigment at all, or vice versa; false wormholes are shown false by their shallowness; chips and scratches may be revealed beneath the present surface.

Let me illustrate the practicality of the X-ray in detecting repaints by describing a portrait owned in New York and sent to the Fogg Museum for testing. A pretty face looked coquettishly out of a dark ground — delicate in shape, blonde in color, and altogether much too frivolous to be of the seventeenth century, as it had been catalogued. The face seemed like repaint, but the lace collar might have been painted by Pourbus the Younger, to whom the portrait had been ascribed.

The owners hesitated to clean it, for fear of losing what little remained in the way of portrait. An X-ray test was made, and on the strength of the shadowgraph's evidence the picture was cleaned. Off came the pretty face and the messy background. In place of curving lips, sidelong-glancing eyes, and rounded cheeks appeared a masculine-looking face — a woman's face full of energy, with a generous mouth, large nose, bold eyes staring directly at the spectator, and a pointed jaw. This is identically the face revealed in the shadowgraph. Even the chip lost from the forehead was foretold by the X-ray. And, more yet, the panel was shown to have been remounted in a larger panel — inlaid in a manner the restorer could not possibly have foreseen.

Again I wish to call attention to the fact that these are not isolated instances. Another painting, X-rayed before cleaning, prepared the restorer to find a much scaled old surface beneath repaint, and a better picture. Formerly attributed to Raeburn, this painting, even in its somewhat damaged condition (which was obviously the reason for repainting it), can now be called a Raeburn with some degree of assurance.

No better illustration of the subtlety of the X-ray need be found than the case of a Flemish panel painted on both sides and attributed to Gerard David. The X-ray shows that this thin oak board has been painted *twice* on each side; that it is not a question of old and modern paint, but one of change of subject within a few years of its origin. The front of the panel has been altered but slightly; the hands, which are folded piously in a lower corner of the picture, have been moved from a forward position — and an awkward one — to the 'profile'; the neck line of the robe on the figure has been

shifted; and the head of the figure has been redone, covering a corner of the robe of the Bishop who attends the figure of the 'donor.' Who this donor was can be read in the inscription on the back. But that too has been changed. The lines of lettering are revealed on top of a crest; the monogram 'J K' contrasts with the monogram beneath the surface paint—'F B.' The coat of arms visible to the eye covers another coat of arms, simpler in form and resolving the quartering per pale to a simple case of a quartered shield. The explanation is fairly evident. A member of the Van der Burg family earlier than the Joost Van der Burg whose name appears in the inscription had this panel painted for himself; his initials were F. B. Whatever his relationship to the later owner, he must have lived before the date 1496 was added on the back, the probability being that he lived at least a generation before. That probability is strengthened by the difference in the painting of the two pairs of hands mentioned as being in a corner of the front surface. The gnarled realism of the earlier hands matches well with the painting of the Bishop's face, which differs from the more recent painting in the donor's face. For the connoisseur to attempt to solve the riddle of attribution for this painting, without knowledge of these details that were shown in the X-ray, would be an impossible task.

IV

There are several conclusions to be made. The first deals entirely with materials, and may be put in the form of the statement that paintings in oil and tempera, on wood, canvas, and other materials, are analyzable in the X-ray film. They may be studied from the point of view of condition, with the

purpose of ascertaining their genuineness. They may also be studied from the point of view of connoisseurship, with the purpose of attributing their workmanship to some definite artist.

Mention should be made of another group of experiments, dealing with a Græco-Roman painting in wax, a painting in oil on copper, an illuminated manuscript, the cover of an old book on the inside of which was attached a paste print, etchings, and a drawing. Since the experiments were forced to a temporary close, it was not possible to make much headway in the fields suggested in this list. But enough was accomplished to prove the wide possibilities of the X-ray as a means of study.

At present the connoisseur with a working knowledge of X-ray technique may confidently assume that some facts, for lack of which connoisseurship has been limited, can be proved in so plain a manner that the layman can appreciate their existence. Matters of personal opinion need not, therefore, be the sole groundwork for the study of art, and contradictions may sometimes be settled by leaving the matter to the unemotional machine.

Obviously the X-ray is no cure-all; nor is it an infallible method for determining all the truth in a moment. Under some unfavorable conditions—the presence of very dense matter in either the ground or the backing of a picture, for instance—it may be considered useless. As far as personal experience goes, the X-ray is also open to misinterpretation, to the same degree that medical X-rays can be wrongly read. But these drawbacks do not prevent the machine from serving the art expert or student who keeps before him all the variables that complicate his work. In the course of

further experimenting it seems inevitable that judgments which necessarily are the outcome of sensitive comparisons will be based more and more on physical facts, plainly understood through the penetrating power of the X-ray.

The immediate future may disclose still more facts. How convenient to know, for instance, whether the X-ray will record the age of wood accurately; what may be the shadowgraph difference between coats of paint applied two years apart, or twenty or fifty years apart; whether the age of canvas may be told by study of its weaving as disclosed by the X-ray; whether there is a consistent difference between pigments used in the 1805-1880 period and pigments manufactured to-day; whether the X-ray tells anything

definite about the 'secret' of early Flemish technique.

If the experiments conducted at the Fogg Museum had no other result than to prove the shadowgraph difference between a twentieth-century picture and a Renaissance painting, the work would have great value. Every museum and every collector knows how easily one may be cheated with forgeries. But when the experiments bring up the possibility of answering even one or two of the questions put in the paragraph above, the work deserves a few commendatory adjectives. Although mysterious waves and sensitive film can never supplant æsthetic judgment, they can add largely to the knowledge on which such judgment is based. That is the value of the X-ray in connoisseurship.

MODESTINE'S SHOES

A BIT OF STEVENSONIANA

BY R. CLYDE FORD

IN September 1878, Robert Louis Stevenson, after a month's sojourn at Monastier, near Le Puy, freighted Modestine, his donkey, with bedding and provisions and fared forth to high adventure, walking south and west through the Cévennes. Everyone who has read the narrative of that journey, as he has recorded it in his *Travels with a Donkey*, remains everlastingly under the spell of it; and some there are who have wished because of it to see that same mountain country and walk those same mountain roads.

I confess to being of this number.

It is a good fifteen miles from Florac to Pont de Montvert, following the road up the valley of the Tarn. I made it between one o'clock and seven, with a few pauses at kilometre-stones to rest. My knapsack was heavy and the lift of the road pulled on my legs; but, tired and sweaty as I was, I did not fail to notice the beauties of the landscape. To the north lay the rugged slopes and rolling summits of Lozère. To the south rose the heights of the Romponenche and the greater bulk of the Cévennes,

and by gazing hard I could almost see Mount Aigoual, where only the day before I had stood and looked southward beyond Montpellier to the sea.

Above and below me were immense groves of those Spanish chestnuts which Stevenson so much admired and under which he camped for a night. Here and there the drab of the roadside was relieved by patches of dwarf purple heather that the bees seemed to love. Purples and yellows are the prevailing colors of the mountain flora. Never before had the wild flowers of the high altitudes seemed so lovely to me. The man who wrote about the delights of botanizing from a car window would be enraptured to walk through the gorgeous floral panorama of the valley of the Tarn. And at the end of the day's tramp he would find, as I did, the genial welcome of the only inn in Pont de Montvert, and in a soft bed, in a room looking over the brawling stream the clamor of which lulled him to sleep, he would dream dreams woven of the history of the valley, of the Camisards, and Pope Urban the Fifth, and Stevenson — and mayhap of Modestine.

It was a Sunday when Stevenson made his way down from the north into Pont de Montvert, where he found a noisy sociability in rude contrast with the Sabbath stillness which he had left behind in the mountains. But Sabbath stillness was never entirely to his liking, and he was glad enough to exchange it, temporarily at least, for the good-fellowship of the little inn, where he could play squire to a lady in distress because of the boisterous merriment around her.

Now I had no such opportunity for gallantry, being compelled to eat alone in a solemn dining-room. The pretty daughter of the hostess waited upon me, not with the 'heavy nonchalance' of Stevenson's Clarisse, whom he assured of his lasting devotion, but

with the cheerful interest of a person who desires simply to make the traveler feel that he is at home. The supper was a good one. Smoking trout but recently caught in some deep pool, and the *salade de saison*, and the pot of tea substituted for the usual bottle of red wine, and the view from the window, all helped to drive the fatigue from my bones and induce a feeling of comfortable and inquisitive curiosity.

Is a transient guest remembered after forty-seven years? Did anyone recall the visit of a cadaverous foreigner who years and years ago had dropped down suddenly from the mountains of Lozère, driving before him, with much fervid language, a little donkey with a pack? In short, had madame the landlady ever heard of one Robert Louis Stevenson?

'*Mais non, monsieur! Quel drôle de nom!* And funny too that a great man, as you say, should make a trip on foot through the Cévennes — and with a donkey, above all things!'

Clearly the memory of Robert Louis had perished here in this refuge of wayfaring men. I tried to turn a delicate compliment by saying that one who was surely in her thirties would not, of course, remember back forty-seven years. Madame gave me a sweet smile, and her daughter, who thought she detected some malicious strategy in thus endowing her mother with unbelievable youth, bestowed upon me a delirious giggle.

Well, then, I persisted, was there anybody in the village who might have some recollection of that distant time and be able to give me any information about it?

'Oh, the *forgeron-maréchal*, the blacksmith across on the other side of the bridge. He is old, and so intelligent that he reads books. And he has always prated about the history of Pont de Montvert. I am sure he will have some

sort of knowledge about this donkey-voyager of yours — or pretend to have, at any rate.'

There was just enough sarcasm in all this to make me a little suspicious of the lady's good intentions, but I determined none the less to see this ancient worthy and sound him out. Accordingly, the next morning, after my bowl of *café au lait*, I set out to find the forgeron. His shop fronted the other side of the Tarn and was empty. I peered in, walked past it, and then as I turned back I caught sight of a little old man working in a garden in the rear. I called to him.

'Monsieur, are you the forgeron-maréchal? Because if you are I want some conversation with you.'

'Yes, I am the smith, but am no longer the farrier. My old back refuses to bend as easily as it did once. But you spoke of conversation — in what way can I serve you?'

The old man's language had a certain stately quality about it, which I had not expected. In the landlady's phrase, I perceived that he was 'intelligent.' The interview was opening well, but I knew that when talking with a blacksmith one must strike while the iron is hot.

'Forty-seven years ago,' I said, 'a slim and lanky man descended one afternoon from the slopes of Lozère into Pont de Montvert, driving before him a little donkey loaded with camp equipment. He was a foreigner, and his coming must have aroused some talk in the village. Do you remember it?'

'Monsieur, if you are interested in that man's strange adventure, we shall have material for a long conversation. Will you give yourself the trouble to come into my house?'

I did not wait to be invited twice. We went in through the smithy and on beyond into what was the living-room of the old man's house. A few chairs, a

couple of stools, a table, a big fireplace with a whole battery of shining pots and pans hanging around it — all these I saw as we entered. He drew up a chair to the table for me, pulled up a stool for himself on the other side, and sat down. Not till then did he speak.

'I am seventy-five years old, and know the happenings of Pont de Montvert as one knows the inside of his pocket. We can talk undisturbed here, for I am living alone. Are you an Englishman, monsieur?'

'No, not an Englishman — an American.'

'Ah yes, an American — I should have thought of that. You are twice welcome, for Americans have a place in the hearts of Frenchmen. But I guessed you were English, for there is something in your voice which suggests even to my old ears that you are a stranger — and, by your leave, a foreigner. That other stranger who passed through here so long ago — he had a burr in his voice to make you laugh. But he was fluent enough, *mon Dieu!* and talked about everything in heaven and earth.'

'Robert Louis Stevenson was not exactly an Englishman,' I interposed. 'He was a Scot; and a Scot is better or worse than an Englishman, depending on the way you look at it.'

I intended this for a very cryptic utterance, but my old forgeron got it.

'I see,' he said; 'just as a mountaineer is better or worse than a plainsman, depending on where your father was born. But what about this adventurer with the donkey?'

I thought it best to make some explanations.

'That young Scotchman who came into this valley so long ago became a world-famous writer. Among his sketches of travel is one detailing his excursion across the Cévennes, and one whole chapter is devoted to Pont de

Montvert. The fact that the Camisard war had its beginnings here interested him. It was the local color probably. He lived on the color of life, you know.'

'*N'est-ce pas?* I recall as if it were yesterday the zestful manner of him. He came into the Hôtel des Cévennes, where some of us young fellows were gathered for a few hours of Sunday revelry, and took charge of things. He could talk with the best of us, and a bottle of red wine was like so much water out of the Tarn to him.'

'And the donkey — what did he do with her?'

I did not want him to get the cart before the horse — that is, the driver before the donkey.

'Oh, he called for someone to act as stable boy, and we stood around while he unloaded her. Bless my soul! He had an outfit on her back such as no one in our region ever saw before. Instead of a tent to sleep under, he had devised a bag to sleep in. We laughed a good deal when we saw it, but our banter did not bother him any. For every word of ours the fine young man had two ready; when it came to *blague*, he was an artist. You know, monsieur, we people of the Midi enjoy a bit of big talk, of *hâblerie*, and the stranger could string us along till we did not know whether we were afoot or on horseback.'

'What did you talk about?'

'Oh, about good things to eat, and the ladies, and the adventures of the road. And then all at once he was off discoursing about the wolf of Gévaudan, stories of which he had picked up somewhere on his way over the mountains. I can well believe he was a writer, a maker of books. He was himself a sort of human book, a lively volume on legs, with a manner of speech — even in his French — that was heaven-born. No, I have not

forgotten a bit of that day forty-seven years ago.'

There was a moment of silence. I waited; and finally the forgeron continued.

'I do not know your religion, monsieur, but we are all Protestants in Pont de Montvert, and this clever young Scotchman found much, as you say, to interest him in our old Protestant traditions. Maybe it was what you call local color; at any rate he was keen for it. He insisted on seeing the house where Du Chayla lived — you know Du Chayla was the priest whose overzealous attempts to propagate the faith touched off the Camisard war as one kindles a train of powder. And when he learned that Spirit Séguier, the Camisard rebel who was burned alive in that open space out there by the side of the Tarn, was an ancient kinsman of mine — why, he embraced me like a brother, and harangued long and loud about religion, and Christianity, and Du Chayla the Catholic martyr, and Séguier the Protestant hero, and how the souls of the two might now be holding sweet communion in Paradise. Oh, it was a fine bit of *blague*, monsieur, even if quite impossible to believe.'

'Did the traveler stay here long?'

'No, he left the very next day after his arrival, driving that cursed donkey before him.'

'You were no great admirer of Modestine, I judge.'

'No, nor was the wanderer either. Bless your soul! The dear young man was n't cut out to manage donkeys. His manner was too sweet and gentle. An ass is not governed by poetry and fine speeches.'

He laughed aloud over this bit of wisdom, which other men have discovered, too.

'Oh — Modestine. Yes, that was her name; but it did n't become the beast. *Modeste est celui qui a une*

opinion médiocre de son mérite. Now that infernal donkey was as stubborn as Satan and as opinionated as a member of the Chamber of Deputies. I know, monsieur, for I shod her the morning of her departure.'

'Tell me about it.'

'It was outside, in the smithy that we came through as we entered here. Four men held her, and her master berated her in all the language — and languages, too, *pardi* — he was master of. Some of it sounded like Latin, I'll swear. But whatever it was, Modestine would have none of it, and she kicked, and stamped, and squealed, and bit, like a female devil. That sweet young man must have had his troubles with her.'

'He says in his book that she was temperamental, — like the sex, you know, — and he was willing to make allowances for her.'

'And much need he had, too. But excuse me a moment — I want to show you something.'

The old man went out into his shop, but was back in a jiffy. He had two little iron shoes in his hand.

'There, monsieur, look at them! Two cast-off *fers d'âne* — Modestine's front shoes!'

'Really,' I stammered, 'this is most amazing.'

'It does seem almost uncanny,

does n't it? Forty-seven years ago! After I had finished with Modestine I cast these worn-out shoes, with some spirit, I am afraid, into a corner, but her owner hunted them out at once. "Monsieur le maréchal," he said solemnly, "preserve these shoes, and they will bring you luck. I bequeath them to you, with a charm which I will say over them." He rattled off something in some heathenish jargon, then handed them to me as if they were the keys to a city. Of course I played up to his grand manner and big talk and accepted them with a bow, and later I laid them away. Whenever I have come upon them since, they have always given me a laugh. That was the charm, I think. And now, monsieur, allow me to hand them over to you. The spell is still on them. The shoes of Modestine will bring you, too, many a cheerful moment.'

I accepted the proffered treasures and soon after took my leave of the jolly old smith. May Pont de Montvert claim him yet for many years! As I write these words, I glance at two little, worn donkey-shoes hanging over my desk, and I laugh uproariously. The charm still works. And yet one thing troubles me, troubles me much: Are they really Modestine's shoes, or is that story, also, *blague*?

That same day I took up Stevenson's trail north over Lozère.

PHILOSOPHY

BY ROBERT HILLYER

THE curtains draw across the brain
And in that lighted house of mirth,
Secure from all the eyes of earth,
Our troupe of dreams come out again.

Folly has donned the sage's mask,
Wisdom appears the Knave of Hearts,
Yet in these topsy-turvy parts
They seem as real as one could ask;

As real as when they change their rôles
To be themselves and haunt the dream
Where for some hours of day they seem
Important to our sleeping souls.

THE DILEMMA OF THRIFT¹

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

THRIFT — a virtue almost universally praised and practised; as, indeed, it ought to be. The spendthrift is known for a fool, even though there are always plenty of thrifty ones to abet him in his folly. Nearly everybody — as the rapidly mounting lists of bank depositors, bondholders, stockholders, and insurance-policy holders bear witness — is moved, by some motive or other, to save money in some way or other, instead of spending it; and that is the only sense in which we are using the word 'thrift.'

In praise of this virtue, home and church and school unite with bankers and economists. The precepts of Poor Richard have become the maxims of the nation. This is as it should be. Individuals must save, or almost certainly become paupers; corporations must save, or almost certainly become failures. Nevertheless, since it is consumption and not abstinence that stimulates production, and since most of the money which is saved is next used to create new capital facilities rather than to buy the goods already produced, the question arises whether it is possible for either individuals or corporations to save money without to some extent discouraging production and thereby frustrating the social object of saving. Is there not a real Dilemma of Thrift?

But here we are, rushing headlong

into the middle of our subject before we are ready for it. First, we must take a look at the anomalies of this thrifty world.

I

We all remember how prosperity spurred us on to expand business in 1919, and then how prices cracked and business slumped. Amazing, incredible, would have seemed the conditions that followed, had we not time and again suffered similar strokes of paralysis.

Factories and machines there were on every hand, more extensive, more efficient than any nation had ever known before — but not half used. Warehouses bulging with surplus cotton, copper, leather, lumber, chemicals, wealth beyond the dreams of a generation ago — and nobody able to use it. Several millions of men and women eager to work — but with no work to do. And, withal, a monetary system invented by man for his own convenience, and entirely subject to his control. At the same time, a hundred million of us were eager for the innumerable products which these idle workers, by the use of these idle machines, would gladly make and — thanks to the wizardry of invention — could readily make out of these surplus materials. Yet there was sustained business depression.

How to avoid this periodic paralysis; how to prevent the resultant losses to society, losses far greater than the income of all our millionaires; how to

¹ A prize of \$5000 for the best adverse criticism of the theory presented in this essay has been offered by the Pollak Foundation. The Contributors' Column contains the details. — THE EDITOR

have a job for every worker who wants one; how to keep our vast machinery of production moving at some approach to capacity, and the finished products moving into use at about the same rate — that is the great economic problem.

A baffling problem it is. Indeed, to most of us who know little about abstruse economic theory nothing seems more incomprehensible than the fact that with so many of our people in dire poverty, with so many more in want of the minimum requirements for comfort, health, and security, with scarcely one of us who is not eager for more of the good things of life, and with a capacity for producing far more of these things than we have yet produced, the industrial world nevertheless stops short of creating what is well within its power to create, because of the ever-imminent danger of creating too much. Consumers in constant fear that they cannot get enough, and producers in constant fear that they will turn out too much!

What a mess we get into! We work hard to pile our shelves high with what we most desire, and then we have to stop working because we are unable to take these things off the shelves and enjoy them. Though we produce much less than we could easily produce, we do not distribute to advantage even what we succeed in producing. We condemn extravagant buying at the very time when industry slows down because people are not buying enough. Then, while business wanes because it lacks consumers, we put taxes on consumption; and, precisely when business is in greatest need of people with incomes to spend, we reduce those incomes by reducing wages and dividends. We celebrate 'Buyers' Week' and 'Thrift Week' at one and the same time. By investing our savings, instead of spending them, we deny ourselves to-day in order to produce more

in the future, although we are already equipped to produce more than we know how to use. While many at home are in want, we strive to send more and more of our own real wealth abroad; but we are loath to import much in return. Nations, at least, seem convinced that it is more blessed to give than to receive. A topsyturvy world! Alice in Wonderland found nothing more paradoxical.

Now, the question before us is whether this paradox has anything to do with thrift. We believe that it has. We are confident that we can throw some light on the mystery by seeking the consequences of saving money. This search, however, will take us on a little excursion into the domain of economics; and economics has been called, with reason enough, 'the dismal science.' Still, to anyone who works for a living, and who cannot buy nearly so much as he wants to buy with the best wages he can get, what we have to say may not seem dismal. For we are to consider how real wages can be permanently increased — and real profits, too, for that matter. We are to inquire whether there is not a way, as yet scarcely discussed, whereby everybody can obtain, as a reward for his labor and his thrift, more of the good things of life. And, fortunately, any man can understand us. All he needs is a knowledge of elementary arithmetic and of the way he spends his wages.

II

Why is it, then, that decade after decade we cannot buy more with our money incomes? The first answer is simple. It is because we do not create more. But why this failure to create? What prevents us, as producers, from turning out the goods which, as consumers, we are eager to enjoy? The answer to that is not so simple.

One fact, however, is clear: our failure to produce more is not due to lack of capacity. That was proved during the war. Even with millions of able-bodied men taken from productive effort, even with the resultant sudden dislocation of industry, the workers who were left produced so much that they not only supplied the wealth that was sunk at sea and blown up in battle, not only supplied the Army and Navy and peoples abroad, but had enough left to enable them to enjoy at least as high a standard of living as before the war.

The fact that incapacity to produce is not the trouble is also shown by the heights we have actually reached in time of peace. If business could be sustained even at such levels, if severe setbacks could be prevented, far higher standards of living, far higher real wages, would be certain. Demonstrated capacity, moreover, is far below potential capacity. The engineering societies, under the direction of Herbert Hoover, have shown that we are already equipped to double our volume of production.

To double the output of everything — of matches and motion pictures and medicines, and every other commodity and service — is neither possible nor desirable; but to double the output of things in general, with the proportions among them largely determined as they are now determined by the free choices of the people, would be both possible and desirable. Indeed, such gains would be no more than enough to provide all our people with the requirements for comfort, health, security, and education. Any lower aim is indefensible.

It may be said, however, that the greatest need is, not more goods, but better goods. These two aims can be reconciled; the people want and are perfectly able to produce better goods

and more of them. Recent advances in the arts, in the application of inventions to production, in management, in the reduction of wastes, in power development, and in the discovery of new resources, make it clear that the progress of human knowledge alone, in the absence of anything to nullify its advantages, would make possible, decade after decade, better goods and far more of them per capita.

What a challenge to the imagination! Evidently we could all but abolish poverty in this country among those who were willing to work, if we could keep at peace with the world and supply whatever is now lacking to enable us to use our resources, human and material, to continuous advantage.

Precisely what is it that is lacking? Now, as everybody knows, a simple answer to that question will not suffice. A single cause cannot account for all our economic ills, nor can a single remedy cure them. Still, we may find the chief cause and the chief remedy if we hold fast to the truth that in the complex money-and-profit world of to-day, no less than in the primitive barter world, the final end of all production is consumption.

But what do we mean by production and consumption? Once we have answered that question, we are done with technical terms. To grasp what follows, nobody need know anything about the textbooks. In fact, the pursuit of fine-spun economic theories sometimes develops a blind spot, which prevents the scholar from seeing what seems clear enough to the baker and the butcher, and to everyone else who is in daily contact with the real world; with the people who bring things to market and the people who buy these things or — for some reason not clearly explained in the textbooks — fail to buy them.

What, then, do we mean by production? For our purposes, we mean the

turning-out of things which are ready for final use; not lathes, and harvesters, and spindles, which are used up in the process of making other things, but chairs, and bread, and shirts — the things, in general, for which incomes are spent. These are called consumers' goods; and consumption is, of course, the process of using them up.

Now, as we have said, consumption is the final end of this highly complex industrial world, which presents so many contradictions. Shoes are not made to stock shops, nor leather to lie in warehouses. These myriads of toilers, going daily to their work, — as long as there is work to be had, — planting corn, painting cars, riveting boilers, trimming hats — what are they all about? One end they have in common. All their activities are directed solely toward the consumption of whatever their combined efforts can produce. All other aims are incidental.

Since, therefore, the final end of all economic activity is consumption, and since it is always possible to produce far more than we consume, *consumption regulates production*. There is no use building more wooden ships, when hundreds are lying idle at the wharves; no use running all our spindles, when it is impossible to sell the cloth we have already made. Too commonplace to mention, this fact may seem; yet it is the basic fact in the whole economic problem. There could not possibly be a serious setback of business in general if consumption regularly kept pace with production. Sustained business-depression accompanied by adequate consumer-demand is no more possible than drought accompanied by heavy rains.

Why, in 1921, for example, was basic output twenty per cent below the output of 1918? Why do we ever curtail production in general — reduce crop acreage, bank furnaces, shut down

mills, throw men out of work? For one reason and one only. Because we cannot get our products consumed, which means that we cannot sell them to the people who want to use them, at prices that make continued production possible.

III

The reason we cannot sell these products, though it is the subject of many learned treatises, seems plain enough to the plain people. It is because they lack the money; it is not because they refuse to buy. The 'consumers' strike' against high prices, which was the common explanation of the depression of 1921, was imaginary. This explanation is discredited both by statistics and by all that we know about the buying-habits of the public. There was no consumers' strike.

The one thing that is needed above all others to sustain a forward movement of business is enough money in the hands of consumers. With our financial world as it is to-day, let it be known that there will be buyers with money to spend for any known and producible goods, at prices sufficiently high to warrant production, and the goods will be produced. Give consumers the money, and organized business will look out for the rest. There will be no shortage of money on the producing side; the credit and investment world is always able and eager to take care of that. A willing buyer does not have to wait long, but a willing seller may have to wait forever.

It is true that, even if total consumer-demand were adequate, business would still be bothered with unpredictable changes in the demand for various goods. A mild and sunny fall might reduce the sales of overshoes and ulsters, but sales of motor-cars, millinery, or something else would be proportionately increased. Danger there would

still be, as in a barter society, or in a communistic society, or in any other society, of producing relatively too much of certain things — phonographs and tires and Mah Jongg sets, for example; but this danger could not hold back industry as a whole, for there would be no danger whatever of producing too much of things as a whole. Trade could not contract in some places without expanding in others. No longer would there be a vicious spiral of deflation whereby troubles would be passed along from industry to industry in a cumulative process. For business as a whole, overproduction, depression, and financial loss would be impossible.

This is the gist of the matter: there is no possibility of preventing business depressions, giving men steady work, rapidly increasing per-capita output and standards of living, unless consumers somehow obtain enough money, year in and year out, to buy all the finished goods about as rapidly as they are ready for sale.

The chief trouble is that consumers do not now obtain the necessary money.

IV

For this deficiency of consumer income, there are two main reasons: corporations must save, and individuals must save.

First, consider the effects of corporate savings. Suppose, for example, a company is manufacturing shoes and selling directly to consumers. In the process it pays out this year nine thousand dollars. That is to say, its expenses for materials, rent, labor, insurance, and the rest — the money payments in connection with making and selling the product — amount to nine thousand dollars. Now any newsboy can see that the company must recover that amount from sales before it

can come out even; but the company would not — in fact, could not — go ahead buying materials and paying wages unless it got back more than the cost, more than the nine thousand dollars, something which could be saved.

Where is this profit to come from? It can come only from consumers; business has no other source of income. The company, however, has given consumers only enough money to cover its costs. In point of fact, successful producers do not, as a rule, pay out enough money to enable people to buy their products at current prices. On account of corporate savings out of profits, the flow of money to consumers in a period of prosperity is not equal to the flow of goods. Largely for this reason, unsold stocks pile up, prices break, production is curtailed, men are thrown out of work, and wages are reduced. Thus the demand of consumers is still further reduced, more men are thrown out of work, and so on, in a vicious spiral downward. Thus prosperity breeds depression.

Here the objection may arise that we are talking about profits as though they were locked up in somebody's strong box, whereas everybody knows that about half the profits of corporations in the United States are distributed as dividends, and about half are used to expand business; used, for example, to pay the workers who build a new factory, and indirectly to pay those who supply bricks, cement, hardware, and the rest. In such ways, it is said, all the money successful concerns take from consumers is returned to consumers.

This is, indeed, often the case; but not always. The one hundred and thirty million dollars of profits which the United States Steel Corporation has accumulated as bank balances have not been distributed to consumers by the Corporation as dividends or in any other way.

Take, however, the case of a concern which does pay out all the money it takes in. Suppose it makes motor-cars at a total cost of eight million dollars and sells them for ten million. Its profit is two million. Now suppose it pays one million in dividends. So far its operations have taken ten million from consumers and paid them nine. Thus it has fallen one million short of providing the public with enough money to buy its product.

Suppose, however, it uses the remaining one million dollars of profits to build additional cars, in such a way that all this money goes directly or indirectly to consumers. The company has now disbursed exactly enough money to cover the full sales-price of the cars it has already marketed; but where are consumers to obtain enough money to buy the additional cars? The corporation has given them nothing with which to buy these cars.

As a matter of fact, however, business is often expanded by the use of bank loans, which involve an increase in the volume of money in circulation. Are not deficiencies in consumer income made up in this way? Let us see. Let us suppose that a shoe manufacturer, in order to increase his output, borrows ninety thousand dollars from a bank, and that this loan involves an increase of the volume of money in circulation. This borrowed money, we assume, is paid out by somebody as wages. The question is whether such loans offset the deficiencies in consumer purchasing power which are caused by other concerns in the ordinary course of increasing production out of profits. Certainly they do offset these deficiencies at times, for the proceeds of such loans flow into consumers' hands as wages before the resultant commodities are ready for the markets. The time comes, however, when these commodities are offered for sale — offered

necessarily at a price in excess of the amount of money borrowed from the banks. There is no mystery about this. Everybody knows that no man borrows ninety thousand dollars to use in his business merely with the idea of getting back the ninety thousand dollars.

The fact is that for every nine dollars that a manufacturer borrows from banks, and pays out as costs, he expects to get back from consumers, let us say, ten dollars. In short, he seeks profits. If he gets them and does not fully disburse them (as dividends or in other ways which do not at the same time increase the output of consumers' goods), he not only fails by means of his bank loan to make up an existing shortage of consumer purchasing power, but he actually increases the shortage. This is not a speculative theory; it is elementary arithmetic. The shortage is as certain as the fact that ten minus one is less than ten.

It is true that if corporations went on forever increasing their output, and, in the process, expanding the volume of money in circulation *at a sufficient rate*, and if the flow of the output to the markets sufficiently lagged behind the flow of the new money as wages to consumers, consumers might continue to buy all that the markets offered. Such an expansion of money, however, does not long take place. Business men always fear a slump in demand; and when they doubt the capacity of consumers to buy current output they have no incentive for increasing output — no motive for using bank loans for that purpose.

So much for the deficit in consumer income caused by the established and approved policy of using profits to finance increased output. So much for the Ten Minus One Theorem, as applied to corporate savings.

V

Corporate savings, however, are not the only form of savings. Individuals also save; and, in so far as they save money, they also may cause deficiencies in sales. That is another point which needs no proof beyond addition and subtraction.

Consumers in this country have no source of income except industry. Industry has no source of income except consumers. If, therefore, industry in some way handed over to consumers all the money it received from consumers, and consumers spent all this money, industry could continue indefinitely to make and sell a given volume of goods at a given price-level. There would be an even flow of money from producers to consumers, and from consumers back to producers, and a corresponding uninterrupted flow of goods. The balance would be perfect. Demand in dollars would exactly equal the supply of goods at current prices.

This could happen — let us note carefully — only if consumers *spent* all the money they received. Every dollar they *saved* would cause a dollar of deficit in consumer buying, unless the shortage was made up in some way. Now of course all of us must save. Consequently a part of the money which industry turns over to us as wages, rent, interest, and dividends, we do not spend, but save.

That part of our savings which we tuck away in the proverbial stocking is a total loss to industry as long as the money is hoarded. Concerning that point, at least, there is no disagreement. Most individual savings, however, are not hoarded, but invested; and, it is said, money that is invested is money spent. Through some channel or other it all flows back to consumers. Hence, we are told, it makes no difference in dollar demand whether an individual

spends his income or invests his income.

The essential fact that is overlooked in this argument is that, when anyone invests money instead of spending it, he uses it, not to purchase goods which have already been produced, but to bring about the production of more goods; and every dollar thus saved and invested helps to increase the output of industry faster than the capacity of consumers to buy it.

Suppose, for example, a man decides to save five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes. Then one pair of shoes is unsold which otherwise would have been sold. Now suppose that he invests the five dollars in such a way that this money is used to produce another pair of shoes; and suppose that in the process the money gets into the hands of consumers. As a result, then, of this particular saving of five dollars, consumers receive enough to buy either the first pair of shoes or the second, but not both. There is an 'overproduction' of one pair of shoes. Ridiculously simple as this illustration may seem, it shows the essential difference between money spent and money invested.

The eventual result in this case may well be that one pair of shoes is not made which otherwise would have been made, so that the country, far from gaining by this kind of saving, has in effect lost one pair of shoes. The thrifty individual, it is true, has saved five dollars, and is very likely better off for his thrift. What are savings for an individual, however, are not necessarily savings for society. Everyone who saves money at times when his abstinence helps to curtail production and throw men out of work saves at the expense of other people. For the individual, a penny saved is a penny earned; but for society a penny saved is sometimes a penny lost.

This, then, is the Dilemma of Thrift: Both producers and consumers *must*

save; but at present they cannot save without to some extent frustrating the social object of saving.

VI

We have seen, in broad outlines, how it happens that, as production is now financed and savings are now made, it is impossible for prosperity to last long; impossible, therefore, to make those large gains in per-capita production, decade after decade, without which large gains in real wages, large gains in standards of living, are impossible. As a matter of fact, every forward movement of business culminates in what is called 'overproduction,' but what, in view of the chief cause of the trouble, should be called 'underconsumption.' On account of a deficient flow of money to consumers, caused in part by corporate savings, and on account of the fact that consumers cannot spend even as much as they receive, industry cannot long continue to sell its increased output without a fall in the price-level.

Well, then, why not have a fall in the price-level? Consumers would have no objection to that! Why can we not constantly expand output by means of improved processes, reduced wastes, and lower unit costs, and sell the total product on a constantly falling price-level? Theoretically that is possible. With steadily falling prices, industry could sell an ever-increasing volume of goods, if under these conditions industry could produce the additional goods. Industry as a whole, however, could not produce the goods; for if there is any fact concerning which our statistical evidence fully supports our reasoning it is the fact that falling prices discourage production. If there is any influence that is sure to force business men to curtail output, it is falling prices and the ever-present uncertainty

as to how long they will continue to fall and how far they will fall. As a rule, producers have no choice. In the real world, with some conspicuous exceptions, profits fall with falling prices; and with them falls the only motive that is powerful enough to induce men to expand production — indeed, the only practical means of doing so.

Clearly, then, the deficiencies in consumer buying caused by savings are certain to bring about a fall in prices and a depression in business, unless these deficiencies are offset in some way.

VII

At present there is no way in which these deficiencies are permanently offset. They are not offset by government financing, because ordinarily Governments do not pay to the people, in wages, pensions, bonuses, and the like, any more money than they take from the people, directly or indirectly, in taxes. Nor do consumers make up the shortage by spending their savings. For even if they did reduce their total savings — which in the aggregate they never do — they would thereby no more than offset the deficiencies caused by the savings themselves.

Many people seem to think that the way out of this dilemma is foreign trade. Any one nation can, in fact, offset the lack of buying power of its own people by sending its surplus goods abroad to people who cannot pay for them at all, or who are not allowed to pay for them fully with goods. That is to some extent what the United States is doing to-day. This device, however, can make the situation in any one country better only by making it worse in others. Here, again, we need nothing but primary-school arithmetic to show that the practice among nations of dumping their so-called surplus goods on each other cannot decrease

by one single dollar the total world-deficiency of purchasing power.

The greatest economic need, therefore, though by no means the only need, is a flow of money to consumers which, after providing for individual savings, would always be approximately equal to the flow of finished goods. With such incomes, consumers could save and still buy all that was actually produced. The certainty that they could do so would be sufficient to induce both employers and employees to increase the output, year after year, for the very good reason that higher real wages and higher real profits would depend mainly on increased output. If, to the highly efficient system which now provides money for production, we could add an equally efficient system for providing money for consumption, we could make rapid and sustained progress toward realizing the potential output of industry; rapid progress, therefore, toward higher standards of living.

In fact, adequate, sustained consumer-demand would do more than any other means now within human control toward increasing wealth, abolishing poverty, maintaining employment, solving labor problems, increasing good will among men generally, and maintaining the peace of the world. No means of preventing war holds out such large, immediate possibilities as this. Whatever mingling of causes may have brought about the World War, that war was in large part a struggle for outside markets among highly organized industrial nations which had found no means of giving their own ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed people enough money to buy what they themselves had succeeded in producing. It is, therefore, difficult to exaggerate the importance of finding a means of sustaining purchasing power. The next world war, if it does come, may well be

the last war — at least the last war in which the present great nations will have any interest, for it may well destroy civilization itself.

VIII

This brief statement of the case, we are well aware, leaves many pertinent questions unanswered. Are actual statistics consistent with the theory? Have we not exaggerated the importance of adequate consumer-demand? Does not the whole argument apply just as forcibly to demand for producers' goods? Again, how can we account for the fact that retail trade is fairly well sustained after wholesale trade has slumped? And what about the influence of states of mind on the ups and downs of business? These questions we have discussed at length elsewhere.²

There is one question, however, which we may well consider here. To many people our whole argument seems to prove too much. 'How,' they ask, 'has it been possible, if there are really such obstructions in the flow of money, to make the great material progress which we have unquestionably made? How have we disposed of the increased output of goods?'

The first answer is that we have fared as well as we have partly by means which are evils in themselves. Some of the products of industry which could not be sold have been allowed to spoil or become obsolete. Others have gone into large, wasteful increases in inventories. Still others have been wasted in making additions to industrial equipment far beyond the requirements of the markets. Larger still are the products which have been sold, especially in periods of depression,

² *Profits*. Number 8 of the Pollak Books, Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, Newton, Massachusetts, 1925.

at prices which entail business losses — losses which are borne in the long run by the whole community.

Another evil that has temporarily offset deficiencies in consumer income is a permanent increase of consumer debts. Through buying on installments, — by whatever euphemisms this method is called, — through thus mortgaging future incomes, wage-earners have acquired far more houses, automobiles, furniture, washing machines, radios, even dresses and tablecloths, than their incomes could command. In the past few years business has felt obliged to resort more and more to this method of making sales. This device, however, cannot be extended indefinitely. Having expanded sales this year by mortgaging consumer incomes one year in advance, industry cannot even sustain sales at that level another year without mortgaging consumer incomes two years in advance; and so on. What the people must have, if prosperity is to last, is the money with which to pay for goods, rather than more and more devices for enabling them to acquire goods for which they do not pay.

All these means of disposing of surplus goods, however, would not have enabled us to do even as well as we have done, had it not been for permanent increases in the volume of money, and for the fact that the past century in the United States has been a period of exploitation of natural resources and development of new productive facilities unparalleled in history, all of which has induced a flow of money to consumers in advance of the flow of consumers' goods. We have no reason to suppose, however, that these means will enable us in the future to fare even as well as we have fared in the past.

The past, moreover, hardly justifies complacency. The recent researches of Paul H. Douglas, soon to be published,

show that the gain in real wages in the United States from 1890 to 1919 did not average one half of one per cent a year. For a generation or two we have fallen far short of making the gains in human welfare which should have resulted from our scientific progress.

Still, the problem can be solved. Everything we must do is within our power. We do not need to abolish selfishness, regulate the weather, or remove the sun spots. Drought and floods, it is true, fire and frost, earthquakes and pests, are not entirely controllable; but such acts of God cause far less economic loss than acts of men. Inadequate consumer-demand is not a visitation of Providence.

What we need is more exact knowledge concerning the flow of consumers' goods in relation to the flow of consumers' income, and, on the basis of such knowledge, the wisdom and courage to act. The immediate task before us is to take human nature and the present structure of society very much as they are and, conserving all that is good in both, to modify the structure year after year in various ways so that human beings, with all their imperfections, will be enabled continuously to create better products and more of them, and in the process to receive enough money, in addition to their savings, to buy those products.

The question, what is the best way to achieve that end, — the best way out of the Dilemma of Thrift, — is too large a question to discuss here. Moreover, we can hardly expect people to wrestle with a problem before they are prepared to admit that any such problem exists. They do not bother to look up trains to Buffalo until they decide that they want to go to Buffalo. At present, few business men or bankers or economists believe that there is any such problem of inadequate consumer-income as the one we have here outlined. Most men

believe, on the contrary, that the processes of financing the production of goods automatically yield consumers enough money to buy the goods. They contend that the financial mechanism of society is so nicely adjusted that it will work almost to perfection if left alone. Since they see no essential difference between money invested and money spent, they are satisfied that the invested savings of corporations and individuals can have little to do with the anomalies and shortcomings of the industrial world — that there is no such thing as a Dilemma of Thrift.

Many of these men regard business depressions as the inevitable result of immutable natural law. In economics, as in physics, they say, — being somewhat mistaken in their physics, — every action is and must be followed by an opposite and equal reaction; the farther business moves forward in a period of expansion, the farther back it must slip when the reaction comes. That is, in truth, about what now happens. It does not result, however, from natural law; it results from financial methods deliberately devised by man. The ingenuity of man substituted money for barter, and the admirable Federal Reserve System for a poorer system; and, if necessary, the ingenuity of man can devise the means of enabling people to buy all the finished products they are able and willing to produce. Once the people perceive that the problem exists, there will be no lack of efforts to find a solution. Systems of currency, bank credit, taxation, tariffs, and public works have been contrived by man for his own benefit; and for his benefit he can alter these systems at will. They are no more sacred than flintlock muskets. There is no warrant for comparing the 'laws of business depressions' with the laws of physics; there is no scientific basis for the Economics of Despair.

This, then, is the conclusion of our argument: —

Progress toward greater total production and resultant higher standards of living is retarded because consumer buying does not keep pace with production. Consumer buying lags behind for two reasons: first, because, on account of corporate savings, industry does not disburse to consumers enough money to buy the goods produced, without a fall in the price-level; second, because consumers, under the necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive. Partly on account of these savings, there is not an even flow of money from producer to consumer, and from consumer back to producer. Furthermore, the savings of corporations and individuals are not used to purchase the goods already in the markets, but to bring about the production of more goods. The expansion of the volume of money does not fully make up the deficit, for money is expanded mainly to facilitate production, and the product must be sold to consumers for more money than the expansion has provided. Consequently we make progress only while we are filling the shelves with goods which must either remain on the shelves as stock in trade or be sold at a loss, and while we are building more industrial equipment than we can use. Inadequacy of consumer income is, therefore, the main reason, though not the only reason, why we do not long continue to produce the wealth which natural resources, capital facilities, improvements in the arts, and the self-interest of employers and employees would otherwise enable us to produce. Chiefly because of shortage of consumer demand, both capital and labor restrict output, and nations engage in those struggles for outside markets and spheres of commercial influence which are the chief causes of war.

HINDENBURG

BY T. H. THOMAS

I

It was in the natural order of things that Hindenburg should have made his name in the outer Marches of the Prussian frontier, and that throughout the war his eyes should have been turned toward the ancient enemy in the east. For centuries his forbears had wielded their swords in the long struggle between Teuton and Slav, and from Tannenberg onward he was fighting over an ancestral battleground. 'There were many who bore my name,' he writes, 'among the Teutonic knights who went out as Brothers of the Order, or "War Guests," to fight against heathendom and Poland.' The fight is not over yet — although at one time Hindenburg himself seemed to have brought it to a final conclusion by gathering Poland and the Baltic provinces into the German realm after the great *Drang nach Osten* of 1915. More recent generations of these warring ancestors had carried on the old campaign as officers in the Prussian army, and it is quite in line with this family tradition that Reichspräsident von Hindenburg to-day finds the mobilization plans of the German army concentrating upon the Polish frontier.

The family of Beneckendorff, from which Hindenburg descends in the paternal line, had settled before 1300 in western Prussia, and thence, 'following the trend of the times,' as he puts it, had pursued eastward the fortunes of frontier wars and acquired lands in the new Prussia conquered from the

Slavs. In 1789, on inheriting the estates of a maternal ancestor, the family added the name of Hindenburg to their own, and by degrees it came to be used in place of the doubled 'von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg,' which remains, nevertheless, the full name to-day.

Paul von Hindenburg, who brought the name into renown, was born in 1847 at Posen, where his father, a lieutenant of infantry, was then stationed with his regiment. His boyhood was passed in various garrison towns, and his own military career began at the age of eleven, in the Cadet Academy at Wahlstatt. Soon afterward his father left the service, to settle down on the family estate at Neumark, in the 'simple, not to say hard, life of a Prussian country gentleman in modest circumstances.' The son could count on neither wealth nor distinguished family position to help him forward, but Bismarck and von Moltke were then preparing a field of abundant opportunity for diligent and ambitious spirits in the Prussian Cadet Corps. The youthful 'war guest' was soon promoted to the school at Berlin, and at the age of seventeen won his commission in a crack Guard regiment, just in time for Bismarck's next move, the Austrian war of 1866. He was wounded at Königgrätz, and decorated for gallantry in action. In 1870 he was in action only at St. Privat, but served through the campaign as battalion adjutant, still in the Third Foot Guards.

After this brisk beginning, Hindenburg set to work at the serious business of his professional career; he stood successfully for the *Kriegsakademie*, and three years later duly received his Staff Officer's certificate. 'Full of confidence and sure of himself,' one of his professors there noted in regard to him, 'he fixes his own goal and chooses his own path in his professional education. He acquires readily a knowledge of whatever he recognizes as useful, and leaves to one side whatever may not fit in with his ideas or might risk occupying his time and energy to no purpose.' In 1877, soon after graduation, he was assigned to the General Staff; and thenceforward for more than twenty years most of his time was passed in Staff appointments, as one of the chosen corps of the army.

His first assignments took him for some years to Stettin and to East Prussia, where he served under Verdy du Vernois, a brilliant officer of wide repute in the army, 'who had,' he tells us, 'a most inspiring influence upon me in many directions.' For one thing, du Vernois was a specialist in matters of the Russian front, and under his guidance Hindenburg gained a first-hand experience in the military problems of the region where he was to make his name later on. These early years, however, were his only period of service in the east; and the familiar statement that he devised the manoeuvre of Tannenberg while Commander of this Corps area in peace time is quite in error. In 1885 Hindenburg, now a Major, was transferred to the Great General Staff at Berlin. He was assigned to von Schlieffen's department, but had the good fortune of a wide variety of employment in other branches, and for five years taught tactics at the *Kriegsakademie*. One of his pupils recalls him as 'a most human personality, with a quiet, distinguished

manner — more like a friendly elder comrade than a senior officer, and very tolerant of officers whose views differed from his own.' In 1885 Verdy du Vernois was called in to reorganize the Ministry of War, and summoned to aid him in the task his former subordinate in East Prussia. For some years Hindenburg held an important post in the Department; and after a period in command of an infantry regiment this phase of his general training was completed by three years as Chief of Staff of a Corps. He then received the promotion due an officer who had made good his record in the Staff. In 1900 he was made a division commander, and in 1905 was given command of the Fourth Army Corps, at Magdeburg. Not long afterward — so a high official has revealed to us since the war — his name was included in a list of five generals presented to the Kaiser as qualified to succeed von Schlieffen in the command of the army. The Kaiser took none of them, but chose his own man, the *ersatz* Moltke.

At Magdeburg, Hindenburg gradually drifted out of the current. He did not enjoy the Kaiser's favor; Waldersee and von Schlieffen and the generation he had known at Berlin no longer directed the General Staff; and he saw himself being passed over in appointments to the highest posts of the service. Seeing the writing on the wall, in 1911, at the age of sixty-four, Hindenburg applied for his retirement.

'My military career,' he writes, 'had carried me further than I had ever dared to hope' — and in fact the great Corps commands may fairly be considered as marking a successful peacetime career in the German army. Hindenburg had not become an outstanding figure; he was unknown to the public at large and had not reached the inner circle of those who shaped the course of the army. He was remembered

by his own generation as a solidly dependable officer, but seems to have left no very marked reputation behind him in the service. When he was sent out to East Prussia in August 1914, the senior Staff Officer there had never heard of him.

Yet he had gained a thorough professional training and a wide experience in the vast German military organization, ranging from the specialized duties of the Staff and the bureaucratic machinery of the War Department to the actual command of large units. Incidentally, this plain, blunt soldier had seen a good deal of the world and of court life, not only at Berlin, but at the Grand Ducal courts of Baden, Oldenburg, Brunswick, and others, which had been near neighbors of his various commands. It was a phase of experience not provided by the comprehensive training of the General Staff, — one which Ludendorff never enjoyed, — and the time came when it stood Hindenburg in good stead. All in all, this first career proved a not inadequate preparation for the greater rôle which followed.

By August 1914, nevertheless, Hindenburg was not only retired but forgotten. His offer of his services at the outbreak of the war brought no response; and when the bad news from East Prussia revived the recollection of his name at General Headquarters, he had more or less disappeared from the official files. A summons was dispatched to him on the same day as to Ludendorff, but when the latter reported at von Moltke's headquarters he was told that it was 'not known where General von Hindenburg was to be found or whether he would accept the post.' Hindenburg, needless to say, turned up. Ludendorff found him waiting at the Hanover station when their special train rolled in at 4 A.M., and together the great pair, who had

never set eyes on each other before, went forward on their journey to Tannenberg. Within a month Hindenburg was the most famous man in Germany.

II

Thus began the 'happy marriage,' as Hindenburg terms it, of complementary qualities, that singular combination of talent and character which was to dominate the whole power of the Central Empires and on which was to rest the turn of German fortunes in the war. History offers far greater men than either of them, or, for that matter, than both together; but never were two outstanding figures so completely identified in a single rôle. Even in the after event, when their joint rule had led to utter disaster, Hindenburg bears witness to 'the harmony of our military and political convictions,' and to their having been 'one in thought and action.' From that standpoint the fusion is complete, and as regards their responsibility for the course taken it is impossible to draw any practical line of distinction. The accurate course is to follow the practice of English military writers and refer to them as Hindenburg-Ludendorff — a joint personality.

In character and temperament the contrast between the two is obvious enough. Hindenburg is a serenely philosophical person, patient and even-tempered and of a genial, buoyant disposition; deferential in manner; untroubled by pride, and without vanity or egotism. Ludendorff is filled with himself: impulsive, arrogant, and domineering, and kept in a perpetual state of incandescence by his craving for power. Never wholly trusted, never quite carrying conviction, he was the more peremptory and downright in asserting his own positive judgment. In the after event he concedes nothing to

experience, but digs in on his old positions with a sort of blind, tragic defiance, and turns with redoubled vindictiveness against his opponents — his allies and his own countrymen above all. As a corollary to this boldness and omniscience, we find him, in the extreme point of crisis, hesitant and uncertain as a leader in the field, and collapsing altogether when faced by defeat. The personification of system and method and industry, Ludendorff stood out by quantity rather than by quality; by the amount of work he could do rather than by the fineness of his mind; by force of will rather than by strength of character.

Hindenburg, roughly speaking, is the exact opposite. He has no unpleasant characteristics. Without Ludendorff's versatility, with a less active mind and much more obvious limitations, he yet seems to have been endowed with the more reliable gifts: common sense, for one thing — of which Ludendorff was wholly innocent. The event proved that Hindenburg's judgment was not equal to the occasion, but for all that he has natural intuitions, a certain skepticism and a respect for common experience, which give him an instinctive basis of wisdom. His memoirs show that he can conceive another side to a question, and view things with a certain detachment. Like Ludendorff, he cannot go so far as to give credit to his opponents in the field, and he ascribes their success not to generalship but to extraneous circumstances. But the story of his own failure is set forth without rancor or bitterness. It falls far short of frankness, but has at least a sort of philosophical resignation. He is charitable to his disappointing allies, and refers to his personal antagonists — Falkenhayn and Bethmann-Hollweg, for instance — with the respect due fallen enemies.

Remembering the unflinching serenity with which he struck down these and other figures who stood in his way, and the irresistible stride with which he rose within three years from obscurity to supreme power in the State, it would be rash to affirm Hindenburg unselfish or without personal ambition. But his ambition has always been within the bounds of reason, and above all in this general contrast to Ludendorff he shows a character ever under control; both in his conduct and in the way in which he reveals himself there is always something in reserve. Ludendorff, tortuous as he is, bares himself nakedly, especially when there is something to conceal. Hindenburg always gives the desired impression. Furthermore, he discerns with rare shrewdness the impression to be given. For some years the German people swore by him as an invincible military genius, and to-day, with the same conviction, American bankers and Chambers of Commerce assure themselves of his practical, businesslike ambition of restoring the economic welfare of his country.

The two volumes of *Aus meinem Leben* give, on first reading, an impression of entire candor, of an almost naïve ingenuousness of character. There is a disarming simplicity even in his romantic touches and his observance of long-abandoned rituals of German propaganda. But to read immediately afterward Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, for instance, produces an impression of appalling contrast: the Teutonic confession stands forth as a pitiful quibble. When one checks it up as a military and political narrative, it is seen to be a most artistic work of fiction. In an offhand and artless literary style this experienced author smooths rough edges, rounds off difficult corners, glides imperceptibly away from dangerous ground, and at a pinch

boldly substitutes black for white or white for black, all with the most skillful adroitness and an extraordinary sense of discretion. Even at the end, sitting down to write his story when the game was up and his career — a second time — seemed definitely over, Hindenburg still played the game. Instead of relieving his feelings or striking out in his own defense, he presented the view of things that was useful, judicious, politic. In this lies the real contrast between the two. Ludendorff, although an unsuccessful campaigner, is a military type in the strictest and narrowest and most rigid sense of the word. Hindenburg, a thorough soldier and formed within the experience of his profession, has essentially a political mind, with the objective judgment, the intuitions, and even the instinctive technique of a politician.

III

After this inventory of personal characteristics, we must return to the practical question of Hindenburg's actual rôle. To put it bluntly, the question is, Did Hindenburg count at all, or was he a mere covering phrase under which Ludendorff was the solid reality? Ludendorff himself accepts the latter hypothesis. In his memoirs he narrates their joint labors in the first person singular and presents the Field-Marshal as an august figurehead in the background, acquiescing automatically — a sort of Great Seal, conferring the formal stamp of authority on Ludendorff's decisions.

As regards the conduct of military operations, this may have been pretty much the fact. The office of Chief of Staff formed the corner stone of the German system of military command in all echelons, and the men selected for it were expected to take charge of things and assume the active respon-

sibility. In his first summons to Ludendorff, von Moltke had written: 'I know no other man in whom I have such absolute trust. You may be able to save the situation in the East. . . . So answer this new call, which is the greatest compliment that can be paid any soldier.' Such words leave no doubt as to which chief was relied on to fill the leading rôle; and in taking it Ludendorff only did what was expected of him. Hindenburg clearly understood the status and stood in much the same position as other German Commanding Officers. With due allowance for the personal equation, this relation was the normal rule throughout the army. The peculiarity of this case was that Ludendorff was an exceptional Chief of Staff, and that Hindenburg was able to recognize it and give him a free hand. Chance too played its part: the remoteness of the Eastern command and the course of military events in 1914 combined to stimulate Ludendorff's initiative and desire for authority, to increase his influence with his own Chief, and to give him a reputation in his own name throughout the army.

In the second phase, when the two rose to the Supreme Command, this position was officially recognized. Ludendorff was offered the post of Second Chief of the General Staff, but chose the title of First *Generalquartiermeister* as 'more appropriate.' Under either title the post was a special creation for the particular case: Ludendorff stood nominally under Hindenburg, but actually beside him. 'I was expressly assured that I should have joint responsibility in all decisions and measures that might be taken.' The two were no less closely identified than before, but Ludendorff, in addition to carrying on the immense burden of routine work, now issued orders in his own name and on his own authority.

That he was the one who took decisions was a matter of common knowledge—especially after a weakening illness Hindenburg suffered, in the winter that followed.

On account of the intimate working-relations between them, it is impossible to discern how far the elder may have influenced his more assertive partner, and it is unlikely that any written documents bear record of it. Quite possibly his influence was far greater than is now supposed; and from their taking a common stand it does not follow that Hindenburg had no mind of his own. His memoirs bear witness to an independent judgment and to a clearer and broader grasp of events than Ludendorff's feverish version; and in the future it may appear that he by no means merely sat in the office and waited for things to happen. Be that as it may, we find at present little to indicate that in the conduct of operations Hindenburg ever acted on his own, or put forward plans different from Ludendorff's, or that, whatever his private judgment, he ever failed to support Ludendorff's line of action with the utmost firmness. To all practical intents and purposes it was Ludendorff who filled the rôle of Commander-in-Chief. Hindenburg recognizes this fairly enough: 'I realized that one of my principal tasks was to give free scope to the intellectual powers, the almost superhuman capacity for work, and the untiring resolution of my Chief of Staff, and, if necessary, clear the way for him.'

IV

It may appear, nevertheless, that Hindenburg made the greater and more successful contribution to their common achievement. To 'clear the way' for Ludendorff proved to be a vast and ceaseless undertaking, and in achieving it he provided the basis for

their whole position. Bluntly, it was Hindenburg who built up the immense authority which Ludendorff exercised.

Even if Ludendorff constituted the military brains of the two, he did not provide a record of military success to carry them into power. Had their career depended upon this, it would have withered at the start. After the brilliant début at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, fortune did not smile on their arms in the East. Their next operations—Augustowo, the advance on Warsaw, and the second invasion of Poland—left a record of disappointment, while the costly winter battle of Masuria registered the failure of their whole strategical project. After this, Falkenhayn took things into his own hands. He cast their plan aside, chose another general and a plan the direct opposite of their own, and launched Mackensen upon the Russian campaign of 1915, which was on the whole the most successful achievement of German arms in the war. In this Hindenburg-Ludendorff played only a subordinate part—and that in so grumbling and insubordinate a fashion as to thwart Falkenhayn's strategy and allow the Russians to escape disaster. Throughout the campaign they carried on a wrangling altercation with their Commander-in-Chief, which culminated in a defiant, taunting letter from Hindenburg and an appeal to Cæsar. There was a show-down; the Kaiser stood by Falkenhayn, and the latter administered to Hindenburg a reprimand that made him hold his peace for eight months thereafter. Had it been anyone else, there can be little doubt that still more drastic action would have been taken.

But the aureole of Tannenberg was bright enough to obscure these subsequent misadventures. It had descended upon Hindenburg at a time when no other German general had

achieved much glory and when it was high time that at least one conquering hero should come forward. A decisive victory in itself, Tannenberg had also served to obscure the failure at the Marne, and under the circumstances neither the Government nor the public was disposed to be critical. It was just after his brisk retreat from Warsaw that Hindenburg was made Field-Marshal. With the most eager official sanction he was formally deified as the national hero of the war, and a population hungering for an idol was encouraged to worship with quaint rites before his colossal wooden image, standing high above the heads of Berliners. To this first flush of prestige was gradually added a very real and lasting popularity. With his reassuring imperturbable manner and the solid German bulk of his square figure, there was something about Hindenburg which took, some quality which appealed to the popular imagination and made him stand out as a human personality amid the official figures of the military hierarchy. The paternal sobriquet given him in early days by the soldiers of Tannenberg spread abroad, and by the people of all Germany he was confidently acclaimed as *unser Hindenburg*.

Few leaders would disregard the advantages of such a position, and Hindenburg turned it to prompt effect. His headquarters became a place of pilgrimage for persons of every rank, from the Imperial Chancellor down to newspaper artists, and before long there developed a widespread conviction that the war must be won in the East, and that Hindenburg was the man to win it. This was in fact Hindenburg's own view, and among the converts he gained to it was the Chancellor himself. Falkenhayn held wholly different strategical convictions, and he complained bitterly that 'even people in high

leading circles joined in the effort to force his hand.' As a matter of fact, with this popular favor and political support to count on, Hindenburg's headquarters assumed the character of an independent and rival command, and he himself, as early as January 1915, went so far as to propose to the Kaiser that Falkenhayn be dismissed altogether. For the rest of the year his conduct toward his Chief rested on the confident assumption that he could override him.

Hindenburg failed, as we have seen, for the time being, but in his next attempt he succeeded; and his popular prestige in no way suffered in the meantime. His campaigns, even when strategical failures, could show victorious battles, imposing captures of prisoners, and undeniable advances into Russian territory. They stood out in brilliant contrast to the despairing clamor from the Austrian front. The German public knew nothing of the strategical disappointments or of the wrangle with Falkenhayn, and indeed gave Hindenburg most of the credit for Falkenhayn's campaign. In that triumphant advance the leading rôle was naturally enough ascribed to the Commander-in-Chief in the East, whereas Falkenhayn managed things from a distance and did not appear in the communiqué. In the winter of 1915-1916 we find Hindenburg boldly summoning the Imperial Chancellor — in a letter published in the press — to alleviate the hardships of his soldiers' families. This open appeal to public favor over the heads of all his superiors was a significant warning that he had become an independent power within the State, stronger in point of popular confidence than any other authority, military or political.

It was in formal recognition of this fact that six months later Hindenburg was called to the Supreme Command.

This decision, though led up to by military events, was the solution of a political crisis and inspired chiefly by political factors. Falkenhayn, before being relieved, had succeeded in meeting the military crisis. But with the long slaughter at Verdun leading only to the agony of the Somme and the terrifying collapse of the Austrian front, in the eyes of the country the whole conduct of the war appeared a tragic record of failure, of which the blame fell back alike upon the High Command, the Government, and the Dynasty. Over against this drab horizon in the west stood out — *ex oriente lux* — the reassuring figure of the victor of Tannenberg, whom all Germans believed to be an invincible commander. He became the rallying-point of all the elements in opposition, all the voices of criticism and complaint against those in control. 'The nation was convinced that he alone could lead us to victory,' Bethmann-Hollweg records, and adds, frankly enough, that during the summer he warned the Kaiser in the strongest terms of the 'psychological importance' of this state of things. The Rumanian declaration of war then threw the country into a sudden *crise de nerfs*. In their weakness and bewilderment, Kaiser and Chancellor alike turned to the strength Hindenburg offered, exactly as a tottering French Cabinet seeks the support of a new leader and a more secure majority. The public, for its part, welcomed him the more eagerly because he was 'a soldier and not a politician,' and for this same reason the voters of the Republic turned to him again later on.

V

What followed was not so much a change of strategy as a change of Government. At Headquarters,

Hindenburg-Ludendorff took over Falkenhayn's staff and the strategical dispositions Falkenhayn bequeathed them; and for the year following they conceived nothing more adventurous than to dig in on the Hindenburg Line and send forth the U-boats to win the war. The real change was that the Supreme Command now ruled the Government, and that Hindenburg, instead of Kaiser or Chancellor, came to hold the supreme political power in the State. So open and avowed had been the political motive in turning to the Field-Marshal that the Chancellor at once put upon him the responsibility for the great issue then facing Germany, announcing to the Reichstag that unrestricted submarine warfare 'would depend on the declaration of the Field-Marshal — that is to say, would start when the Field-Marshal wished it to start.' He could hardly complain that Hindenburg took him at his word and presently asserted his wish over the Chancellor's opposition. Fortified by Hindenburg's presence, the country that had been thrown into a nervous crisis six months before by Rumania entering the field now accepted war with America without a tremor. Bethmann-Hollweg was of course surprised to find he had turned from King Log to King Stork. He had, as Ludendorff says, 'brought the Supreme Command into politics in order to support the Government.' But neither of the two commanders had any intention of accepting such a rôle. Bankrupt politically, the Government had put itself in their hands, and forthwith they took it over. 'The conduct of military operations had been entrusted to me,' Hindenburg explains, 'and for my task I needed all the resources of the Fatherland'; and with the same Olympian simplicity he proceeded to take them — not merely men and things, but power and political authority. With the

Kaiser, Chancellor, and Reichstag sometimes acquiescing, sometimes in impotent opposition, he and Ludendorff gradually took over the whole control of affairs at home and abroad, determining not only the conduct of the war, but the ends for which the war was waged.

In all this Ludendorff was no doubt the inspiring force and the controlling will: no other human being would have conceived gathering to himself such vast responsibilities. But again it was Hindenburg who put the power into Ludendorff's hands, and, what was still more difficult, maintained it there. Ludendorff himself was forever destroying his authority by the way he used it; his peremptory, interfering manner aroused universal resentment, and bound him to what the Crown Prince terms 'an unceasing struggle amid untold antagonisms.' Hated and distrusted in governmental circles as by the working class, long before the end his retirement would have given widespread relief. He held his ground by the threat that the Field-Marshal would stand or fall with him, and in all quarters it was accepted that Hindenburg's resignation would have been a catastrophe.

Hindenburg, on the other hand, was patient, persuasive, conciliatory, and made invariably a good impression. When distinguished personages visited Headquarters, he was, so to speak, the life of the party; and he sent away, soothed and reassured, those who had heard Ludendorff speak out with rasping bluntness. At Berlin he carried his points without, as he puts it, 'getting mixed up in party wrangles or even being appropriated by one of the existing parties,' for with his shrewd political instinct he gathered all parties behind him with serene impartiality. His political influence was all the greater because it was

masked by his general prestige and popularity, and on all sides he was given the credit of not mixing in politics. Avoiding constant assertion of himself, he thus became a sort of final reserve in the endless struggle waged against the Government, intervening only when necessary, and then with irresistible effect. In controverting the common view that Hindenburg played merely a decorative part, the Crown Prince observes: 'His composure . . . communicated itself to everyone who came into contact with him, convinced everyone that the fate of the armies was well cared for in that calm, firm hand, watched over by those earnest, yet ever friendly eyes. When he spoke, one was impressed by the fluency of his measured, thoughtful, and deliberate speech. The conviction was confirmed that the speaker was absolute master of the situation and expressed views that might be thoroughly relied on.' He was, in fact, master of the situation, and his views were relied on. Not only the mainstay of the Ludendorff régime, but the corner stone of popular faith and confidence in the war, Hindenburg was a figurehead to the same degree as is Mr. Coolidge in the present Administration.

This taking over control by the Supreme Command is commonly referred to as an unconstitutional act of force, like the coup d'état of some military junta. It was, quite the contrary, a straight political operation. Hindenburg was able to brush aside the Kaiser and override an unwilling Government, not because he had the army in his hand, but because in the last resort the German people were behind him. The impotence of politicians and of the political Government was due to the fact that the Field-Marshal had beaten them at their own game. He could appeal over the heads of the Government to the Reichstag,

and over the Reichstag to the country; and in the end he succeeded in leading the country to reverse its own convictions and follow him.

When the Reichstag, echoing the general despair of 1917, passed its famous resolutions for peace without annexations or indemnities, Hindenburg-Ludendorff calmly dismissed the Chancellor, brought the peace movement to an abrupt halt, vetoed the Government's decision to relinquish Belgium, and proceeded to annex the Baltic States and Poland. With this trophy in their hands, they put squarely before the country the programme they had already forced upon the Government: one more year of battle for the sake of complete victory and an all-German peace, generous indemnities and wholesale annexations of territory both to west and east.

Colonel Buchan has recorded for us the terms of this singular bargain. 'Ludendorff and Hindenburg met the Reichstag in secret session and explained their plan. They promised victory, complete and absolute victory in the field, before the autumn. . . . But a price must be paid for such losses. The Army Chiefs put it at a million German losses; on reconsideration, they increased their estimate to a million and a half.'

Those about to die did not take part in the vote, but the Reichstag gave its blessing. Every party, even the Socialists, accepted this brilliant prospectus. Wilson or Clemenceau never surpassed this feat of Hindenburg's in uniting the country behind him; and the wave of confident exultation that surged through the German people was a final tribute to his prowess as a popular leader. This point settled, Hindenburg and Ludendorff strode forth together to the *Kaiserschlacht* — the battle of battles.

There remained in opposition, it is

true, Sir Douglas Haig — and Haig always could hold his own against skillful politicians.

VI

In the eight months' military catastrophe that followed, we find no trace of Hindenburg taking any distinguishable part. He had cleared the way for Ludendorff, once for all, and in this final trial stood loyally beside him. But he could not make Ludendorff greater than he was. Ludendorff failed, and both together were not great enough for this occasion. As defeat gradually rose up before them, Hindenburg alone stood the test of character, justifying fully the instinct which had led Germans to put their trust in the one rather than the other; for in the end *unser Hindenburg* stayed to face the music, while the iron Ludendorff skipped the country.

Only toward the final collapse does Hindenburg emerge in his own person, and in this extreme crisis he reveals not only soundness of character but also his habitual political sense of realities. To the very last Ludendorff brandished the threat that the Field-Marshal would stand or fall beside him, but when the time came the Field-Marshal stood pat; he accepted with businesslike calm the departure of his *alter ego*, and apparently has never seen him since. In the same practical spirit he watched the Kaiser walk the plank a fortnight later. He himself brought to an end the last flutterings of that distracted monarch with the curt message that 'His Majesty must start for Holland without delay.' For one with his convictions it was a strange mission, but, after all, it was only a logical final step. Long before this he himself had stripped the last shreds of authority from 'my all-highest War Lord, Emperor, King, and Master.'

Although the sudden volatilization of the Hohenzollerns and the appearance of a Council of Commissioners of the People in their place upset for Hindenburg the whole scheme of things, he wasted no time in a futile protest against facts. With the eyes of the army turning to him for guidance, he instantly placed himself under the orders of the new Government and stayed at his post, broadcasting an appeal to the troops to stand by him.

No one thought of rejecting him. Of all the pillars of the old régime, Hindenburg alone retained his credit after the fall. The Socialist Chancellor of an insurrectionary Republic grasped at his support no less eagerly than Bethmann-Hollweg and the Kaiser had done two years before. At a time when things were touch-and-go, it made all the difference; and in the eyes not only of his brother officers but of some millions of bewildered countrymen his allegiance to a perilous and rickety status quo gave it the necessary air of legitimacy. Nor was Hindenburg's contribution to the Republic confined to this formal allegiance. When the Kaiser had imagined wild projects of leading the army home to fight the Revolution, the Field-Marshal had refused flatly to make war upon Germans; but when Ebert called for help he sent ten of his best divisions on this same mission. By the *Flammenwerfer* and machine-guns of these Hindenburg-Republicans, in grim street fighting, the German people

affirmed their devotion to the democratic régime over which he presides to-day. The Field-Marshal himself was entrusted with the command on the Eastern front, where once more had arisen the greatest threat of danger. Here, on his old front, his war record ended; and for the second time he settled down on the retired list at Hanover.

His third career — on which he has now entered — is less paradoxical than it first appeared to an astonished world. Whatever his sympathies, and for all his protesting affirmations of loyalty to the Hohenzollerns, at the critical moment he did his best to make the new régime a fact, a thing of substance and authority rather than a chaotic project. Royalist as he is, from the standpoint of the Republic Hindenburg can hardly be called a convert of the last hour, or an unfamiliar outsider. In the duties assigned him by the Constitution his hand is pretty thoroughly practised. Consultations with refractory Ministers, negotiations with party leaders and Reichstag committees, Ministerial crises — all these are an old story: he has turned Chancellors out of office himself. President of the Reich, he is formally installed at the head of a State of which he was the ruler de facto during a far more difficult period, and looks out over a political background that must be strangely familiar.

NORTHERN AUSTRALIA: A LOCAL WORLD-PROBLEM

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

It is probable that in no country in the world has there been so great an expenditure of money with so little result as in the vast Northern Territory of Australia. Ever since the first ill-fated attempt in 1849 to found a settlement at Port Essington, where the British Government experienced one of the few really serious setbacks in the history of tropical colonization, there has been a constant endeavor — first on the part of the South Australian Government and then by the Australian Federal Government, into whose hands the Territory passed in 1911, as well as by the Governments of Western Australia and Queensland — to attract settlers to the north of the continent and to develop the enormous areas that lie within the Tropic of Capricorn. Fully one third of Australia is in the tropics, and the problem of the effective development of these territories has hitherto proved insoluble. So far as the Northern Territory is concerned, the reasons are obvious to anyone who understands tropical conditions and the primary economic factors that govern settlement in tropical countries; yet year after year the vast, unpeopled spaces within easy reach of the teeming millions who inhabit the basin of the Pacific remain a standing menace to the safety of Australia itself and a perpetual invitation to any strong predatory Power that may dominate the Far East.

To state the problem involved in

this total failure to utilize for the benefit of Australia in particular and humanity in general these uninhabited, but not uninhabitable, wastes, and to suggest the remedy, is comparatively easy; but such primary economic and political factors are involved, factors which are of world-wide interest and significance and not confined to Australia, that it seems probable that only a revolution in Australian national sentiment, brought about by the strong and imperious hand of necessity, will effect any really drastic change in the prevailing conditions.

The northern portion of Australia is administered by three distinct Governments, each tackling its problem on different lines and governing from a capital that — with the exception of Brisbane — is remote from the immediate scene of action. The tropical portions of Western Australia, the land that William Dampier in 1688 so erroneously described as a barren waste, are administered from Perth in the southwest of the continent. The Northern Territory itself is governed from Melbourne, several days' journey by steamship and nearly two thousand miles distant as the crow flies from Port Darwin, the capital of the Territory. The northern portion of Queensland is administered from Brisbane, which lies closer to the immediate sphere of activities; and here the only really effective tropical development has taken place, although this has been achieved at an

economic cost out of all proportion to the results of the experiment. The problem that confronts all Australians, and indirectly the British Empire itself, is concerned mainly with the Northern Territory, which in reality forms the front door of Australia.

In a geographical sense the country to which Port Darwin is the main entrance is far less isolated from the rest of mankind than are the developed southern portions of the continent, where settlement first took place. It is nearer Europe and Asia than are South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, and it possesses all those natural advantages in the way of harbors, navigable rivers, rich and well-watered lands, and markets within easy access of its coasts, that under ordinary circumstances should make a country self-supporting and enable it to advance on the paths of economic success. Strategically Port Darwin is the key of the continent, and for this reason alone the development of its great hinterland should be a primary consideration of the Australian Government. Apart from any consideration of the maritime routes that should naturally converge on this important point, it will undoubtedly attain great importance as a base for the development of aerial navigation.

When Australia was first connected with Asia and Europe by submarine cable, it was Port Darwin which was chosen as the landing-place; and here, nearly fifty years later, arrived the two intrepid brothers, Sir Ross and Sir Keith Smith, whose heroic journey by airplane from Europe is one of the greatest epics of the air, to be followed in less than a year by Messrs. Parer and MacIntosh. Moreover, Port Darwin beckons to the territories around the Pacific; and if the Japanese rider should ever mount successfully the Chinese horse, it is to this point in the

unpeopled north of Australia that he will direct his steed. Three days distant from an enormous empty country is the overpeopled island of Java, with nearly thirty-five million inhabitants; and within easy reach lie the two great Asiatic countries that retain their independence in a world in which the white race exercises control over nine tenths of its inhabitants. Any weakening of that control — a not impossible contingency of the near future — would place the Australian problem in the forefront of international questions.

II

The Northern Territory represents a flaw in the genius for colonization of the Anglo-Saxon race. It consists of an immense stretch of country, embracing three belts of practically uninhabited land impinging upon and merging into each other, lying almost wholly within the tropics and nowhere rising to those great elevations which in some cases — such, for example, as the Kenya Colony in British East Africa — render the tropics tolerable for white colonization. It is two and a half times the size of France and four and a half times as large as Great Britain, but in the whole of this expanse there is a white population smaller than that of many an English village. Seventy years of endeavor and at least fourteen years of strenuous effort have resulted in a European population of 2240, many of whom are dependent upon government aid for their sustenance in a land that should offer great possibilities to the pioneer. Even this population shows signs of disappearing altogether. The Administrator in his last report states that it is 'practically stationary,' with a slightly downward tendency.' Truly the Commonwealth Government has labored and has brought forth a mouse.

The colored population — other than the aboriginals, who are either cannibals or of the smallest economic value — numbers 1018, and under the settled policy of the Australian Government there is no possibility of increase.

The value of overseas exports totaled in 1924 only £8000, with imports valued at £14,432; while the cost of the administrative staff was £73,753, of the postal service £26,339, interest on loans £101,576, and other expenses £102,445 — a total expenditure of £304,113. This expenditure left a deficiency of £243,702 to be made up by the Federal Government. The annual deficiency has been a feature of the Budget for many years and the total indebtedness of the Territory must now run into several millions. The 'inescapable inferences,' in the words of the Administrator, 'seem to be that the Territory does not yet offer sufficient attractions to draw white people from the States of Australia or from abroad, and that the more thrifty and consequently more industrious portion of the population is either diminishing in number or becoming gradually more impoverished.'

The reasons for this total failure of all efforts to colonize Northern Australia are to be found in the political and economic policy of the Commonwealth Government, and are not inherent in the Territory itself. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to discuss in their various bearings all the factors that have led to this disastrous result; but it may be said that two primary causes have militated against the success of every attempt to solve what, under present conditions, is an insoluble problem — the national policy of a White Australia, from which all colored races are rigidly excluded, and, arising out of this policy, the inability to run any tropical industry in Australia on an economic basis.

In the Northern Territory the human factor is also of great importance and is governed by the political forces that are moulding the destiny of this distressful country. How important this factor really is may be gathered from the numerous reports that have been issued dealing with labor troubles at Port Darwin and in its vicinity — troubles which have stultified all attempts to establish industry upon a satisfactory basis. It is only necessary to quote these official — and therefore extremely reticent — reports to demonstrate how entirely the local administration has been at the mercy of extremist politicians within the small mock capital of Port Darwin. At the end of the year 1918 a so-called 'revolution' occurred in the northern metropolis, which might have done credit to a small Central American republic, but was not calculated to encourage settlement in Northern Australia. A few local patriots ordered the Administrator to leave the Territory, and although he refused, and only afterward left to consult with his ministers in Melbourne, they subsequently, during his absence, secured the withdrawal of the Director, the Judge, and the Government Secretary, and were overawed only on the arrival of an Australian warship. The instigators of this political upheaval belonged to the most powerful organization in the Commonwealth, known as the Australian Workers' Union, the members of which belong mainly to the unskilled classes. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that the late Administrator, Dr. Gilruth, should have reported that 'it is regrettable that the Territory should have acquired a reputation for chronic industrial unrest, combined with high wages'; or that Mr. Justice Ewing, reporting to the Commonwealth Government on the disturbances, should have stated that 'the Federal authorities had conceived

the idea that products could be grown in the Territory with wages from £3-10-0 to £6 per week, to compete with those that were being grown in Eastern countries with wages at from 6d. to 1/6d. a day.'

This, in reality, is the crux of the whole question of tropical settlement in Australia; but hitherto the political and economic blindness, willful or otherwise, of the contented and discontented workers in the rest of the Commonwealth has prevented any common-sense settlement of the northern problem — so far away, it seems, yet so directly menacing to their well-being.

The new Administrator, who arrived at Port Darwin on February 13, 1920, found the position somewhat astonishing, not to say dismaying. 'The Service was permeated with the doctrines of extremist unionism, vigorously inculcated by the local union leaders, extremists of the extreme, and enforced by every subtle, tyrannical device their none too scrupulous minds could conceive, until the more or less depressed and bewildered civil servants had arrived at a stage where they seemed to doubt to whom their first allegiance was really due — whether to their country as represented by the Government or to the truculent terrorists who, in the much abused name of unionism, and without much let or hindrance from higher authority, had arrogantly claimed a right of control over them.'

He then continues: 'Socially the Darwin community was a house divided against itself. . . . Production stopped, industry ceased, shipping disappeared, no capital came into the Territory for investment, and unemployment immediately presented an ugly problem to be dealt with.'

This is substantially the position at present.

III

There is probably no part of the British Empire which has been visited so constantly by commissions of inquiry and investigation, or whose resources have so continuously been inquired into. Commission after commission has formulated plans for making tropical colonization on a white basis a success. Although there are vast tracts in the country that have not been explored, yet there are other great areas that have been thoroughly investigated. Nor is there a country about which the opinions of those most competent to judge are more sharply divided. The observer can only strike a mean between the conflicting reports regarding almost illimitable opportunities for development, on the one hand, and gloomy statements that the country is almost valueless, on the other. It seems tolerably certain, however, that in many parts of the country there is great mineral wealth — wealth which was first exploited in the sixties and seventies of the last century in a burst of premature optimism. This is true more particularly in Arnheim Land, a great undeveloped block of country west of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and in the regions in and around that remarkable range of mountains known as the Macdonnell Range, in the centre of the continent, extending four hundred miles west and east, possessing a dry, healthy — though hot — climate, and also containing country eminently suitable for cattle, horses, and sheep. Within the Northern Territory itself there is space for many Coolgardies and Broken Hills.

It is also clear that vast regions are capable of being used for pastoral purposes, — and in Australia pastoral industry has always preceded agriculture, — so the present neglected and

impoverished pastoral enterprise in the north seems capable of almost unlimited growth. In addition, there are great alluvial plains where agriculture can be successfully followed, particularly along the courses of the large rivers, many of which can be navigated for considerable distances and have deep and large natural harbors capable of accommodating ocean-going steamships. It has been demonstrated that cotton, rice, sugar, and other tropical products can be grown successfully in the far north; but here the economic factor is predominant. The cotton industry of Queensland is successful at present because of the high price of cotton in the world's market; the sugar industry in the same country is kept going artificially at the expense of the whole community, and has no chance, therefore, of competing in the markets of the world; but without these conditions similar industries in the Northern Territory, if ever established, would be doomed to early extinction.

There are reported to be considerable timber resources in the coastal districts, while the northern fisheries, which are at present worked by a few of the Chinese and other colored inhabitants of the Territory with hardly any capital and with primitive appliances, present an almost inexhaustible store of wealth, as the market in the East for these products is enormous. Finally, it is stated that there are great areas capable of producing wheat; and when it is remembered what large districts in the Commonwealth, which have been regarded as entirely unsuited to this product, now support flourishing wheat-growing communities, it seems probable that here too the Northern Territory will some day come into its own.

It will be asked, doubtless, what steps first the South Australian Government and afterward the Common-

wealth Government have taken to develop their national heritage, and what is the future policy of development. The steps that have been taken are many, but in no case has success been achieved. Prior to the establishment of the Commonwealth, the South Australian Government built a narrow-gauge line northward toward the interior of Australia — no small achievement for a small State with pressing problems of development nearer at hand. This line was carried as far north as Oodnadatta, a small pastoral settlement, three days' journey by rail from Adelaide, the capital of the State, and there left derelict. The line was intended to be part of a great north-to-south railway across the continent, mainly conceived as a strategic line of defense, but also intended to open up pastoral areas. Failing to reach the Macdonnell Range, it also failed in much of its intended achievement. The failure is due in the main to the procrastination of the Federal Government, one of whose first duties under the terms of federation was to complete this railway. Farther north, a short railway runs southward from Port Darwin, and this is the only line in the Northern Territory proper.

It has been asserted that the Territory can be opened only by the construction of railways and improved means of communication. While this is doubtless true, it is nevertheless evident that railways alone cannot open this great and stagnant country, and although apparently the Commonwealth Government has now decided to complete the north-to-south line it is extremely doubtful whether it will serve any other useful purpose than strengthening the national defenses. The real root of the evil being political and economic, the only hope for development seems to be along the lines embodied in the bill introduced in the

last Parliament by Senator Pearce, Minister for Home and Territories, who advised the appointment of a commission of three capable men to reside in and have entire control of the development of the Territory, thus removing it from the political influences of the past, exerted in Melbourne and Sydney, where the mass of the population has no real conception of the dangers involved in a vast, empty North.

IV

It may be permitted to touch briefly upon one aspect of this problem because the same problem exists on the continent of America — the possibility of an economic settlement in the tropics exclusively by whites. No fiercer controversy has ever raged in Australia than that which centres around the White Australia policy, and the great majority of Australians are unalterably opposed, for racial and economic reasons, to the introduction of Asiatic laborers into any part of the continent, tropical or otherwise. This opposition is based both on the fear of miscegenation and on the fear that the wages of white workers would be adversely affected. But sooner or later the fact must be faced that Australia, although geographically one country, with an Anglo-Saxon population racially purer than that of any other country in the world, — with the exception, possibly, of New Zealand and, of course, the Mother Country itself, — contains regions that do not fall within the sphere of white colonization.

Up to the present, very few prominent Australians have been ready to admit that large parts of the Northern Territory and adjacent districts cannot be settled by Europeans without the aid of Asiatic labor; and politicians least of all have been able to run counter to the national sentiment.

Only one responsible statesman, Sir Henry Barwell, then Prime Minister of South Australia, has come out into the open and denounced the results of a too rigid adherence to the White Australia policy. Only now and then a patriotic official dares to throw discretion to the winds and reveal the real state of affairs. Thus Dr. Herbert Basedow, at one time chief medical officer of the Territory, reported that 'any sound developmental policy for the Territory must include two essential items: first, gangs of acclimatized colored laborers, kept under strict government supervision; and secondly, ready communication by rail with subtropic or temperate climes. In other words, there is no reason why white men should not live in the Territory as well as they do in other tropical countries, provided the necessary comforts be given them by introducing cheap attendance, such as can be supplied only by colored men, and providing an opportunity for them to regain periodically their physical strength by traveling to more favorable climes without the loss of too much time and money.' The opinions of such men as Sir Henry Barwell and Dr. Basedow are, however, anathema to the average Australian politician.

It has been stated with emphasis that many parts of tropical Australia are eminently suitable for European settlement, yet the fact remains that neither Australians themselves nor European immigrants are anxious to establish themselves permanently in those regions. Medical opinion still differs on the possibility of raising healthy families in the tropics and keeping them permanently resident there; but even granting this possibility, the economic factor then intervenes, and it becomes apparent to the merest novice that the problem of laboring in the tropics and of cultivating the products peculiar to those

regions is economically insoluble except at the expense of the whole community — an expense which, in the case of these enormous regions, would be an impossible burden for the Australian people to bear.

The statement that white men can and do work in the tropics and can reside for long periods in tropical Australia without hurt to themselves and their families contains sufficient truth to be misleading to those who are unaware of the actual conditions. It is possible to reside there under the best conditions and where the whole drudgery of the housework does not fall upon the woman of the household; but where all must work hard to get a bare living out of the soil, where no outside labor is available, where the amenities of a well-organized household in the tropics cannot be observed, it is evident that the brunt of the experiment will fall upon the woman and through her upon the children, with the inevitable result that the race must deteriorate.

The present Administrator of the Territory, Mr. F. C. Urquhart, whose opinion must necessarily have considerable weight, in discussing this problem has stated: 'As to white labor, writing after a long experience in the most northern parts of Queensland, I feel sure that south of the fifteenth parallel [that is, well within the tropics] there is no question to debate, and that white men who are willing to do so may work without detriment from the climatic conditions. North of that line, up to the north coast, conditions are more severe, but there is nothing to show that they are dangerous to men of good constitution and of temperate habits. It is largely a matter of rational working-hours, temperance, and hygiene, *with occasional spells in cooler regions for recuperative purposes.* [The italics are my own.]

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When, however, we consider the case of white women in the northern portion of the Territory, more especially in the coastal regions under existing conditions, I fear the verdict must be less favorable, though improved housing, better dietary, and railway facilities for cheap and speedy access to more temperate climates might go far to lessen the disabilities they are now under. Children, it is agreed, do very well up to the age of eight or nine years, when a change of climate seems to be in most cases desirable.'

It may well be asked, however, how the manual worker with a family is likely to be able, under the economic conditions that must always pertain to the Northern Territory, unless there is an abundance of cheap labor, to make periodic visits — which to be beneficial must be of considerable duration — to the more temperate portions of the continent.

V

It will be thought, doubtless, that some apology is necessary for calling attention to what may well appear to be an obscure problem in an obscure corner of the British Empire. It is probable that many who read this article may consider the Northern Territory of Australia to be too insignificant — though not in size — to merit much attention. Yet, as I have endeavored to show, this is in reality a world problem of the first importance. It involves, in the first place, the moral question as to how far the white races are entitled to hold vast tracts of country which they are unable to utilize or develop without the aid of their Asiatic neighbors, when near by are millions of fellow creatures who are clamoring for land and the 'right to live.' The greatest pressure of population upon this globe centres

around the Pacific, and, of all the regions dominated by Europeans, Australia occupies, with respect to the colored races, the most dangerous and most exposed position.

Its position is at present safeguarded by the moral influences and armed strength of the British Empire as a whole; but it is possible to conceive the time when other parts of the Empire, such as India, not to mention foreign Asiatic countries, may question the justice of the Australian Monroe Doctrine and seek to press their opinion in the councils of the Empire. Can Great Britain afford to disregard any definite and imperious demand made by her Asiatic subjects for admission to unoccupied lands, and in that case can she afford to support Australia in her policy of isolation?

This question cannot be answered, but it must occur to every thinker, and

not least to those in America, who, but for their consistent policy of settlement, would be exposed to-day to the same dangers that threaten the Australian Commonwealth. The five and a half millions of Australians are surrounded, except in the south and east, by over one thousand millions of yellow, brown, and black men, from whom they are divided by a racial chasm of their own making. The purity of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Southern Hemisphere may possibly be involved in this problem, though this is doubted by many authorities; but undoubtedly there is involved the great moral question that is at present occupying the minds of many thinkers in Asia — the question of the right to own land without effective occupation. Upon the solution of this problem depends the entire future of the British race in the Southern Hemisphere.

THE DECLINE OF CRIME IN BRITAIN

BY COLIN R. COOTE

THE sentence which burst like a bomb-shell on the social system of eighteenth-century Europe was that with which Rousseau began his *Contrat Social*. 'Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains.' This was the beginning of a change in the outlook of civilized man, which has developed with a slow but increasing intensity throughout the succeeding one hundred and fifty years. From a recognition of the fact that it was morally wrong and economically wasteful to chain men with the bonds of tyrannical social conditions came the corollary that it is useless to shut them up in prison as long as there is

any chance of reforming them. Thence came humaner laws, and the humaner administration of those laws. This created the difficult problem of striking the golden mean between the crime of creating crime and the crime of creating criminals.

To-day, generally speaking, prison is regarded as a deterrent, not as the instrument of vindictiveness, and public opinion undoubtedly acclaims this definition as correct. The whole of the effort of the modern State is directed toward, on the one hand, changing the social conditions in or of which crime is bred. The political history of Britain

for the past seventy years is one of competition among the political parties, whatever they might call themselves, as to which could most speedily carry into effect a programme of reform on which, in statement though not in method, all were agreed. On the other hand the effort has been to succor, rather than to punish, all who can pretend, with any semblance of probability, that their lapse into crime has been due to social conditions as yet imperfectly reformed.

You do not, however, end crime by recognizing that more often than not it is not the criminal's own fault if he breaks the law. You cannot destroy the conditions which create crime with the same facility as the scientists destroyed the breeding-grounds of the *Anopheles mosquito*. In point of fact, in an old country like Britain, which tumbled haphazard into industrialism, and increased its population in a hundred years by 500 per cent, it has required an enormous, and only very partially successful, effort to diminish the conditions in which crime is bred. Only recently has any coördinated attempt been made to deal, in these overcrowded islands, with such problems as slums, housing-shortage, public health, and, generally, the multifarious difficulties created by an industrial civilization founded upon a necessarily precarious prosperity.

It is supposed that, with the exception of certain popular characters invented by still more popular writers of fiction, the criminal is a person driven to misdemeanor by the miserable conditions in which masses of men and women are forced to live. The theory that crime is a disease is based upon the fact that the diseases recognized in the pharmacopœia are indubitably fostered by such dreadful living-conditions. It is therefore to the point to consider, in some detail, the changes

in social conditions which have been created by four and a half years' orgy of spending between 1914 and 1918, all the more because those conditions are imperfectly realized by those who have had the good fortune to escape suffering from them. We in Britain, encompassed by the difficulties of 1925, are perhaps too apt to look back upon 1914 as upon a Golden Age, too ready to forget the industrial and political tension which was one of the factors upon which the German war party counted for a victory undisturbed by British interference. And yet it is true that since 1914 our difficulties have enormously increased, and the fact is proved by the most cursory comparison of the standard and conditions of life then and now.

We have a Budget balancing at £800,000,000, as compared with one balancing at £200,000,000; and of the former figure £350,000,000 is swallowed by debt services alone. This huge sum has to be found before Britain can begin to think of spending a penny on social services. With regard to housing, though the State has made a tremendous effort, translated into the cold figures of a £600,000,000 capital liability, there is a shortage of 800,000 houses. It is only this year that the corner has been turned and a beginning made upon overtaking the arrears. For many years to come there will be quarters in our big cities foul beyond imagination.

Our industrial situation is too well known to need elaboration. It is not so black as it is often painted, because 90 per cent of our population are employed, and there are actually 200,000 more persons in work than in 1914. Moreover, the unemployment figures for that year are unknown, because, there being at that time no comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance, reliable figures are not available.

But it is estimated that even in that year there were 600,000 unemployed. Still, to-day's figure of 1,250,000 represents a formidable surplus to present industrial requirements. Lastly, it is pertinent to compare the standard of wages and the cost of living for the two periods. Upon the first it is extremely difficult to be accurate, because the truth has been hidden beneath a mass of partisan propaganda, brought forward in the course of industrial disputes, and because to-day nominal wage-rates are subject to all sorts of variations, and differ enormously as between different trades. Broadly speaking, and making full allowance for the lower purchasing power of sterling, in the sheltered industries — that is, industries not subject to foreign competition, such as the building trade and the railways — wages are higher by between 20 and 40 per cent. In all other industries, however, they are nominally back to about the 1914 standard (again measured in real values), and in certain cases even lower. A large percentage of miners, for example, owing to depression in the coal industry, can find work for only three or four days in the week. I must again disarm impending critics by repeating that it is possible to make only the most general statements about wage-rates, particularly in the unsheltered industries. The cost of living it is possible to ascertain more definitely, because figures have been kept, though not based upon the same elaborate calculations as in the United States, since the Armistice. They show an index figure of 126, as compared to 1914, in 1919–20, and thereafter a steady decline to round about 70, at which it has remained throughout the present year. There are signs that this reduction of price levels is now being considerably accelerated, as retail prices are forced to approximate more

closely to wholesale prices. The statements made above in regard to wages take into account this rise in prices over the 1914 level, though the rise in food prices only is not quite so great as the general index figure. Generally speaking, the standard of living is disappointing to those who thought, and were often told by persons capable of knowing better, that a nation can win a great war without paying for it in any way.

This does not mean, as extremist politicians pretend, that the policy of reform of social conditions has failed: but merely that it has been temporarily robbed of its full fruits by the war, and indeed has not yet had sufficient time to prove or disprove its value. A mass of new social legislation has been scribbled on the Statute Book, but has not had time to imprint itself upon the hearts of men.

It would therefore be anticipated that, under all the distress and temptations implied in these figures, the population of Britain would have lapsed the more readily into offenses against the law. Indeed, among those best qualified to judge, the absorption of 5,000,000 soldiers, habituated during a nightmare of five years to an existence wherein human life and considerations of humanity were held cheap, and wherein the ability of the individual to provide for his own comfort by fair means or foul was the chief criterion of his value, was expected to be attended by a general lowering of ethical standards. And yet, the very reverse is the case. In England and Wales the peak year since 1881 was 1905, when 197,941 persons were committed to prison; the lowest 1919; when the corresponding figure fell to 26,050. Since that date there was a gradual rise to 47,371 in 1923, but again a decline last year to 46,135. Broadly speaking, the number of persons sent

to prison per 100,000 of the population was 500 before the war and 120 to-day. The figures for Scotland demonstrate almost the same phenomena.

It is interesting to note in respect of what particular crimes this gratifying decline is the most striking. The total figures do not reveal the whole astonishing story, for the drop has been greatest in petty crimes, which might be expected to originate in poverty or lack of self-control. For example, convictions for drunkenness have fallen from 51,851 in 1913-14 to 11,425 in 1923-24, and those for prostitution from 7952 to 1209. It is really only the major crimes in respect of which the decline has been less marked. Convictions for burglary numbered 1734 as against 1960; for murder, manslaughter, and wounding, 445 as against 474.

It is not, however, justifiable to congratulate the British people on any higher standard of morality until they can show whether these flattering statistics are really due to their better behavior; and it must at once be admitted that there are circumstances, quite apart from the law-abiding character of the people, which must have helped considerably to empty British prisons.

The Children's Act passed in 1908 has resulted in practically no person under sixteen years of age being sent to prison. The First Offender's Act, as its name implies, gives everybody a chance to redeem a first slip. The development of Borstal institutions means that young persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one seldom have to endure the taint of jaildom, and the new system of placing every possible accused adult on probation helps to reserve prisons almost entirely for habitual criminals. It is also only fair to add that Britain has instituted a kind of indirect prohibition, in that she has restricted the hours of the sale

of liquor and vastly increased its price by means of heavy taxation. Nevertheless, there is nothing to prevent a person getting drunk if he or she wishes, and it is undoubtedly creditable that in normal times — that is, except during the holidays in our great cities — it is very difficult to find a case of drunkenness. There remains the class of crime occasioned mainly by poverty, wherein, given the existing industrial conditions, a great increase might have been expected. The most facile explanation of the fact that here too there has been an astonishing decline in convictions is the existence of the 'dole' — that is, the weekly payment which the British Government makes by way of unemployment benefit to those out of work. But this is far too easy, and it is in fact contradicted by a close analysis of the figures.

In the first place, the dole is not sufficient to raise a man from the most abject poverty, and very many have to supplement it by applying for Poor Law relief. Secondly, it is estimated that between 150,000 and 200,000 persons are unable to qualify for it at all; and, thirdly, the greatest decrease in crime took place before it was instituted for anybody except ex-service men — namely, between the year 1916 and the year 1919. Therefore, while the dole has undoubtedly served to calm the people and help them to face a very grave national crisis, its effect upon crime has been comparatively negligible. There is a general assent to the proposition that it has not prevented the demoralization which results from years of fruitless search for work. The Governor of the Polmont (Borstal) Institution reports the sad effect upon those admitted of 'prolonged unemployment.' 'They have developed,' he says, 'a slouching way of walking, and a very listless attitude to things in general.' But demoralization has not on the

whole degenerated into more than this pathetic 'listlessness.' There is a great increase of 'cadging' in the streets upon any excuse. This is extremely sad, but it is not crime; and the nation has reason to be proud of its record in face of the assault of enforced poverty.

It is distinctly probable that the absence of crimes attributable to poverty is in its turn due to the gradual disappearance of ignorance. For, in addition to the reforms mentioned above (which cost nothing), and in spite of the enormous dead-weight charge upon the British Budget, there has been a gratifying increase of expenditure upon social services of a more imaginative and useful nature than the dole. The rates of war pensions are the most generous in Europe. Upon education the sum, unprecedented for Britain, of £85,000,000 is this year being spent; and to this must be added the sums devoted to education in the broader sense, for purposes ranging from maternity welfare to the new Pensions scheme for old age, widowhood, and so forth, passed into law this year. In the prisons themselves it is an essential part of the humaner methods now adopted to hold evening classes, which include lectures, concerts, and even debates. It is perhaps not to be expected that such things should influence the habitual criminal, but to the rest they must afford proof that the convict is not the victim of a tyrannical oligarchy, but the offender against one of the few necessary rules imposed upon the members of a free democracy. The following figures, though they prove the insensibility of the habitual, prove also the sensibility of the occasional, offender. In the year 1923-24, the latest for which statistics are available, 62 per cent of the men and 83 per cent of the women committed to prison had been previously convicted.

The conclusion of the whole matter is best stated in the words of the Prison Commissioners themselves as printed in their latest report. 'Among the adult population, although it is unsafe to draw definite conclusions, there is reason to think that the mental and moral disorganization produced in many people by the war is now passing away. Unforeseen events may falsify any forecast, especially in prison matters, but present circumstances, and the history of the past few years, give us reason to hope that prison population will show a steady, if slow, decline.' Since their report was written this forecast has been, in fact, justified by events.

Suppose Louis XVI had been able to sell off the Bastille because he could find no one to put in it, there might have been no French Revolution. Certainly tenantless prisons are a sign of a nation at peace within itself. And every day in Britain the prisons are emptying, and empty prisons are refilling with free men. In 1914 there were 62, housing a convict population of 167,000. To-day there are only 37, with a population of 58,000. Two months ago they auctioned the furniture and equipment of Newcastle Jail. Three months ago the last prisoner walked out of Ipswich. To-day Reading, where and of which Wilde wrote his terrible *Ballad*, is up for sale. Gone long ago are the ghastly scenes in the debtors' prison at Newgate, which the pen of Dickens transcribed to sear the consciences of his countrymen. Going to-day are all the scenes and signs of shame which Society creates for those who offend it. And some day, perhaps, in some dusty museum, the casual visitor will come across a coarse suit of stuff marked with the Broad Arrow, and wonder when so repellent a fashion could have been in vogue among the dandies of a bygone age.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL MEMORIES

NORTH and South and East and West,
From Texas State to Maine,
We do our best with our weekly test
And write our answers plain.
Oh, it's dip pens all!
We hear the call
Our destinies to rule.
Wherever we are, Hurrah! Hurrah
For Correspondence School!
— CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL SONG

It can hardly escape the general observation of advertisement-lovers that educational opportunity is being enlarged and varied by an adaptation of the ancient Socratic, or catechetical, method to the postal facilities of the present century; and that, whereas formerly the student had to leave home and seek education, education, so to speak, is now leaving home and seeking the student. Many of us, to be sure, merely look at the pictures and skim carelessly over the text, wondering in an idle way whether anybody ever really does go to correspondence school, and forgetting that advertisements are not written and printed solely for entertainment. Thus unwittingly we pass the portals of an invisible institution, with a real faculty busily correcting in colored inks the examination papers of a host of students, each earnestly trying to develop great, but hitherto unsuspected, powers of feeling, observation, concentration, and thought. This invisibility makes advertising necessary. Other institutions of learning, older, gregarious, and visible in many objective ways, are indirectly and inexpensively advertised by these very characteristics. In the one case, as is

common knowledge, the matriculant is customarily sent by parent or guardian; in the other, as we could not know without advertising, he sends himself. 'Why,' he has asked himself frankly, 'do others, less intelligent than I, succeed where I have failed?' Harvard or Yale would hardly deign to answer this anxious question — but Correspondence School does answer it: The others have learned how to **USE** their minds. Nor are they really 'less intelligent than I,' for we are all of equal intelligence *if we only knew it*, and these embarrassing and discouraging differences exist only because we don't. Different men, to be sure, will use a mind differently, — this one will make himself a great dramatist, that one a great scientist, another a great plumber, and another a great chiropractor, — but the splendid tradition of Correspondence School is that one mind, as such, is just as good as another. If, however, a man wishes to learn how to **USE** a mind he must **WORK**.

When I went to Correspondence School myself I was in doubt whether I had any mind at all. I had started to write an essay for the *Atlantic*, but the beginning was unpropitious; as Mr. Roget would have said, it was dull, prosaic, prosing, unentertaining, unlively, flat, pointless, stolid, stupid, plodding, humdrum, Bœotian, witless, reasonless, imbecile, weak, soft, sappy, feeble-minded, half-witted, shallow-pated, beetle-headed, driveling, puerile, and fatuous. It got nowhere, and it drooled as it went. I am an advertisement-lover, and had often enjoyed the pictures and text of the correspondence-school advertisements — and, after all,

there might be something in this notion of learning how to USE your mind! It would do no harm to send for the free booklet. 'Very few people,' said the booklet, 'really know themselves. They imagine they are this or that, and blunder through life the victims of their own ignorance. . . . The call is for the quick, leaping brain that is able to create ideas, to find fresh points of view, to make decisions as logical as they are swift, and to manufacture opportunities instead of waiting for them.' If my brain was like that it seemed reasonable to believe that I could get forward with my *Atlantic* essay; and it appeared also that the price of tuition had been temporarily reduced. Presently I received my number, my first lesson-book, and the first list of questions by the professor himself. 'You are unique,' said the lesson-book. 'In the world of business, in the world of science, in the world of art, in the world of thought, in the world of pleasure, every day and on every hand' — yea, even in the office of the *Atlantic* — 'one great cry of need goes forth, the cry for originality. If only you would hear it aright, it is the cry of the world for YOU. . . . Because you alone can fill this need the world will pay you, and pay you generously' — note that, *Atlantic Monthly* — 'to do so.' That, however, was for the future. The thing to do now was to shut the door, muffle the telephone, and study the lesson-book; to make my time-table of academic work — 'On Tuesday you may be out all evening at a social function, but if it causes you to travel by train or subway, your time-table will contain a note to that effect and the necessary book will be put into your pocket' — and begin the prescribed exercises for the development of my latent powers of observation and sense-perception. (It would have been unsportsmanlike to have even peeked at the professor's

questions before studying the lesson-book and beginning the exercises.)

It was 10.37 by my time-table when I went out on the back porch and did Exercise II. 'Take up a position inside the house or outside — anywhere, indeed, that sense appeals are possible — and write down what you see, hear, or otherwise experience. *Specimen of Report.* You would write something like this: "I heard a train whistle, a motor car 'honked' in the distance. Saw a swallow fly past the window. Heard a strange sound several times, but could not identify it. Smelt frying bacon, and wondered on what food the pigs had been fed. Counted the shades of green in the foliage. There were five." ' And as I went to sleep that night I wondered if the time would ever come when I too, if I smelt frying bacon, would feel also a quick, intelligent wonder as to what the pigs had been fed on.

But it is, after the first excitement, a lonely way of going to school. I now and then wondered why our Alma Mater did not provide us with some modest insignia — a button, pin, hat-band, arm-band, or even a common necktie in some official Correspondence School colors — whereby we might know each other. There is much to be said for some such mark of identification. As things now are, Nos. 47642, 47670, 48100, and 48196, for example, might live on the same street, and yet be no better acquainted than No. 47760, who lives in Maine, and No. 48101, who lives in Texas. Friendships cannot ripen under such circumstances. A modest button, perhaps decorated with the features of Socrates, need add little or nothing to the cost of tuition; it would open the way for a heartier and more attractive undergraduate life, permit the organization of fraternities, athletic teams, glee clubs, and other student interests that make formal

advertising unnecessary for the older and gregarious institutions, and encourage the getting together of alumni in the same neighborhoods. I should have liked at least to have a photograph of my professor. As the course progresses, however, and the imagination of the student develops, he can *imagine* his professor and classmates, and in this exercise he will be greatly helped by his improving memory for the advertisements and the free booklet. At the foot of the class, I used to think, was the young man who had been unable to concentrate on his clerical duties — Mr. Scatterbrain, as Bunyan would have called him; and perhaps you have seen his picture. He *looked* stupid. He tipped back his chair, and eased his feet on a convenient drawer of his desk. What went on in his undisciplined mind was printed in the smoke of his cigarette. 'Must be near lunch time,' he thought. 'Wish I had \$500 — HATE BOSS — Florida — Girl with a red hat — Why don't I get a raise?' Then one day he heard, like me, that the only trouble with him was that he did n't know how to USE his mind, and now he is with us.

But he must work, WORK! Oh, it will not be easy for Mr. Scatterbrain — nothing like so easy, I fear, as he fancied it would be when he joined the class. No more of that amorous mental dalliance with red-hatted females! 'The power to create a vast business, or to solve a profound problem in mathematics, or to discover a great law like gravitation is said to be the offspring of thought, but every success in thinking has two accompaniments: the inward urge and hard work.' More than once it will be necessary for him to grit the teeth of his mind and recall what Lesson No. 1 revealed to him and me and all of us about our unsuspected Selves.

And who shall say that those unsuspected Selves, in some way that we are

incapable even of suspecting, do not meet and mingle and go arm-in-arm about our campus, which is as large as the continent? I like to think so. Good fellows all, male and female, we were a varied lot of undergraduates, — accountants, actresses, army officers (as I take a few at random from the occupational list of students in the free booklet), dietitians, diplomats, funeral directors, hatters, shoemakers, social workers, tree surgeons, valets, wireless operators, woolsorters, and writers, — all so busy, apart and yet together, with our professor's question: '(a) Do you arrive at conclusions quickly? (b) Confidently? (c) Correctly? (d) If not, what do you believe to be the hindrance?' I wonder how Mr. Scatterbrain is answering it. Probably (a) Yes. (b) Yes. (c) Yes. (d) Girl with a red hat.

Mens sana in corpore sano. Every morning, apart and yet together, we do our physical exercises (a) in bed and (b) out of bed. Every morning we practise relaxation, and become for the moment like so many drooping plants, each in a separate garden bedroom. All together we exhale our breath and our ideas of worry, anxiety, fear, hurry, ill-nature, resentment, ugliness, effort, striving, and doubt. All together we fill our memories and imaginations with sweet and restful things — 'for instance,' says the lesson-book, 'the delicious moment that comes after relief from toothache.' All together we inhale, and as the fresh air flows into us we know that in the future our health, our sanity, our poise, our power, will depend not only on food but also on repose. And then perchance we go out to practise our exercise for Will and Effort: 'From among the people whom you find boring or irritating, choose the greatest offender of all, and accept the first opportunity of conversing with him (or her). Display a genial and

accommodating attitude throughout.' This I found to be a particularly stiff exercise.

East and West and South and North,
From Maine to Texas State,
We all stand forth by our mental worth,
Each one a potentate.
Oh, in ways diffuse
Our minds we use
Our destinies to rule.
Wherever we are, Hurrah! Hurrah
For Correspondence School!

A MONEY-LENDING

No sound had betrayed her coming. Her bare feet had moved silently across the marble floor. First I was aware of a faint scent of betel nut. Then I felt her slim brown hand laid gently on my arm, and I turned to find her sitting on the floor beside me.

She was immaculately clean and neat. A new red-and-tan sarong, bought with her first month's *gadji* since she came to serve as bedroom *baboe* in our house, was fastened, in the fashion of all the Malay women, snugly about her waist, and reached to her slender ankles. Above it she wore a jacket of pale-blue lawn, fastened down the front by three large elaborate brooches of carved gold. The transparent jacket disclosed an underbodice, clean and white, and abundantly decorated with lace. Her sleek black hair was drawn back smoothly from her brow and gathered into a pretty knot behind — a mysterious knot, the secret of which I cannot probe, for, no matter how heavy the mass, the Malay woman requires no pin to support it.

Baboe often slipped in like this and sat for a few minutes on the floor at my feet, for purposes purely social; but on this occasion she appeared to have something of importance on her mind. It was the first of the month. She had been paid the night before. But so, she may have surmised, had

the *toewan* — the gentleman, head of the house.

'*Njonja*,' she began, her voice soft and rather shy. Then she stopped, with one of her frequent giggles.

'*Apa Baboe maoe?*' I inquired, to help her out.

'*Baboe minta Njonja toeloong Baboe* (Baboe begs the *Njonja* to help her),' she answered.

'*Begimana* (How)?' I asked her.

There followed a torrent of Malayan words, only a few of which I understood. I was able to discern, however, that she needed money in order to have restored to her an article of value which she had temporarily lost.

So it was a loan she desired. Lending money is a great weakness with me — a weakness I have been many times exhorted to overcome. I ruminated on past experiences in lending money to servants. There was Mollie, the affable Negress who once assisted me in Alabama. It was ten dollars that Mollie needed, and she needed it for a laudable purpose: to go on a visit to her little boy, whom she had in a moment of generosity — or perhaps economy — given to her sister. I had children myself. Of course I advanced Mollie the money to go for a glimpse of her baby. She disappeared down the road with a gallant backward wave, my ten dollars in the mitten of the hand that waved. I never saw her again. To be sure the *toewan* — not a *toewan* then, but merely 'the boss' — drove out to Mollie's house, when he was next in Birmingham, to inquire into the case of the ten dollars. Mollie, with her feet on the mantel and smoking a large black cigar, could do nothing for him.

'I ain't got dat ten dollahs no mo',' she told him, willing to repay but obviously disqualified. 'No, I ain't got it no mo', Mistah Jenkins. I done spent dat ten dollahs.'

And here was Baboe requesting, not

ten dollars, but fifty-five *rupias*, which come to the respectable sum of twenty-two dollars.

I was aghast. I felt for words to express myself. Baboe, seeing my lingual difficulty, slipped quietly to my room and returned with my English-Malay dictionary.

'Fifty-five rupias!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that is almost three months' gadji.'

She admitted my statement, and assured me she would work for me for three months with no gadji at all if I would step into the breach for her this time.

'But how would you live?'

'*Baboe laki-laki kasi Baboe* (Baboe's husband will provide for her).'

Baboe's laki-laki happens to be my houseboy, and I did not wish to occasion domestic difficulties.

'What does your husband say to this plan?' I asked her.

'He says nothing. He can say nothing,' she told me.

I questioned her further as to the object she was desiring. It appeared to be an article of personal adornment — and American, too. She laughed, entertained that she should think me all the readier to restore her possession because I shared its homeland.

Where was it, I wished to know; and it evolved that it was in the *gadi roemah*. I turned over the pages of my dictionary and discovered that the gadi roemah was a government pawnshop. When this light broke on me, Baboe was enchanted. She seemed to have faith that if I once understood the situation I would come to her rescue — which turned out to be the case.

'Are n't you willing to wait?' I asked

her. 'Wait and save your gadji and redeem your ornament yourself?'

Again she laid her hand on my arm and answered naively, 'Baboe is willing to wait, but the gadi roemah is not willing to wait. If Baboe does not pay at once she will lose her —' But even then I was not able to determine just what it was that she would lose, beyond the fact that, like me, it was American.

And in the end I went to the safe and got the fifty-five guilders. The little Baboe is so faithful in her service, so loyal in her devotion, so cheerful in a house frequently left echoing empty by the journeys of the toewan into the jungles of Sumatra! Of course it is bad discipline to advance three months' wages, and I cautioned Baboe not to talk it over with the other servants. She dropped her voice to secret pitch and swore not to mention it. She promised to work for me faithfully and well. Wherever I went, there would she follow. Even when I returned to America, she would go with me there: '*Pigi America sama Njonja!*' And again and again she repeated her thanks: '*Trima kasi, trima kasi, Njonja.*'

And to-night she wore her redeemed ornament suspended from a chain about her neck. I was dazzled by it. How long, how very long had it been since I had looked upon its like! A slender rim of gold had been clamped about its edge to bear the ring which held it to her chain. Heavy and splendid it lay in my hand, its mellow gold eagle bearing proudly the emblems of liberty, this medal most desired by the women of a subdued race — a shining twenty-dollar gold piece of the United States of America.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

OVER against our indulgent, thoughtless days of the radio, movies, and the automobile set the admirable picture by **Lucien Price**, reminiscent of a village whence the gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. Mr. Price's manuscript was longish, and in reply to our comment on the fact we were rewarded with a letter from the author some of which we should like to quote:—

And now that I have done my best to meet your necessities of publication, let me tell you my side of it.

You can see that this is no casual piece of work. My heart and soul are in it, for it seemed to me that I was making my parents live again and bringing a wider fruition to their work. No pains were too great to lavish on these pages, and I spared none. What enabled me to write it at all was that the year before my mother's death I had the happy inspiration to ask her to write out chapters of her own, my father's, and the family history. She went at it with huge gusto, and was one whole winter busy with it—the chapters arriving every week or two, to the immense delight of us both; and now, of course, these papers are inexpressibly sacred to me. The article is put together largely from them. You can see that when I have compressed nearly a hundred years of family and village history and given it a bearing on our national life, compression can almost go no further and becomes to me something very much like pain. I realize, of course, that I must not expect anyone else to feel the way I do about these pages; and yet I wonder, when I am giving my very best and my dearest, if an extra five minutes is too much to ask of the reader?

If as an offshoot of this paper a single green thing blooms in the desert, Mr. Price is answered. ¶It is something to contribute fresh arguments to a discussion which, according to Biblical chronologers, began in 4004 B.C., but the two professors whom we pair do the trick. Head of the Department of Architecture at McGill University, **Ramsay Traquair**, in his leisure, revels in a more dangerous sport than bear-baiting. **James H. Leuba**, Professor of Psychology

at Bryn Mawr, paradoxically presents a reasoned theory of the mental inferiority of women. ¶Iowa born and raised, **James Norman Hall** is a veteran of 'Kitchener's mob,' an ace of the Lafayette Escadrille, and a writer of promise and performance. Driven by that endurable wound, restlessness, he sailed to the South Seas, and there, with but brief excursions, he has remained for six years. On a recent visit home Captain Hall had pause to consider his experiment in expatriation. 'Every time I come away (from Tahiti),' he writes us, 'the elastic tension in my tether seems to grow stronger and I am snapped back again almost before I know it.'

* * *

George Herbert Palmer, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, has been for two generations a famous teacher at Harvard University, where he was one of the stars in that firmament of philosophy which numbered William James, Royce, and Santayana. ¶In reading the essay of **Sarah N. Cleghorn**, a favorite *Atlantic* contributor, one should be reminded that there is as much malice as Alice in the immortal Wonderland. **Emily James Putnam**, wife of the distinguished publisher, George H. Putnam, is a prose writer of whom American readers have had many occasions to be proud. Her present story, the first of a charming series, was written last summer in Central Africa. How curious that at the same time in America another ingenious author wrote once more the story of Helen! Lest the implications from Herodotus prove too modern for our classicist, we are careful to quote literatim the translated text.

The priests, in answer to my inquiries on the subject of Helen, informed me of the following particulars. When Alexander had carried off Helen from Sparta, he took ship and sailed homeward. On his way across the Ægean a gale arose, which drove him from his course and took him down to the sea of Egypt; hence, as the wind did not abate, he was carried on to the coast, when

he went ashore, landing at the Salt Pans in that mouth of the Nile which is now called the Canopic. At this place there stood upon the shore a temple, which still exists, dedicated to Herakles. If a slave runs away from his master, and taking sanctuary at this shrine gives himself up to the god and receives certain sacred marks upon his person, whosoever his master may be, he cannot lay hand on him. This law still remained unchanged to my time. Hearing, therefore, of the custom of the place, the attendants of Alexander deserted him and fled to the temple, where they sat as suppliants. While there, wishing to damage their master, they accused him to the Egyptians, narrating all the circumstances of the rape of Helen and the wrong done to Menelaus. These charges they brought, not only before the priests, but also before the warden of that mouth of the river, whose name was Thonis.

As soon as he received the intelligence, Thonis sent a message to Proteus, who was at Memphis, to this effect: 'A stranger is arrived from Greece; he is by race a Teucrian and had done a wicked deed in the country from which he is come. Having beguiled the wife of the man whose guest he was, he carried her away with him, and much treasure also. Compelled by stress of weather, he has now put in here. Are we to let him depart as he came, or shall we seize what he has brought?'

Proteus replied: 'Seize the man, be he who he may, that has dealt thus wickedly with his friend, and bring him before me, that I may hear what he will say for himself.'

Thonis, on receiving these orders, arrested Alexander and stopped the departure of his ships; then, taking with him Alexander, Helen, the treasures, and also the fugitive slaves, he went up to Memphis. When all were arrived, Proteus asked Alexander who he was and whence he had come. Alexander replied by giving his descent, the name of his country, and a true account of his late voyage. Then Proteus questioned him as to how he got possession of Helen. In his reply Alexander became confused and diverged from the truth, whereon the slaves interposed, confuted his statements, and told the whole story of the crime.

Finally Proteus delivered judgment as follows: 'Did I not regard it as a matter of the utmost consequence that no stranger driven to my country by adverse winds should ever be put to death, I would certainly have avenged the Greek by slaying thee. . . . I suffer thee to depart; but the woman and the treasures I shall not permit to be carried away. Here they must stay till the Greek stranger comes in person and takes them back with him. For thyself and thy companions, I command thee to begone

from my land within the space of three days.'

Such is the account given by the Egyptian priests, and I am myself inclined to regard as true all that they say of Helen, from the following considerations: If Helen had been at Troy, the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children, and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. The fact was that they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks; but the Greeks would not believe what they said—divine providence, as I think, so willing that by their utter destruction it might be made evident to all men that when great wrongs are done the gods will surely visit them with great punishments.

HERODOTUS, Book II, chapters 113–115, 120

From Chicago Marjorie Lane sends us her first contribution to any magazine. Replying to our encouragement she declared:—

If ever, after seventy, I should attain to the dignity of an autobiography, I should devote a chapter to First Things in my life; and there would be the ecstatic moments of my first journey in the air, my first vision of the *filets bleus* at Concarneau, and my first letter of acceptance from an Editor.

* * *

Kuno Francke is Professor Emeritus and honorary curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. ♀A Bostonian, Caroline Howard Gilman in 1819 married and went to live in Charleston, S. C. For threescore years, and despite the fact that during the Civil War she had children in either camp, she proved herself a loyal and unflinching defender of the city of her adoption. ♀Among the souvenirs which Vernon Kellogg brought back from the South Seas was this satiric memory. Alan Burroughs is an executive of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. R. Clyde Ford, who loves a good story as he loves his Stevenson, followed his master's footsteps through the Cévennes. ♀Author of several volumes of verse and instructor of English at Harvard University, Robert Hillyer is the proud owner of a woods, a meadow, and a pond at Pomfret, Connecticut. William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings are the joint authors of *Profits*, a volume in the Pollak Foundation series. A prize of five thousand dollars is offered for the best

adverse criticism of this book submitted to the Pollak Foundation, Newton 58, Massachusetts, before January 1, 1927. The paper on 'The Dilemma of Thrift' in this issue presents in a condensed but lucid version the argument for the criticism of which the prize is offered. Mr. Foster was formerly President of Reed College; Mr. Catchings is an active business man connected with a number of important enterprises.

* * *

Since the war T. H. Thomas has exchanged his majority in the American G. H. Q. at Chaumont for a quiet home at Windsor, Vermont, without impairing his interest and accuracy in foreign affairs. Evans Lewin is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and Librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute of London. Of a family whose name has long been associated with Imperial affairs, Colin R. Coote was for several years a Member of Parliament.

* * *

'Modestine's Shoes,' Mr. Ford's sprightly reminiscence of R. L. Stevenson in this issue, must add emphasis to this letter. Both the tomb and the pilgrims' way must be protected for future readers.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL.
EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
DEAR SIR:—

Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, Professor of Zoölogy at Stanford University, is now in the South Seas, and he writes me from Apia, Samoa, that the trail up Mount Vaea to Stevenson's tomb on the summit is neglected, being 'wholly blocked for considerable distances with down timber, and the immediate surroundings of the tomb looking forlornly unkempt. The island of Upolu is now under mandate to New Zealand, and will probably cost them a pretty penny to administer it. I fear little can be hoped from that source, and wonder whether a fund could not be raised by subscription sufficient to keep decently in order the last resting-place of a man who has enriched the lives of all who read the English tongue.'

Very truly yours,

DAVID STARR JORDAN

* * *

The *Boston Globe* remarked the other day that if you believe a professor writing in a literary magazine can't start something you had better listen to the story of

Professor Ripley and his *Atlantic* paper, 'From Main Street to Wall Street.' Well, it is a story worth listening to. Within a week following the publication of the January *Atlantic*, the great papers of the country had taken it up, and an avalanche of letters poured into this office. Within a month the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange had taken actual steps to remedy the situation, and the President had summoned Professor Ripley to the White House. According to the papers, the President commended the article to the attention of every American.

Many well-known promoters and managers raised their voices on the other side, but the accumulating tendency to divorce industrial control from financial responsibility, as shown by Professor Ripley, has touched public sensibility, and at this writing everything points to immediate change in a dangerous practice.

* * *

Dr. Dublin's paper on Birth Control touched a twitching nerve. Here is an effective letter that calls for a dissemination of knowledge which it is as yet impossible to broadcast.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My pen is feeble, but my convictions are strong on the subject of Birth Control, so I must perforce take up the former as a weapon in behalf of the latter.

Mr. Louis I. Dublin, who wrote 'The Fallacious Propaganda for Birth Control' in the February *Atlantic*, can sweep me down like a blade of grass before a lawn-mower when it comes to statistics, but I know from the experience of four years' living and working in the shadow of the teeming tenements of New York's East Side, as a visiting nurse and social-service worker, what a boon intelligently given knowledge of birth control could be to so many exhausted mothers, old women of thirty and thirty-five years. One such I have vividly in mind. Could Filomena, the oldest of the family, speak you might hear this explanation from her lips:—

'Yes, our baby died. He was so sick. He breathed fast and got all blue and died. My mother cried like anything and prayed to Saint Rita and the Holy Virgin. Then they dressed him in a new white dress, with candles all about, and pictures of the saints. I wonder why the baby came if he must die so soon and make my mother sick and sad. When Tony came, my

mother she sings sometimes and takes us to the park. But soon Luigi came, then little Joe, and now last month the baby. My mother cough so much. She goes a long time to the clinic doctor and he tells her to spit in a paper to burn up. I think she has too much clothes to wash. Always the tub full. That makes her cough, and we never go to the park any more. The clinic nurse said a funny thing to the doctor one day my mother had been there. She said the baby should never have come. I wonder why. Are not all babies sent from God?

Yours very truly,

H. PERLEE BOUTON

* * *

When to 'say when.'

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read, with deep interest, the two articles in the February issue — 'Prohibition without Propaganda' and 'The Question of Personal Liberty.'

I have long had a plan that I feel would cover the situation as nearly to perfection as is possible in this age. The Volstead Act should be interpreted according to what is intoxicating to each individual. This would mean that we would go back to pre-Eighteenth Amendment drinks — hard, medium, and soft. But the point would be here: just as in 'the good old days' the saloon-keeper must have a license to sell, under this plan the drinker would also be compelled to have a license to drink. Also, hard drinks could only be sold by the bottle and could not be consumed on the premises. The drinker would take out a license each year — at a cost; the license would be a small card upon which the picture of the person holding the license would appear, similar to railroad passes. No dealer could sell a drink of wine or beer, or a bottle of hard drink, unless the person presented his license. If a person were arrested for intoxication, his license would be stamped; three such arrests would mean the loss of his license; the loss of the license for three years in succession would bar him from obtaining another drinking-license for another three years. Of course licenses would be misused, etc., etc. But the point is, each person would have the privilege in this 'free country' of proving to himself and to the world just what was an intoxicating liquor to him.

Of course the plan is rough, but it could be made workable, I believe. No one would have his liberty restrained until his liberty interfered with that of another.

Yours truly,

(REVEREND) CARL I. SHOEMAKER

Like water through a sieve.

NASSAU, B. I., January 29

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Feeling that at last the United States would be able to enforce the Prohibition law, great was the shock, upon reaching Nassau, to find half the town huge warehouses full of whiskey, 'waiting to go to the United States,' and spoken of in the most matter-of-fact way. The owner of a small launch said, 'I have been running rum into Charleston Harbor, but my engine is not as fast as it was, so now I turn to pleasure parties.' The steamer for Jamaica was twenty-four hours late sailing, as they had 15,000 cases to unload. The previous trip they had 25,000 cases. Another steamer anchored near, unloading the same amount. With liquor cheap and to be bought anywhere, there is no drunkenness in Nassau. But what of Prohibition for the United States?

E. P. L.

* * *

The doubts raised by 'The Modernist's Quest for God' have stirred many replies. This Unitarian minister makes an interesting distinction between earned and inherited religion in a letter we are unfortunately obliged to abridge.

CONCORD, N. H.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The writer of 'The Modernist's Quest for God' in the February *Atlantic*, and doubtless 'thousands like' him, are confused and baffled by the tendency in religious thought and practice popularly called 'Modernism.' He has made the interesting discovery that 'more than it (Modernism) realizes, it is living on its inherited capital — the stored-up memories and affections that gather about a traditional faith and the art and poetry of Christianity.' This statement is doubtless true; but is it not also quite as true of the more conventional forms of Christianity? In the world of spiritual values as in the world of material values it is an extraordinarily difficult thing to cut loose from and to live independently of inherited capital. It is not a serious criticism of Modernism nor is it a serious criticism of Fundamentalism to declare that it is living on its inherited capital of spiritual and moral values. It is to be taken for granted.

Religion, with its literature, its traditions, its symbolism, its meetinghouses and cathedrals, its saints and martyrs, has given us a priceless 'inherited capital.' Some of it is of doubtful value. Some of it is treasure-trove, rich in the wisdom of the ages. But this capital, thus inherited, is not personal but social in character. As a citizen of the United States I have inherited

vast social wealth. I live in the richest nation in the world, so I am told. That assures me many advantages in life — provided I meet the demands upon which such advantages may be enjoyed. My coal bill, my grocery bill, my subscription to the *Atlantic*, I cannot pay for by drawing a check on this vast inherited capital. I must have gained a title to capital which I may call my own in order to pay these personal obligations of life. Until I have earned that capital I cannot enter into the heritage of the vast social capital in the midst of which I live. Likewise I cannot draw a check on the inherited capital of Christianity for the purpose of meeting my own personal needs of faith and conduct. I must earn for myself by my own efforts some spiritual capital that becomes my own. Only upon this capital may I draw a check in time of need. My account of spiritual faith and wisdom may be very modest and humble, but it is the only account that I have earned a right to draw a check on. But, having earned that modest account by my own travail and pain, the doorway of understanding, the 'inherited capital' of Christianity, has been opened.

In this New World we must build our shelters and our cathedrals of faith in life's values. The rugged people that developed a civilization among these New England hills did not wait for some great soul to tell them that they were laying the foundations for a great republic. They built their log cabins, made their clearings, blazed trails through the forests, and earned by hard labor the title to their homesteads.

In the world of religion we are building our houses of faith in a new intellectual environment. We need not the triumphal utterance of the great leader so much as we need the well-earned title to faith and wisdom gained by men and women who naturally and spontaneously like the life of pioneer dangers and hardships. We cannot depend entirely upon our 'inherited capital.' We cannot live entirely independent of it. We are bound in our generation, as all generations before us have been bound, to create our own spiritual capital, suited to our time and our problems.

(REVEREND) EARL DAVIS

* * *

Riding one's hobby to business.

NOROTON, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have talked with several business men concerning 'My Secret Sin,' which appeared in the

Contributors' Club of your January number. We are so completely unanimous that this letter really represents a community report, although I write individually.

It is true that the American business man is not too deeply versed in the aesthetic, and that he does not habitually wear upon his sleeve his love of beauty. It is also true that any man's hobby is likely to be a subject for good-natured jest among his associates, but there is hardly a trace of truth in the thought that a business man loses any standing among his associates by loving beauty, and by announcing the fact to the whole world.

I have been an office worker, salesman, sales-manager, and finally the head of a successful business. My hobbies are trees, and art scrap-books, although I bow to few in fondness for flowers and for clouds. I have never made any secret of these outside interests. I have never seen any business group or business situation in which they could not be displayed without awkwardness or detriment. In fact, discussion of hobbies frequently creates an atmosphere in which it is very easy to do business. I recall one House Conference in which everybody was giving talks that might have appeared in *Success*, or *System*, and when my turn came I read a forty-minute paper on Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. I believe everybody in the concern thought the better of me afterward. I recall that the president asked me to take his wife and daughter through the Metropolitan Museum. (No, I did not marry the daughter; I had five children already.)

Like the Secret Sinner, I know where arbutus grows. It happens to be over one hundred miles away, and it happens to call for a tramp of four miles from a country railroad station. I go there each year, accompanied by one or two business acquaintances. We do not hide our arbutus in a newspaper. We display it on our desks. This was as true when I was an office worker as it is to-day.

I have as my week-end guest the president of a big concern. His hobby is birds, and he is the author of two bird-books. A man is usually at his best in discussing the things that he loves. He tells me that many an employee has first come to his attention as a man of promise through the discussion of the very topics which the Secret Sinner so carefully avoids. Let him take courage and *be himself*.

Yours sincerely,

W. W. DREW